GODEY'S

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THE ART OF ENGRAVING.

BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

Steel-engraving is performed in the same way as copper-plate engraving, with the exception of some slight modifications in the use of acids. The improved presses used in both kinds of engraving are due to Mr. Jacob Perkins, who may be said to have established steel-engraving by his invention of decarbonizing the plate, so as to make it fit to be engraven on, and also by his interesting method of multiplying impressions on steel-plates. Mr. Perkins' method of transfer-engraving originated in the transfer processes employed in engraving the copper cylinders used in calico-printing. The subject intended to be multiplied is first engraved either by hand or mechanically, or the two may be combined, in the best style of art, on a plate of soft steel: the plate is then hardened. A decarbonized steel cylinder is next rolled over the hardened plate by means of powerful machinery, until the engraved impression appears in relief, the hollow lines of the original being raised on the cylinder. The roller is then reconverted to the condition of ordinary steel, and hardened, after which it can be used for returning the impression to any number of decarbonized plates, each of which is of course an exact counterpart of the original. It is said that each of these plates when hardened would give 150,000 impressions without being materially worn. The original plate thus serves only to give one impression to the transfer roller, which in its turn is used to produce any number of plates. Should any accident happen to the transfer roller, another impression can easily be taken from the original plate.

In order to decarbonize the plates, they are placed in a vertical position in cast-iron boxes not less than three-fourths of an inch thick, and surrounded on all sides by a stratum of iron-filings not less than half an inch thick; the boxes are then placed in a furnace, and, after being heated, are cooled very slowly by stopping up all the air-passages, and covering the boxes with cinders to the depth of six or seven inches. The decarbonized plates are reconverted into steel by inclosing them in boxes as above, and surrounding them with fine charcoal made from leather; they are left at the proper heat for from three to five hours, and on being taken out are immediately plunged in a vertical position into cold water.

Wood-engraving (*Xylography*) is said to have had its origin in China, the birthplace of many other valuable inventions, and to have been due to the peculiar structure of the Chinese language, in the writing of which a separate symbol is used for each idea, and words are not made up, as with us, by a combination of letters. The number of these symbols or characters is therefore so vast that it would be almost impossible to print their books with movable types. Their method of printing is therefore as follows: The work to be printed is carefully transcribed upon transparent paper, only one side of which is written on. The sheets are then glued down upon wooden tablets, and all the wood is cut away except that covered by the lines of the writing. From these raised wooden lines impressions are taken. This practice is of ancient date in China, and some of those who have bestowed research on the matter are inclined to fix it about A. D. 930. As far as it is now possible to trace the introduction of wood-engraving into Europe, it would appear

that the Venetians, in their commerce with the Chinese, early learned this art, and practised it before it was known to other European nations. But the art was eagerly acquired by Germany and the Low Countries, and in 1433, or thereabouts, they carried on a considerable commerce in playing-cards and prints of saints. At that time the engraver on wood was called *Formschneider*, or figure-cutter, a term still in use. The little prints of saints were rudely executed, and had a great sale among the common people. In Germany they were called *Helgen*, or *Helglein*; in France, *Dominos*. They were at first sold separately, and thus were soon dispersed and lost; but after a time they were pasted into religious books for the sake of preserving them, and thus probably originated the custom of illustrating books with engravings. From that time the art made decided progress. Block-books, as they are called, made their appearance. These were books in which the productions of the wood-engraver were simply collected in the form of volumes, some of which are still extant. One of the earliest, called the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Bible of the Poor, consists of forty leaves, small folio, printed from the same number of engraved blocks of wood, on one side of the paper only. These prints are placed two by two, facing each other, so that by pasting their backs the book has the appearance of being printed in the usual way on both sides. The use of printed characters in books is closely connected with the origin of wood-engraving, but the exact time of the invention is a disputed point. One of the most generally received accounts of this discovery is thus given by an old German chronicler:—

"At this time (about 1438), in the city of Mentz, on the Rhine, in Germany, and not in Italy as some have erroneously written, that wonderful and then unheard-of art of printing and characterizing books was invented and devised by John Gutenberger, citizen of Mentz, who, having expended most of his property in the invention of this art, on account of the difficulties which he experienced on all sides, was about to abandon it altogether; when, by the advice and through the means of John Fust, likewise a citizen of Mentz, he succeeded in bringing it to perfection. At first they formed or engraved the characters or letters in written order on blocks of wood, and in this manner they printed the vocabulary called a 'Catholicon.' But with these forms or blocks they could print nothing else, because the characters could not be transposed in these tablets, but were engraved thereon as we have said. To this invention succeeded a more subtle one, for they found out the means of cutting the forms of all the letters of the alphabet, which they called matrices, from which again they cast characters of copper or tin of sufficient hardness to resist the necessary pressure, which they had before engraved by hand." In this latter process the original inventors were greatly aided by Peter Schoeffer, son-in-law to Fust, who shares with the other two in the honors accorded to the worthy citizens of Mentz. An early and celebrated result of the union of typography and wood-engraving was a Psalter printed on vellum by Fust and Schoeffer, at the end of which there is a congratulatory paragraph on the discovery of the art of printing. The large initial letters of this Psalter are beautifully executed, and printed in two colors.

The artists of Italy competed successfully with those of Germany in the prosecution of this interesting art, but attention was recalled to German art by the engravings of Albert Durer and his contemporaries, during whose time wood-cutting was in high estimation. At the close of the sixteenth century this art had greatly declined in Germany, but was better understood in France and England than at any previous period. Yet it was reserved to the eighteenth century to give a powerful impulse to the art in England. This was done by Thomas Bewick, who showed, in his "British Birds," a most skilful and effective adaptation of the means his art then afforded of faithfully representing nature. He was undoubtedly the instrument of a great revival in wood-engraving, and led the way in that career of success which has since distinguished the wood-engravers of this country.

The processes connected with wood-engraving chiefly differ from those of copper and steel-engraving with respect to the different nature of the material employed. Box-wood is the only kind that can be successfully employed in wood-engraving. It should be of a clear yellow color, as equal as possible over the whole surface, without spots or variations of tint, which mark inequality of growth and consequently of hardness, and which are sometimes quite evident in the impressions taken from such blocks, the whiter portions being softer and more absorbent of ink, and retaining it more tenaciously. The natural hardness and toughness of box, with the poisonous nature of its juices, are of great importance in preserving blocks from the attacks of insects, to which apple, pear, and beech-wood, sometimes used for the purposes of engraving, are naturally liable. But box-

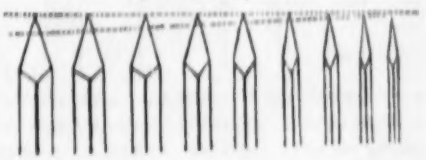
wood requires to be well seasoned, otherwise it is liable to warp and bend. If a block of unseasoned wood be allowed to lie flat for a week or two, it is almost sure to bend upwards at the edges. Blocks of wood, therefore, should always be placed on their side edges when laid by for future use, and in the process of engraving they should be turned over on their faces, in the intervals of the work, or some degree of curvature may be given to them by the warmth of the engraver's hand. When a block becomes slightly concave, and the circumstance is not noticed by the pressman previous to taking an impression, the wood frequently splits. Blocks, when smooth and polished, are prepared for drawing on by simply rubbing the polished surface with Bath brick in very fine powder slightly mixed with water. When this thin coating is dry, it is removed by rubbing the block with the palm of the hand; its only use is to make the surface less slippery. Some artists, previous to beginning their drawing, wash over the surface of the block with flake-white and gum-water, but if the white ground be too evident the effect is confusing to an engraver in the progress of his work, the parts cut being of the natural color, while the uncut parts are white. "The less that is done to alter the natural color of the wood," say the best engravers, "the better." Flake-white is also apt to mix with the ink in taking a first proof, and to fill up the finer parts of the cut.

As box-wood is, notwithstanding its hard and compact nature, very much softer than copper and steel, and is, moreover, less equal in density throughout, so the graving tools must be guided in a different manner, and a check must be put on the force with which they are ordinarily sent forward by the palm of the hand. There are four descriptions of cutting-tools used in wood-engraving; and numerous specimens of each, differing in size and degrees of fineness, are kept at hand. Of the four kinds of tools, the first is the graver, differing little from that of the copper-plate engraver, but adapted to the purposes of wood-cutting by having the point ground to a peculiar form by rubbing on a Turkey stone. Eight or nine gravers of different sizes are generally required, commencing with a very fine one, called the outline tool.

Fig. 2

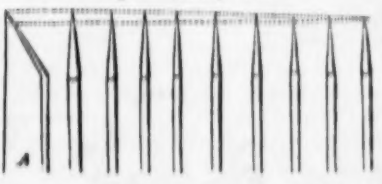
The upper part, *A*, Fig. 2, is the back, the lower part, *D*, is technically called the belly; *B* is the face of the tool; *C*, its point. The latter is so extremely fine that the line is scarcely perceptible when the cut is printed; the object being with this tool merely to form a termination or boundary to other series of lines. This tool, in common with others, is fixed in a convenient handle by some, which, as it is received from the turners, is perfectly circular at the end; but part of this rounded end is cut off after the blade is inserted, in order to accommodate the tool to the flat surface of the block, and also to insure its being ready to the hand in the right position for use when laid aside and then taken up again. In our own office we use handles made of cork, they being the best adapted, to our mind, for the purpose. Eight or nine gravers, Fig. 3, are required, beginning with the outline

Fig. 3.—Graving Tools.



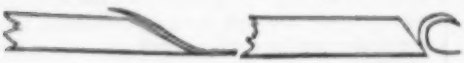
tool, and increasing in size and breadth. The engraver also adapts them to his particular purpose, either by making them finer, or by grinding them down to greater breadth, and rounding them slightly at the points. The lower dotted line in Fig. 3 shows the extent to which the points are usually ground down. Gravers are used for nearly every description of wood-cutting, occasionally, not even excepting "tinting," the technical term applied to cutting series of parallel lines, which, when engraved, form an even and uniform tint. For this process, however, there is a distinct set of tools, Fig. 4, thinner, and ground to a much more acute angle at the face. These tools, though

Fig. 4.—Tinting Tools.



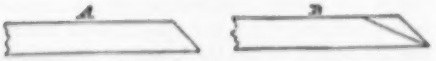
thin, ought to be sufficiently strong at the back to prevent their bending when used; their faces, as well as those of the gravers, should also be rather long than short, for they then cut with much greater clearness, and the shaving of wood turns gently over towards the hand, as shown in Fig. 5; whereas, when the graver is too obtuse, the shaving, instead of turning

Fig. 5. Fig. 6.



aside, coils over before the point of the tool, as in Fig. 6, and hides the pencil-line which the engraver is following. *A*, Fig. 7, is an example

Fig. 7.



of an obtuse form of tool: this may be converted into an acute tool by grinding down the portion shown by the dotted lines in *B*. In addition to gravers and tint-tools, there are gouges of different sizes, Fig. 8, for scooping out the

Fig. 8.

wood towards the centre of the block, and flat tools, or chisels, for cutting it away towards the edges. A form of flat tool, marked *C*, is to be avoided, as the projecting corners are apt to cut under a line, and give much trouble in plugging, or inserting new wood, on which to replace it.

The method of holding the graver is different, when the material is wood, from that employed in copper and steel-engraving. In the latter case, the forefinger is extended on the back of the tool, so as to press the point into the plate. (See Fig. 1.) In wood-cutting this is not necessary, but, on the contrary, the force of the hand has to be checked by the thumb, which in small subjects is rested against the side of the block, allowing the blade to move freely, but ever ready to check it in case of a slip. (See Fig. 9.) In larger subjects, the thumb accomplishes the same ends by resting on the surface of the block. (See Fig. 10.)

Engraving requires delicate and skilful workmanship, and makes large demands on the eyesight, as well as on the dexterity of hand of those who practise it. Some parts of the work are generally supposed to require the use of magnifying glasses, and much of it must necessarily be accomplished by lamp-light. The most experienced engravers, however, are slow to recommend the use of glasses to those who can possibly do without their assistance. Young persons commencing the art of wood-cutting seem to imagine that a magnifying glass must of necessity form part of their apparatus. The sort of glass employed is similar to that of watchmakers, and consists of a single lens fitted into a short tube rather wider at the part applied to the eye. Such aid should only be sought when sight begins to fail; and even then the glass should at first be of low magnifying power. Various means are employed to protect the eyes from the light, and the face from the heat, of the lamp. One of these consists in the use of a large glass globe filled with water, which is interposed between the lamp and the engraver's block. By the use of these globes one lamp is sufficient for three or four persons, and each person has a clear and cool light to work by. In damp or frosty weather, the breath of the engraver is apt to injure his work, unless some contrivance be adopted to prevent its playing on the surface of the block. This is usually found in a screen of thin pasteboard or stiff paper, temporarily tied across the mouth and nostrils in such weather. The eyes have their own protection, from a shade which most wood-engravers wear, not only to guard the sight, but also to concentrate the view on the work in hand. Such shades are, however, very objectionable, as they confine hot air close to the eyes, which require for healthy action the free circulation of fresh air.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

The pupil in wood-engraving commences with the cutting of parallel lines or tints, straight and waved, and then proceeds to simple forms in outline, without any shading that is expressed by cross-lines. Such shading is necessarily difficult in a material where all the parts intended to be light have to be cut away, and the dark lines alone remain standing; and consequently in cross-shading the interstices have to be carefully hollowed out, without injury to the lines. Complicated subjects should be long deferred, and never attempted till decided success has attended the simpler efforts.

Lithography, or engraving on stone, is a modern invention, ascribed to a musician named Senefelder, connected with the theatre at Munich, about the year 1800. The term engraving is not truly applicable to the process, as usually carried on; but in Germany a great deal of actual engraving on stone with the point, or needle, is practised. The art of taking impressions from drawings made on stone depends on the readiness with which calcareous stone imbibes water, its great disposition to adhere to resinous or oily substances, and the disposition those substances have to combine, and to repel water or any substance moistened with water. Drawings made on a polished surface of calcareous stone, with a resinous or oily substance, adhere strongly to the stone, and are not at all affected by water poured over it, and which the other parts imbibe readily. But if a resinous or oily body be then passed over the stone, it will adhere strongly to the drawing, and not to the watery parts of the stone.

The drawings, therefore, in lithography, are made with ink and chalk of a soapy nature. The ingredients of the former are tallow-soap, pure white wax, lampblack, and a small quantity of tallow, all boiled together, and, when cool, dissolved in distilled water. The ingredients for the chalk are the same, with a small quantity of potash added during the boiling. After the drawing on the stone is perfectly dry, a very weak solution of sulphuric acid is poured over it, which takes up the alkali from the ink or chalk, and leaves an insoluble substance behind it, while it lowers in a slight degree the surface of the stone not drawn upon, and prepares it for the free absorption of water. Weak gum-water is next applied, to close the pores of the stone and keep it moist. The stone is then washed with water, and the printing-ink applied in the ordinary way. It then passes through the press, the washing with water and daubing with ink being repeated after every impression. The impressions may be multiplied to a great extent, without any marked failure in the effect. As many as seven thousand copies or prints have been taken from one stone, the last being nearly as good as the first. The work can also be performed with great expedition and economy. Drawings made with the chemical ink on paper prepared with a solution of size or gum tragacanth can be transferred to the stone, by being merely laid thereon and passed through the press, when the subsequent processes can be carried on as already described. Copper-plate and steel engravings can be transferred to stone, and worked by power-presses, thus lessening the expense, and affording a convenient mode of multiplying maps which may be required in large quantities.

Copper-plate printing is done on what is called a rolling press. It consists of two parts—the body and the carriage. The body is formed of two cheeks of wood or iron placed vertically on a stand, or foot, which supports the whole machine. From this foot proceed four other vertical pieces, joined by horizontal pieces, supporting a strong, even plank of wood, or table, about four and a half feet long, two and a half feet broad, and one and a half inches thick, within the cheeks of two rollers, the upper of iron and the lower of wood. These rollers run in the cheeks or gudgeons, formed by turning down the ends of the rollers on two pieces of wood in the form of half moons, lined with polished iron to assist the motion. One of the gudgeons of the upper roller carries a cross consisting of two or more levers crossing each other at right angles, by means of which motion is given to the upper roller. In old presses the space in the half moons left vacant by the gud-

Fig. 11.

geons is filled with paper, pasteboard, etc., in order that they may be raised or lowered so as only to leave between them the space required for the carriage, with the plate, paper, and blankets; but this adjustment is now usually performed with a screw.

In the process of printing, the plate is raised to the temperature of about 180°, by being placed on a grate over a charcoal fire, or by the more preferable mode now in use, in an iron box in which steam circulates. This gets rid of the noxious fumes rising from the burning charcoal, which formerly rendered copper-plate printing so injurious to health. The man takes up a small quantity of ink on a rubber made of linen rags strongly bound about each other, and daubs it over the face of the heated plate. He next removes the plate from the source of heat, takes off some of the superfluous ink with a piece of rag, then with the palm of the left hand, then with that of the right, and, to dry the hand and to accelerate the wiping, he daubs his hand from time to time upon a surface of whitening. The chief art of the printer consists in properly wiping his plate, and he must manage to remove every particle of ink or dirt from the smooth surface, and yet not disturb the ink in the engraved parts. The plate is now deposited on the plank of the press, and over the plate is laid the damp paper which is to receive the impression. The arms of the cross are next pulled, and the blanket which has been placed around the roller forces the paper into the engraved matter on the plate, and takes out the ink upon its face, which produces what is called the impression. Some works require to be passed a second time through the press, as where the lines are deep, and a black impression is required. The ink is composed of Frankfort black, which consists of the carbon of peach and apricot stones, with that of the bones of sheep or ivory, produced by well burning; this is ground with well-boiled nut oil on a marble slab.

AUNT BETHIAH'S VISIT.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN, AUTHOR OF "PEACE, OR THE STOLEN WILL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"For mercy's sake, mamma, whom is the hack leaving at our door? I should think Noah's wife had come, bag and baggage!" exclaimed pretty Cornelia Field, looking from the window of the elegant dressing-room of a stone front on Mount Vernon Street, upon the depot-carriage drawn up at the curbstone.

"Goodness, girls, if it isn't Aunt Bethiah—Bethiah Wood! That she should come here now, of all times!" cried the dressy Mrs. Field, a showy, well-preserved woman, in a magnificent morning-robe, hastening to the window, and looking down upon a queer little old-fashioned figure on the pavement, giving energetic direction to the hackman for the careful removal of her various bandboxes to the merchant's (Lyman Field's) elegantly tapestried hall. "What can have sent her from New Hampshire now? Why couldn't she have staid away till after the wedding?"

"Sure enough, mamma!" ejaculated the tall, graceful bride elect, Helen Field, who now came forward from the couch whereon were spread out several rich robes of heavy silk and others of delicate fabric, fresh from the hands of Madame Demorest's tasteful workwomen. "What shall we do with her? The old dowdy! What will Edward say, and Mrs. Bowditch, and Fanny, and the rest? for of course she will not know enough to keep out of sight." And the youthful beauty frowned angrily.

"Never mind, my love, don't fret; I will try to manage her," said Mrs. Field, soothingly. "We must not offend her, for Aunt Bethiah is as wealthy as she is eccentric, and I and mine may stand a chance of inheriting it some day. And perhaps she will not stay till after the wedding. Aunt Bethiah seldom makes long visits, you know. But what could send her all the way from Hanover without a warning letter is more than I can tell. But don't fret, girls. I must go down to welcome her, and you had better come down shortly. There's nothing lost by a little flattery now and then." And the politic mother, who, despite her free-stone mansion, its elegant appliances, and her social position as wife of one of Boston's merchant princes, at heart was vulgar, fussy, and pretentious, bustled down to meet her guest.

"But who is this with her, Nell?" said Cornelia, turning again to the window, as another figure—a slight girl, in travelling costume—emerged from the carriage. "That must be

one of our Hanover cousins—either Mary or Lucy Wood."

"It is Lucy; I recognise her by Harry's description—blue eyes, brown hair, and slender figure. She was quite a belle among the college students, Hal said, or would have been, had she not been rather shy. As I live, there is Hal himself, shaking hands with her! We could get along with *her* well enough, for, of course, being pretty and intelligent, she is presentable; but this old aunt, about whose whims and oddities we've heard mamma speak so often—what shall we do with her, Neely?" And Helen Field looked the personification of despair. "Mamma's decidedly foolish to tolerate her; I wouldn't, if I were her acknowledged heiress, I am confident. But papa always treats her politely; he'd be offended if we didn't; and then Harry used to go to her farm a great deal when at Hanover. I wouldn't care so much for myself, though I don't like these country people; but Edward's mother and sisters—what will they think of our relatives? I shall die of mortification! But we'll have to go down, I suppose, or mamma'll be offended. Oh, dear!" And, with the air of a martyr, Helen Field let fall the heavy curtain tassel she had been idly toying with, and, smoothing the frowns from her fair forehead, followed her sister below.

"Declare, Sary Ann, are these your gals—Helen and Corneely, too—both grown up into fine young ladies? How d'ye do, dears? It does my old eyes good to see ye ag'in." And Aunt Bethiah, sitting primly in the exact centre of a velvet lounge in that elegant drawing-room, with her black Leghorn bonnet laid evenly on her folded shawl beside her, reached forth a lean, shrivelled hand to grasp in a warm clasp the two fair jewelled ones in turn extended, then inhaled a huge pinch of aromatic snuff from the opened box in her lap, while the pink bows of the cap on her queer little head vibrated with satisfaction. "This is your fust cousin, Lucy Wood, from Hanover, your mother's brother Benjamin's darter. Kiss your cousins, my dear."

Pretty, graceful Lucy Wood now blushingly advanced to meet her elegant city relatives, who, in turn, could not but be prepossessed in her favor, since the hand reached forth, though neither jewelled nor delicate as theirs, was yet small and plump, and the sweetest pair of crimson lips was put up to meet their own.

"She *is* pretty; Hal told us the truth," mentally ejaculated Cornelia. "No wonder the college students fancied her!"—for, to this girl of sixteen, just "out" in her first season of city gayety, the very acme of happiness seemed embodied in the girlish idea, "lots of beaux;" and that this first favorable impression of her New Hampshire cousin was a gracious one may be inferred from the fact that, ere half an hour had elapsed, Cornelia had graciously expressed her determination of "visiting Lucy next year at Commencement." "She should so like to flirt with those handsome, talented students! Hal had told her all about them"—at which Lucy only blushed and smiled, while Harry came forward and joined them, and teasingly bantered Lucy concerning several of his old chums, once her professed admirers.

But we anticipate. The same favorable impression which led Cornelia to devote herself to their new guest also induced the more worldly and unimpressible Helen—who, from the consideration of her having reigned as belle of her "set" for three winters, and at length found herself on the verge of a marriage with the much-coveted Edward Bowditch, junior partner in a heavy shipping firm down town, was deemed the oracle of that house—to treat her fair cousin very graciously, as also to soften her somewhat in the fine ladyism with which she had striven to overawe Aunt Bethiah. And, complacently tapping her foot on a velvet tabouret the good-hearted Harry, a college graduate of twenty-two, had drawn up for her accommodation, and smoothing down the folds of her black silk, with its queer cape and old-fashioned sleeves, the good old lady rattled on volubly:—

"It seems so sorter strange to find ye both tall, grown-up young ladies, gals, when the last time I see ye ye was leetle mites of creeters, runnin' about the house as spry and peart as kittens. That was ten year ago, or more, when Sary Ann, yer mother here, brought ye up to Hanover to spend the summer. La, sus! ten years ago—who 'd a' thought it? But I recollect 'twas the same summer that Benjamin moved from the farm at the Corners, and took his'n nearer the village. How time flies! Why, Lucy here was only a leetle thing then, with her flax hair all a-blowin' in curls, and now she's grown a young woman. Less see! Lucy's eighteen and uppards, old enough to have a house and home of her own; and that puts me in mind of—no need to go to blushin' like a piny, Lucy; they 'll find it out sooner or later—that 'minds me of what Lucy and I come to Bostin for. You see"—and Aunt Bethiah paused to take a huge pinch of fragrant maccoboy, and playfully put aside Lucy's hand

laid entreatingly on her arm—"you see, Lucy's been promised to young Squire Arthur Maberry goin' on two year; and, Sary Ann, you know a young man has to struggle on a good while before he gets a footing, 'specially them that chooses professions, and hard-working farmers like nephew Benjamin don't have much ready money to give their darters on their marriage; so, arter thinkin' it over a spell, I jest put on my bunnit and walked over to Benjamin's, one day, and, 'Benjamin,' sez I, 'Benjamin, Lucy's a likely young woman, and as purty a one as there is in all Hanover to-day, if I say it as oughtn't to, and I allers *did* like young Squire Maberry, from the time he fust used to come over to my place with them frolicking student chaps, and eat Aunt Bethiah's baked apples and custards; and now, when two young folks likes each other, what's the use of their waitin' till they get rich, or old and selfish, before they're j'ined in holy wedlock? No, there ain't no use on't, Benjamin, and I jest see my duty clear before me. I've concluded that I can put to a better use some of my hard-airned money laying in the Savin's Bank, doin' no profit to nobody; so, if the young folks are ready to be married, Bethiah Wood is ready to set 'em up in housekeepin'. Jest don't you say one word, Benjamin Wood,' said I; and, Sary Ann, you know your brother's a dreadful high-spirited man—all the Woodses are. 'All you've got to do is to give the young couple the rent of that little brown cottage you've got a mortgage on, and tell Louisy to see to the weddin'-cake, and I'll jest take Lucy along with me, and make a trip down to Bostin. I've been wantin' to see Sary Ann and her family this ever so long, and this'll be a good chance to go and buy Lucy's fixin's.' So that's the long and short of what brought old Aunt Bethiah Wood to Bostin, for I declare nothin' short of a weddin' would have made me undertake sich a tejus journey, with my aches and rheumatiz!"

"A wedding! And so we're to have a brace of 'em in our family, it seems," exclaimed Harry. "You and Nell here can sympathize with one another in your misery—eh, Lucy?" he roguishly added, despite his sister's glance of caution. "But do tell me, Lu, if you're going to marry my old friend Maberry, as fine a fellow as ever delivered a valedictory?"

"According to Aunt Bethiah's recital, so it appears," roguishly replied Lucy, though the blood broke over her crimson cheeks at this open exposure of her *affaires du cœur* in the presence of her elegant city relatives.

"Nonsense, child! There's no need of your blushing so. I'll tell Arthur how kind of shame-faced you looked about it down here to Bostin," upspoke Aunt Bethiah. "If every gal's prospects were as fair as yourn, there'd be no need of lookin' so red about it. Helen"—and she turned sharply to her grand-niece—"what are you makin' signs to Harry to keep still for? Is it true you're a-goin' to get married too, and darsen't own it? Deary me! when I was young, I never see the gal but what was glad to see the folks walk up between meetin's, and read the publishment posted up in the meetin'-'us entry rite afore their face and eyes; but it's gettin' fashionable in these times, I s'pose, for young folks to blush, and simper, and all but deny it up and down till the knot's tied. When are you a-goin' to be married, and is he a likely young man, my dear?"

The elegant Helen Field's haughty lip slightly curled at her old-fashioned relative's honest query, and Cornelia, with her girlish sense of fun, withdrew into the shadow of the window drapery to stifle a laugh; but Harry, with a grave tone, but laughing eye, came to the rescue.

"Yes, aunt, upon the word and honor of a graduate of old Dartmouth, I do assure you that my sister will make a most 'likely' match, Edward Bowditch, the young gentleman involved, and junior partner in the firm of 'Bowditch & Son, 29 Long Wharf,' being considered 'eligible' by all the young ladies who have flounced, waltzed, and sung purposely for him, the past two winters, in the most exclusive circles of our snobbish city of Boston. In fact, I might say, without breach of truth, that several young ladies lineally connected with that select family known to the literary and fashionable world as 'the Barclays of Boston' would not have deemed their escutcheon—which, by the way, consists of a cod-fish, *rampant*, 'done brown' on a field of cloth *d'or*—stained by an alliance with the gentleman aforesaid. But sister Helen 'came, and saw, and conquered.' Plympton has sent up boxes of white kids; Jones, Ball, & Poor have been levied upon for gems to emblazon beauty; Copeland is getting up the tallest kind of a bridal-cake pyramid; the groom elect—good fellow, Ned is; I like him—begins to look Blue-Beardish, hence the presumption that 'the time that tries men's souls' is not far off, when the Right Reverend Doctor of St. Paul's will be summoned, after which and the customary dessert of bride's cake, tears, embraces,

guests, and Lubin's Extraits, the happy pair will whirl away to the Springs or Niagara, to forget, in a quaff of Congress water or the contemplation of Table Rock, the sense of being the happiest couple in the universe. Now, aunty," he continued, pausing to recover breath, "I'm right glad that this shopping trip of Cousin Lu's brought you here to the tune of 'haste to the wedding;' and as this mother of mine, as well as sisters twain, find themselves deeply involved in laces, frills, etc., and myself being a gentleman of leisure, permit me to offer my valuable services as *cicerone*, escort, gallant-in-general, ready to assist yourself and Cousin Lu in the selection of anything and everything, from a set of parlor furniture down at Allen's, in Dock Square, to a moire antique at Warren's."

"Hold your tongue, you good-for-nothing!" laughed Aunt Bethiah, tapping her snuff-box-lid. "You 're jest the same hair-brained fellow that used to bring over a set of them college youngsters to eat up my preserved quinces and custards."

"Ah, yes, as my friend Tom Moore beautifully expresses it—

'You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses clings round it still.'

My college days are over, but at this moment memory is redolent of Hanover goodies—quinces and custards. I wish every fellow's alma mater 'treated' him so cleverly as did mine. But, Lu, you will allow me to go shopping with you, I know. I regard this service as a sacred duty I owe the *manes* of Arthur Maberry, bachelor defunct, soon to be, that is; besides, I desire to so initiate myself into the favor of the future Benedict that, when I run up there to old Hanover to make a little visit, his household gods may not get wroth, and pitch a fellow out of doors for the intrusion."

"Certainly, I should be most happy for your company on the shopping tour," said Lucy, adding, archly: "But if the household deities you mention should see fit to hurl you into the presence of another house not far distant, and Kate Dudley herself were to welcome you?"

"O pshaw! none of that, Lu, an thou lovest me," said Harry, striving to conquer his evident confusion, which quite contradicted his words.

"But come, aunt; come, Lucy," interposed Mrs. Field; "you must be weary, and would like to be shown to your rooms. Besides, it is nearly time to dress for dinner." And Aunt Bethiah, thrusting her snuff-box into the depths of her capacious pocket, gathered up her bonnet, shawl, and work-bag, and followed her hostess and Lucy up the velvet-covered stairs of Lyman Field's mansion.

"Hum! hum!" she exclaimed, after examining and ascertaining the safety of every box and parcel which Robert, the indoor man, had conveyed to her room; then, stepping into the elegant chamber devoted to Lucy, adjoining her own, where Lucy now stood, removing her travelling-dress for a neat blue silk: "Hum! hum! I hope young Helen's man is rich, for all these fine things and furniture cost a heap of money, and the gal has been bred to it, if she wa'n't born to it. I can remember, eighteen or nineteen years ago, Lyman Field and his wife Sary Ann used to come up to Hanover to visit e'enabout every summer; and then they were gettin' along very comfortable-like, Lyman bein' only head clerk, and they keepin' house on some common street or other, I forget where. But Lyman was one of the lucky kind; his employer took him into the firm, then they went into some speckelations that turned out great, and made 'em rich men all on a sudden. Sary Ann—she was allers ambitious-like; she got to be a fine lady, and now they 're all grown so grand I skasely know 'em. The gals—they're real city gals, I see. Harry—he 's a clever lad, but a little flighty; has got a good heart, though. That 's right, Lucy; that blue silk was allers proper becomin' to you; I want you to look as well as any of 'em. The way them gals are dressed! Silks, and finger-rings, and chains! 'Fine feathers make fine birds;' but 'handsome *is* that handsome *does*,' *I* say, Lucy. Now you look proper purty, child. Let 's go down. Don't you be bashful, but hold up your head as high as anybody. New Hampshire farmers, arter all, may turn out as rich as some of these Bostin people; and if old Bethiah Wood ain't much mistaken, New Hampshire gals will make smarter wives than some of these rich marchants' darters. Lucy, child, how far do you guess young Arthur Maberry's practice for the last year would go towards buying all these fine things?" And she looked round upon every elegant appliance of that luxurious chamber—the costly French chamber set, the lace curtains, gilded cornices, brackets, the soft carpet, and dainty toilet paraphernalia.

"Oh, I don't know; not very far, I guess, aunty," replied Lucy, with a half sigh, which finally died away in the sunshine of a cheerful smile, for the farmer's daughter was possessed of too large a share of that most excellent commodity called common sense (what a misnomer is that "common!") to sigh for luxuries beyond

her reach. "I can build plenty of air castles, and furnish them more splendidly than Aunt Sarah's house, when I want a fine mansion, aunty," she added, gayly; "besides, I sha'n't have the care and trouble of being mistress. I'd rather—" But just then Lucy stopped suddenly, though the vivid blush that met her gaze, as she looked in the mirror, told what thoughts—what new thoughts, with whose utterance she was not yet familiar—checked her words.

"Yes, child, don't hesitate," said Aunt Bethiah, pleasantly. "You needn't be ashamed to say what I know you was goin' to—that you'd rather live in the little brown cottage up in Hanover, and keep house for young Arthur Maberry, than be Sary Field's daughter Helen, with all her fine house and splendid things. Waal, child, that's right. Love'll go where it's sent,

'Through a rock, through a reel,
Through an old spinning-wheel,'

as they used to say when I was a gal; and nobody never need be ashamed to own up, if they find anybody they love better'n father and mother, kith and kin, and are willin' to go on lovin' 'em and doin' for 'em till death takes one or t'other. It's a solemn thought, Lucy, that we marry, and promise to love 'till death do us part.' I sometimes think a weddin' is, or ought to be, as solemn as a funeral, because the couple have got to live together, and put up with each other's failings—and nobody's without them—and grow like each other, as everybody's got to that's happy in their married life, while the dead have got done with all their cares, and only rest. Ah, Lucy, this is a weary life sometimes, and if we don't get above its trials, they'll jest crush us—that they will!" And for a minute Aunt Bethiah shaded her eyes with her old wrinkled hand. "A wearisome kind of life," she repeated, sadly, "and happy are them that's got somebody to love 'em; they can't be too thankful! But, la, suz!" she added, in her old cheery tone, "here I stand croaking like an old raven. I guess young Arthur Maberry'd serve out a writ on me, if he knew how I was fillin' your young head with my old nonsense. Jest let me get my knittin', and we'll go and set with Sary Ann and the gals a spell. Four o'clock, I declare!"—looking at the tiny mantel-clock—"and you know Sary Ann said they hadn't been to dinner yet. They must be terrible kind of shiftless to keep the table standin' till this time of day, when, up in Hanover, I should begin to think about puttin' the teakettle on."

CHAPTER II.

"Isn't Aunt Bethiah an oddity?

"You might have inferred that from a half hour with her, Cornelia," replied Lucy Wood to her cousin's query, as, next morning—which proved a dull, rainy one, and quite unsuitable for Aunt Bethiah's proposed shopping tour—the girls sat together in Helen's dressing-room, where the latter young lady busied herself with arranging the various articles of her bridal *trousseau*. "In Hanover, she is so well known that her oddities are expected; she would not be 'Aunt Bethiah Wood' without them; but to you she must seem strange, indeed. Yet she possesses an excellent heart and a strong fund of good sense under her quaint exterior. She is a favorite with everybody in her neighborhood and the town."

"So mamma always said; and she has her favorites, too, I see," laughed Cornelia. "She will make you her heiress, some day, I suppose, Lucy?"

"I have not yet counted on that," replied Lucy, candidly, somewhat surprised at her cousin's freedom. "I love Aunt Bethiah, quaint and old-fashioned as she is, for her many excellencies of character; and she certainly deserves my warmest gratitude for her generosity in fitting me out, for papa would not have been able to do half as well by me, and Arthur has had to gain his education by his own efforts, and has little to commence life with, so we did not look forward to marriage for several years yet."

"Oh, I'm sure it is very good of Aunt Bethiah; but, then, she has money enough, and, besides, I don't approve of long engagements." And this wiseacre of sixteen tossed her head with a knowing air. "They generally fall through. I shouldn't want to be engaged more than six months at the longest."

"The engagements that 'fall through' are generally those that are not founded on enduring qualities of character," replied Lucy, with a smile, "and in such cases a lifelong unhappiness is usually escaped. Arthur and I have been engaged two years, and I would have waited two years longer—not that he wanted me to, for he urged marriage a year ago, but I knew he was struggling for a foothold, and wouldn't hamper him then."

"How queer you talk! like a real novel heroine, Lucy," said Cornelia. "But two years! why, that is an age! You wasn't more than sixteen then, was you, Lucy? and might have flirted with ever so many of those hand-

some collegians all this time, and perhaps have married a richer one sooner than you will this lawyer you 're waiting for. O dear! *I* couldn't be so humdrum; it 's worse than being really married and settled down, for then a body expects to be sober, you know. Why, there 's Clara Bingham, she 's been engaged three times this last winter, but she didn't mind breaking off at all, and now Madame Demorest is making her wedding-dresses, and she 's going to marry an old wealthy widower on Temple Street, with grown-up daughters older than she is. I suppose her mother made the match, though, for Mrs. Bingham wouldn't let Clara marry anybody unless they were *very* wealthy. Papa says the Binghams have met with losses, and old Mr. Phippen will let his wife have plenty of money. But Clara is splendid, and such an elegant wardrobe as Demorest is getting up for her! She 'll make a magnificent bride! You will see her, Lucy, for she makes farewell calls this week. But, dear me, I quite forgot we were talking about yourself and your own marriage. What do you think of it, Nell? Would you have been willing to wait for Edward so long as Lucy has?" turning to Helen.

"Oh, I dare say Lucy was right," replied Helen, carelessly, clasping a heavy turquoise bracelet over her arm, and admiringly watching the effect, as, throwing back the full, loose sleeve of her crimson morning-robe, she stood before the mirror. It was fitting that her words should fall carelessly; Lucy felt this; for what could Helen Field, that child of luxury, nurtured in affluence, and on the eve of a brilliant alliance, know of the high, self-denying resolves and patient endeavors of the toiling, ambitious student and the farmer's daughter?

"Yes, I felt that I was right," went on Lucy, quietly, "and so I kept my school for another year—you know I am a teacher, Cousin Cornelia—and Arthur opened an office and began to get cases; and now dear old Aunt Bethiah has kindly come forward with her unexpected offer. But how strange I should be telling this all over to you!" she added, with a blush. "I don't know which is the more talkative—Aunt Bethiah over her knitting-work, or myself."

"Oh, girls always tell their dear friends all about these things, and they expect to be congratulated just as soon as the engagement comes out. I promised Josie Alden, my room-mate at school, that I 'd write her the very first thing after I became engaged!" said Cornelia, slipping a diamond ring over the joint of her delicate finger. "Oh, Clara Bingham has such a magnificent engagement-ring—pearls and topaz—and a bracelet and pin to match! Mr. Phippen—'old flp-penny-bit,' Hal calls him, for he 's the merest mite of a man, and has got the asthma so bad—must be very liberal. Let me see *your* engagement-ring, Lucy."

With a half smile, half blush, Lucy held out the hand on whose third finger gleamed a circlet of plain gold more valued in her eyes than a band of costly gems. "It will hardly compare with your friend's," she said.

"Oh, it is very neat and pretty. But you have his miniature in a locket, I dare say. Pray let me see it! I am positively dying to see my future cousin."

But Lucy was forced to acknowledge that "Arthur did not 'take' well—one of those faces dependent for good looks upon its expression, rather than beauty of features in repose, you know, Cornelia"—whereupon Cornelia speedily concluded to defer "dying" for the present, and broke forth into excessive admiration of "a love of a mantilla" Helen was just unfolding.

"You will board, I presume, Cousin Lucy?" said Helen, looking up, after her sister's admiration had exhausted itself.

"Board? O no, indeed!" And pretty Lucy Wood opened wide her violet eyes. "Arthur couldn't endure *that*; he wants a home of his own."

"How similar! Edward has just such old-fashioned notions. He wanted to take a house, but mamma and I soon decided *that*. Why, I want my liberty awhile; and what could I do with a house and servants to look after, and callers, and parties, and operas, and all that? So Edward gave in, and engaged a suite of rooms on Alston Street; they 're charming, I assure you. You little goose, you ought to have decided for yourself, and begun right. It won't do to let these men have their own way too much; they 'll grow exorbitant, and expect too much of you, if you do."

"But I assure you my own wishes were the same as Arthur's," rejoined Lucy, smilingly. "Why, I could not feel myself, were I to board; it would be no home at all. I 'd rather live in a bird's-nest of my own than have 'the privilege' of a spacious hotel parlor. But with you it is different; you will see so much more company and gayety than I. I suppose you took a great deal of pleasure in furnishing your rooms, didn't you?"

"O la, child, papa gave mamma a *carte blanche* on the upholsterer, and she took the whole thing off my shoulders. I was too busy with Madame Demorest and my shopping. Isn't this a sweet wrapper? This moss trim-

ming is exquisite!"—holding up a delicate rose thibet, lined with silk of the same hue and elaborately trimmed. "You are fairer than I, Lucy; you will wear blue, I suppose?"

"Such delicate shades would hardly be suitable for my humble home," said Lucy. "I must study the fitness of things. Fancy me getting breakfast and dusting the parlor in one of those morning-robes! Wouldn't a neat print be far better, Helen? I shall shock you, I suppose, girls, if I tell you that I am going to do my own work."

Helen Field let fall the wrapper, while a look of wonder quite broke up the usual inanity of her beautiful features. Too well-bred to openly express her disgust, yet too superficial to entirely conceal it, she held up her white, jewelled hands, exclaiming, in a pretty affectation of surprise: "*Est il possible?* Mistress and maid! lady and Abigail! Why, my dear little cousin, should I ever induce Edward to take me to New Hampshire, we should find the lawyer's lady too burdened with her onerous duties to even invite us to dine. Why, little one, you ought to persuade Aunt Bethiah to throw in a cook and chambermaid into the bargain she has already offered you."

"Such posts, I fear, would prove mere sinecures in my home," laughed Lucy; "and I should die of inactivity—actually rust out—unless Arthur took me for his clerk, since I should have nothing left to do in my own house. You must remember, Helen, that a country cottage and a city mansion are two very different establishments; and I do not fear but I shall find sufficient leisure, aside from household duties, to cultivate society, and not only invite you to dine with me, but actually to lengthen that invitation into one to spend a month. You will want to come to Hanover next Commencement. Harry is coming up, and Cornelia too."

"Thanks, *ma chère Lucie!*" replied Helen. "But actually, I am half persuaded to go out with you to-morrow, just to coax you into purchasing something ornamental in the furnishing department, since I foresee that you will limit yourself to the simply useful, with those stiff Puritan notions of yours. At least, you will allow me to look over your list, my dear, and see what you consider *necessary* to commence housekeeping with?"

"With pleasure!" said Lucy, "if I had one; but I shall leave it all to Aunt Bethiah, for I feel that I mustn't encroach too far on her generosity."

"Oh, just give me her purse, and let alone her generosity!" laughed Cornelia. "Such a fitting out as *I* would buy! Positively, I think it decidedly funny that Aunt Bethiah should take such a fancy into that queer old head of hers, to come 'way from New Hampshire to purchase your housekeeping articles, Lucy! O dear! such a stupid day! Nothing but this drizzling rain; and I had engaged to go down to the Athenæum with Belle Ashleigh. There's a magnificent Dante and Beatrice of Scheffer's on exhibition. You have seen a Beatrice, hav'n't you?"

"No; but Arthur has lent me the translation, and I have read the story. You are familiar with Italian poetry, I presume, Cornelia?" asked Lucy.

"O dear, no! That is, we studied it a little at school, but it was a real bore. Is there a story to it? I didn't know that; you must tell me about it some time, and we will go together to see the painting. It is quite the style to admire the Beatrice; everybody goes to the Athenæum, you know! And they get up real flirtations there, too; just as they do promenading in the galleries at the Music Hall between acts, when they go to hear the Germanians. I like to hear the Germanians, Lu!" added Cornelia, archly.

CHAPTER III.

"'Bright and early,' as they say up in New Hampshire, aunty!" exclaimed Harry Field, as he presented himself next morning at an unseasonable hour in that fashionable household, ready for the proposed shopping excursion. "We shall have a long forenoon, while my lady mother and sisters are over their breakfast, or closeted with milliners, mantua-makers, and seamstresses, for our peregrinations about this little city of notions. I do assure you, aunty, I regard your coming as a special interposition of Providence in my behalf, taking me beyond harm's way; for, but the other morning, just putting my head inside the room where my sisters were holding their mysterious incantations with those weird women who preside over scissors and shears, I found myself suddenly entangled in a fleecy web, which they endeavored to persuade me was a bridal veil, but which, in my own mind, I am fully satisfied was of a nature akin to those sacks wherewith the jealous Mussulman bags his game, then tumbles him or her into the waters of the Bosphorus. But I lived to make my exit, not particularly fancying the idea of a cold bath, or a

waking up some morning to find myself floating in the Back Bay; and, 'by these same presents,' do hereby constitute myself your redoubtable body-guard and escort for the day. Now, then, my venerable Aunt Bethiah, patroness of hungry students, and dispenser of goodies in general, and my little blue-eyed lady who goes forth upon housekeeping thoughts intent, come, let us sally forth on this bright, sunshiny morning, and make all possible haste to secure the down town 'bus for aunty here!"

"Keep your 'busses for yerself!" retorted Aunt Bethiah. "Sich names! I never! La, sus! when I was a gal, a buss meant—wall, no matter; p'r'aps Kate Dudley, up at Hanover, knows what it means, Harry!—but in these days they call a long kivered wagon, with seats all along the sides and a woman in a yaller gown painted on the door, the same thing!" And drawing her black bonnet over her face, with a queer smile spreading across her little wrinkled features, Aunt Bethiah took a firm hold on her black silk work-bag, wherein was safely tucked a roll of bills on the New Hampshire banks, and refusing all down-town 'busses, averring that "she could walk her ten mile a day," sallied out from the stately stone front on Mount Vernon Street.

That was a busy, busy morning for little Lucy Wood, Aunt Bethiah, and Harry Field. Yet, in fact, we do not know but that Harry did "more mischief than good," as Aunt Bethiah tartly told him whenever he expatiated on the particular merits of a piece of costly furniture which Lucy had decided inly not to select.

"Choose for yourself, Lucy!" said the old lady. "I have only this piece of advice: The cheapest things in price ain't always the cheapest in the end; but, remember that the little brown cottage up at Hanover is not like your Aunt Sary Ann's great house. I am going to trust everything to your own good sense, child."

And so little Lucy selected neat, pretty cottage furniture; carpets of small vine pattern, bright colors and durable texture; curtains, light and fleecy, followed by other articles of housekeeping need, and at length found her catalogue exhausted.

Aunt Bethiah, meantime, from motives whose delicacy Harry Field could not fail to respect and admire, offered but few words of advice unless referred to by Lucy; yet, when the purchases were completed, she openly expressed her approval, as she cheerfully took the bills of sale in Lucy's name.

"Now, Harry, I want you to show me a place where I can buy what I want Lucy to have," she said, as they walked up Washington Street; "and what I shall want to hear when I take my knittin'-work and go over to young Squire Maberry's to spend the arternoon. I allers did mean some day or other to give Lucy a new pianner."

"Oh, aunt, you ought not! you don't think I would take so much from you!" and the tears sprang to Lucy's blue eyes.

"You jest hush up, child! Don't I know who likes to hear 'Home, sweet home,' sung in Lucy Wood's clear voice? And if Aunt Bethiah Wood has a mind to give a pianner to Arthur Maberry's wife, whose business is it to contradict her, I should like to know?" And many minutes had not elapsed ere the old lady's little, queer, bent figure stood in Chickering's spacious warehouse.

"Eccentric, eh? Rich old aunt, I take it!" soliloquized the salesman, who, but a few days previous, had assisted Harry Field in passing judgment on a fine instrument ordered for his sister, the future Mrs. Edward Bowditch, now advancing to meet the old lady, who passed from one instrument to another, striking the polished ivory keys with her wrinkled fingers by way of testing their tone and quality.

And, standing there, with Aunt Bethiah now eliciting a sweet tone from some instrument, then talking glibly to the bland salesman, while Lucy admired most each successive instrument her aunt paused before—bethinking how happy that generous gift would render his girlish cousin, and how sweet its notes would sound to the young lawyer when he came at evening to his home—standing there, *another* girlish form glided across Harry Field's mental vision, the same which, during those four years passed under the shelter of his Alma Mater at old Dartmouth, had glided in to occupy a quiet corner of his heart, and whom, in that hour, he resolved to transplant in the future to his own home, sweet Katy Dudley.

"Lucy, child, you jest set down here and play and sing old Corinth; I shall want to hear an old-fashioned tune once in a while when I come a visiting; and if I like it, *that*'s the pianner I shall buy!" said Aunt Bethiah, pausing before a small instrument whose rosewood casing was of exquisite polish, and which gave back a mellow tone to the touch of her fingers. And Lucy, blushing a little, but with clear, sweet, birdlike voice, touched the chords, and accompanied the symphony by that old, old hymn, while two or three gentlemen lounging

through the rooms, who had lifted their hats to Harry, paused to listen to the pure melody.

"A fine voice, very full in the upper notes. Does the lady sing opera?" asked the Signor Monti, a musical professor of note, addressing Harry.

"No, sir, my cousin only sings simple music, such as touches the heart!" was the reply; mentally recurring to another fresh girlish voice that had, last summer, sung to him under the stars, at her father's gate in Hanover, the heart-song "Good-by!" when they two stood there last at parting.

"It carries me back to the days when I was a gal, and sang 'Corinth,' and 'Coronation,' and 'Greenville' in the singin'-seats of the old meetin'-'us on the hill, Lucy!" said Aunt Bethiah, rubbing her silk handkerchief across her eyes. "Look here, mister, what 's the price of this pianner?"

"Three hundred and fifty, ma'am; and cheap at that. We hav' n't an instrument superior to it in make and finish, or tone. These boudoir pianos are becoming great favorites. I sold one only yesterday to Mrs. Delancey of Park Street, and—"

"Wall, it suits me, and I 'll take it!" interrupted the old lady, curtly. "There 's your pay; good bills, all on 'em, on our New Hampshire banks; and you jest have the pianner packed up and sent to Benjamin Wood, Hanover, New Hampshire. Jest be partickeler in the doin' it up, will ye, mister? These railroad folks are dredful keerless, and don't mind slammin' things round as if 'twas so much granite rock that couldn't get broken."

With a polite bow, the deferential salesman ushered his customer to the vestibule; and the old lady, inhaling her satisfaction with a breath of fresh air, exclaimed: "When I like a thing, I allers buys it on the spot, and don't stand bargainin' and tryin' to beat 'em down. If there is anything I despise, it 's tryin' to beat folks down when you 're tradin' with 'em. I guess Arthur will like the pianner, child!"

But Lucy could not reply for the emotion that swelled in her throat and choked her utterance.

"Deuced fine girl, 'pon my word! Cousin of the Fields. Harry called her 'Cousin Lu,' you noticed, Dick? Must manage to call there and get an introduction. Heiress of that queer old Begum who bought the piano, I take it! Let 's make it on our way to drop in on Cornelia Field this evening, Dick. Deuced fine girl! can't help thinking how she sung: Monti was delighted! Tiny foot and hand, did you notice, Dick? What a *distingué* air she had!" And the elegant Frederick Templeton, whose arm had been linked in his friend, Dick Libby's, sauntered lazily out of Chickering's.

"*Distingué* air!" What would Arthur Maberry's promised little bride have thought, could she have heard this flat of approval from Frederick Templeton, the Admirable Crichton of Mt. Vernon Street circles? or known that his evening call, which her unfortunate absence at a concert with Harry prevented her from appropriating, was intended almost solely for herself?

Very little, I opine; so truly was her heart turning at the close of that busy day's tumultuous duties and pleasures to the occupant of the little law-office up in Hanover.

"Why, girls, who 'd have imagined Aunt Bethiah so liberal?" exclaimed Mrs. Field, as they discussed the affair of the piano during Lucy's absence that evening, while the old lady had sought her room. "Helen, my love, you must manage to get into her good graces, and who knows but she may open her heart to you likewise? You don't flatter her, child! That demure little cousin of yours will by and by inherit all Aunt Bethiah's valuable farms and I don't know how much in railroad shares and bank stock, for she 's one of the richest women in Hanover."

"Ah, trust me for the flattery, ma," said Helen, indolently. "There 's a love of a grenadine at Hovey's which I 've set my heart upon; but papa declares he has done all he can for me, so I 've made up my mind to coax it out of the old lady, for I shall die of vexation if I don't have it. Let me see: I think I 'll make an effort, and offer to assist Lucy in doing her shopping; and so drop in at Hovey's and manage to admire the dress so much that she can't help taking the hint and giving it to me. Of course they 'll remain till after the wedding now, and I don't care so much as I did, for Edward has really taken quite a fancy to Aunt Bethiah, and his mother and Fanny talk a great deal about her 'independence of character' and 'strong, good sense,' though I was afraid Mrs. Bowditch would think strangely of her; you know she is so severe on people sometimes, ma. Hark! that is Edward's ring now!" and she rose to meet her lover.

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH went by; and in the budding May-time two young brides were won from the ranks

of girlhood, and two weddings occurred in Aunt Bethiah's family.

"Sich a time, Louisy, you never did see!" said the old lady, setting herself comfortably to "beating eggs" for Lucy's wedding-cake, in Benjamin Wood's kitchen, the day after her return from Boston a few days subsequent to Helen's wedding, while Lucy, with her sisters, was down at the little brown cottage in the village, arranging the furniture, which had preceded her return. "Sich doin's, Louisy, I never see afore in all my born days! Sary Ann Field is on her pinnacle now. She 's jest brought up her gals to think they 're too good to fetch the water to wash their hands, and servants a plenty to wait on 'em; and what does Miss Helen do but ups and thinks 'twould kill her to keep house arter she 's married; so the young folks must needs go to boardin', and have two or three rooms all finified up with velvet carpets, and sofys, and great lookin'-glasses, and a lot of gimcracks and shiny fixin's sich as I wouldn't give houseroom to, though they cost Lyman Field a heap of money to buy 'em. Massy sakes! I couldn't begin to tell you, Louisy, of the heap of fine dresses that gal had made up—silks, and satins, and some kind of stuff or ruther they called Mary Ann Teeks—and loose gowns, and basques, and the Lordy knows what 'n all! Why, some of the purtiest of 'em, that I thought good enough for Queen Victory or the President's wife, were nothin' but her breakfast-gowns, I found out; and then there were her street-gowns, and carriage-gowns, and party-gowns, and travellin'-gowns, and I don' no' how many. And then, to crown it all, don't you think, Louisy, that when she went out to help Lucy do up some shoppin', she dragged us into a big store as handsome as a monstrous parlor, and, arter overhaulin' all the dress-goods, and makin' the clarks tumble 'em all up, she sorter hinted to me sideways that she 'd sot her heart on a dress off of a piece of shiny stuff—I 've forgotten the name on 't; Lucy 'll remember—but her father wouldn't buy her any more, and as much as asked me to buy it, when I jest turned to the clark and told him to measure off a gown pattern, and then, turnin' to Lucy, sez I, 'Here, Lucy, here 's a gown I bought ye;' arter which I whispered to Helen, when the clark wa'n't lookin', for I didn't want to shame her right afore him, sez I: 'Helen, maybe your mother never larned ye a commandment you 'll find between the kivers of your Bible, if you 've got one—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods!"' She never said another word or longed for another thing all that day. 'Twa'n't the *valy* of the dress I cared for, for I jest stepped into another store, and laid out jest as much money in two or three pair of good milled blankets, and told the clark to send 'em up to Lyman Field's, for they were for his darter that was goin' to get married. 'Twa'n't the *valy* of the gown, but 'twas the *dispersition* of the gal, wantin' everything she laid her eyes on to dress with.

"But I want to tell ye about the *weddin'*," continued Aunt Bethiah, after pausing to break a fresh half dozen of eggs and recover her breath. "Helen 's a purty creetur, arter all, and she did look proper handsome, I tell ye, when the folks were all there, and the minister, too, in his great black gown, and she came down all dressed in white satin, with flowers on her bosom, and a bunch of 'orange flowers,' they called them, though they were jest white, and not yaller at all like an orange-peel, all tied up and put into a little silver tunnel to hold 'em, and a great long white lace veil hangin' down the back of her head clean to the carpet. I tell you, 'twas a purty sight! And there were six young gals and fellers that stood up with the couple, and come in all in a procession before 'em, the gals all dressed jest like Helen, except the veil and the orange-flowers, and all kinder simperin' as if they 'd like to go through the same ceremony, and the fellers all lookin' as if they 'd been made arter one pattern—tall, and slender, and cork-screwy. Young Mister Bowditch, Helen's man—he 's a proper-lookin' person, though, and a real gentleman, too; they say he 's real likely and smart for business—keeps a great store with his father down on the wharf, and sends out ships; and Helen Field may consider herself purty lucky to get him, and I jest took an opportunity to tell her so kinder privately, when it come my turn to go up and shake hands with her. Lord, Louisy, sich a sight of shakin' hands and kissin' as there was right arter she was married, too—enough to make a body sick! Everybody must needs run up and kiss the bride; and I declare it made me real mad to see them great tall fellers, with their hateful mustachers on their upper lips, a-stoopin', and moppin', and kissin' Helen Field! I wondered her mother didn't put a stop to it right on the spot, or young Mister Bowditch didn't; but it appears 'twas city fashion, so Lucy told me, in a whisper, when she saw I was gettin' mad at sich works. Waal, thinks I, everybody knows their own business best, to be sure; but if *I* was a young man, I know I wouldn't have Tom, Dick,

and Harry kissin' *my* wife jest as much as they were a mind to. But la! Helen didn't seem to mind it no more 'n I should to brush a fly off my face. Everybody in the room kissed her; and then, don't you think that saucy Harry up and kissed *me* right afore all the folks, and I didn't know but everybody 'd got to do it all round. I tell you, Louisy, I kept a pretty sharp lookout for our Lucy, for there was a great tall feller there, rigged out in his besom-pins, and white kid gloves, and a handkercher strong as a muskrat with some kind of essence or ruther, and he kept stickin' round Lucy like a hawk watchin' a chicken. You see, he was down to the store where we bought the planner, and fell in love with Lucy then, so Harry told us arterwards, and he, the young scamp, had been fillin' his ears with stories how that Lucy was a rich heiress or somethin'; so bimeby, when he come along and begun teasin' Lucy about singin' somethin' he called an uproar from *Granny More*, and complimented her 'bout her beautiful voice, I jest speaks up, and sez I, 'Mister Templeton, I guess you 're mistaken in the person. This is Lucy Wood, from Hanover, and she 's spoke for to a likely young man up there, sich as your city fellers can't begin to hold a candle to. Besides, I know for sartain she never sung a song about Granny More in her life. If it 's "Mary of the Wild Moor" you mean, she sings *that* like a nightingale. As for uproar, I should think there was enough of it in Sary Ann Field's best parlors now, without your teasin' Lucy to help make it; and if you 're a friend of that young woman that 's jest stood up there to be married, you 'd better go and take her part ag'in all them people that are eatin' her up like a little sugar doll, when, to my mind, they can love her jest as much without kissin' her to death!'

"That settled it, Louisy! He jest bowed, with a queer sort of smile, then straightened up like a poker and walked off as if every j'int in his back-bone was starched and rough dried, and never come nigh us ag'in. Lucy—she 's kinder tender hearted—she took me to do for speakin' so, but, sez I: 'Jest don't you say a single word, child. Aunt Bethiah Wood has lived a good many years in this world, and the Lord didn't put eyes into her head for nothin', and, so far as I can see, *all* the goslin's ain't raised on Benjamin Wood's farm up in Hanover?' And jest then, Harry, he stepped out from behind a curtain a-gigglin', where he 'd overheard it all, and sez he: 'Bravo, aunty!' and kinder looked knowin' the way the dandy feller had gone, and so I felt as though I 'd done jest right in givin' him a piece of my mind."

"And Helen went right away after the wedding, Lucy said?" queried Mrs. Benjamin Wood, a pleasant-faced matron, the "Louisy" addressed, up to her elbows in flour at the baking-table, repressing a smile.

"Yes, indeed!" resumed the old lady, skimming the froth from her foaming egg-dish into another at her elbow. "In about an hour arter everybody 'd ate up the cake and drunk up the wine—and I gin Sary Ann a piece of my mind, purty plain, about havin' wine in her house these temperance times—and arter young Miss Bowditch—that 's Helen—and I b'lieve I didn't tell you that *his* father, and mother, and sisters were there to the weddin', nice, clever people as ever lived, and a real lady, old Miss Bowditch is, every inch of her, and real perlite to me, too! Wall, arter Helen had come down ag'in all dressed up in a handsome travellin'-gown and cape, then they opened the shetters and blinds; you see they 'd been and made believe night, and lit up all the gas in their great hangin' shandyliers—and then a coach driv up, and they got in and were whisked off to the depot 'on a bridle tower to the Falls,' as Sary Ann took pains to tell everybody.

"But, jest as they were goin', there was another great to-do; and everybody got up close and kissed Helen again; and all the gals that stood up with her held up their cobweb lace handkerchers to their eyes, and cried, because they war'n't goin' to, I s'pose, as I told Lucy. But I jest watched my chance, and crowded up, and sez I: 'Now, Helen, I s'pose Lucy and I will be gone back to Hanover when you get home ag'in, so I sha'n't be here to the housewarmin'; but I 've got one piece of advice to give ye, and I hope ye 'll allers remember old Aunt Bethiah's words, for mabbe we sha'n't meet ag'in in this world, and it is this: Be a good wife; try to please your husband afore the hull world, and don't let the vanities of this desateful airth ever make you forget that there is another life and a heaven!' Wall, Sary Ann—I s'pose *she* thinks she 's got a lease of life forever!—she kinder stared, and pursed up her lips; and Helen, she seemed sorter 'shamed and strange, as if she 'd never 'd hearn such advice before; but young Mister Bowditch, he shook my hand real hearty, and sez he: 'Thank ye, thank ye, Aunt Bethiah! I trust we both shall remember your good advice and profit by it!' and then they hurried away, and bimeby the folks broke up and went home.

"But arter all, Louisy, I didn't see so fresh

a face as our Lucy's there; for them city gals, they ain't handsome; they looked well enough by lamplight, but when daylight was let in they all looked kinder jagged out and streaked, like a piece of calliker that 's faded in the wash; and there wa'n't a young man so smart and likely lookin' as young Squire Maberry. Oh, I forgot to tell ye about the big table that was set out in the back parlor, all kivered with the presents and things that was given to Helen—cake-baskets, and butter-knives, and forks of solid silver, and silver waiters, and cream pitchers, and a hull dozen of little gold salt-cellars, and fans, and bracelets, and vases, and I d'no what 'n all! If I hadn't known young Mister Bowditch kept a store for ships down on the wharf, I should a thought for sartain he was a jewelry-man, and had jest set out his things for show. I didn't give Helen anything except the milled blankets; but I told her I 'd send her down a box of homespun yarn, so 't she might have enough to keep her busy knittin' her husband's stockin's all next winter evenings. Jest hand me that citron to slice, Louisy! and don't them currants want washin'? I wonder Sary Ann didn't have Helen's weddin'-cake made in the house; but a city baker baked it, and finified it all off with flowers, and little houses, and little naked boys they called Jupids, and ever so many fixin's. Isn't that oven gettin' too hot, Louisy?"

(Conclusion next month.)

SOME OF THE WORK IN WHICH WOMEN ARE DEFICIENT.

In this age of women-workers and minds full of earnest ambitions and generous and noble aims, it is sad and strange to mark how many of our sex still pass through life laboring under the demon *ennui* and the curse of an aimless and purposeless existence. Nor does this assertion apply only to the higher classes; there are many amongst the daughters and sisters of farmers and tradespeople whose minds never seem to expand beyond the narrow female routine of dress, gossip, fancy needle-work, novel-reading, and a smattering, it may be, of bad French and atrocious music. We are almost inclined to believe that to be usefully employed is, in their minds, synonymous to being vulgar. So regularly is the slip of useless embroidery brought out before company; so carefully huddled away, on the appearance of "gentry," is the heap of undarned household stockings or family "white work." Nor does the mischief stop here. Not content with following the aristocracy in what they consider a genteel and refined mode of life, they imbibe, with the very uselessness of their employments, a distaste for the more homely work in which their woman's mission most assuredly lies, and an ill-concealed contempt and down-looking upon their honest, homely, hard-working parents. Yet these are the women to whom our tradespeople and farmers look for wives—the young and rising generation! They will learn, perhaps, in future years, the value of baking, brewing, cheese-making, and housekeeping. They will be obliged to learn it and practise it, for their living will depend upon it; but there will be, first of all, a weary unlearning of all their silly heads have been filled with—a lowering of their pride—a degradation of their fancied gentility—unhappiness and misery that their honest, hard-working parents never dreamed of when they thought to give them an "edication," by placing them at some frivolous boarding-school far removed from wholesome home influences, and having them taught French in quite another language to what is spoken in France. Nor are the higher ranks much excluded from the same folly. Taught first by ignorant and prejudiced servants in the nursery, placed afterwards under the training of well-taught and fashionable governesses, wanting in nothing but the home affections, is it wonderful that our daughters and sisters should grow up accomplished, fashionable, and refined, and (low be it spoken) useless and empty-headed members of society.

We challenge many a young wife and youthful matron to say, if it be not the simple truth, that when she entered the marriage state she hardly knew the difference between beef and mutton, and assuredly was far inferior in household knowledge to the lowest menial in her establishment. We ask many a young mother if she had the smallest idea, when "baby" first came into the world, how to wash, dress, or manage him herself? If she, on the contrary, from her utter ignorance on the subject, and the dread of injuring her offspring from really not knowing how to manage him, has not over and over again deputed the reins of nursery government into the hands of some practised

head nurse or experienced woman, who, it may be, has only allowed her to see her baby at stated intervals, and has made a very slave of the poor loving, doting, ignorant, and misjudging mother? Ah, if she only had taken a few lessons in her mother's nursery when she was a girl; if she had been taught the few simple medicines and still more simple food required by infants; if she had learned something of their little ailments, something of their constitutions; if she had known only how to feed, dress, and handle a baby, all this trouble and anxiety about her young ones had surely never fallen upon her! And you, oh, young wives, whose husbands look black upon you over ill-cooked dinners, comfortless rooms, and want of general household arrangement, do you not sometimes wish that you had devoted a few hours less to practising music every day, and, instead, had followed your mother into the kitchen, when she went to give her orders, learning thereby the relative qualities of beef and mutton, and how to make the best and greatest variety of food out of the cooked joints or small ends of meat? Do you not think you might have taken with advantage a lesson out of the housemaid's book? or do you fancy that knowing how to make a bed, or seeing that the household linen is kept well repaired, would infallibly have destroyed your *prestige* in the eyes of the worldly and the fashionable? But we hear our young married friends exclaiming, "What is the use of keeping servants, if they cannot do these things for us?" And, as an echo to this sentiment, comes in the voice of the vexed husband, "What is the use of keeping a wife as head of my establishment, if she does not even know how to direct her own servants?" Then steal in arguments, upbraidings, retaliations, and the matter perchance is settled either by the married couple continuing to live on in ignorance and discomfort, or else by the husband's taking the reins of government into his own hands, or intrusting them to some housekeeper in whose judgment he places greater confidence than in his own wife's.

There is, we believe, an old saying: "If you want to see a thing done well, you must thoroughly understand it yourself;" and another that says: "Trust no one, but if you desire a thing do it for yourself." At any rate, it is very certain that many highly elegant and accomplished young ladies have to learn these hard truths through bitter experience after marriage, which might all have been spared them by a little knowledge before; and yet we train our daughters to fit them, as we conceive, for the married state, and to be polished ornaments of society. Poor girls! how little they dream that the lover who now hangs entranced over the dulcet strains of their music will go to sleep over the same sweet harmonies before a year of matrimony has passed over their heads; or that there *are* lords of the creation so sensual and depraved as to enjoy a good dinner before the finest singing, and to prefer home comfort to the best dressed wife in the world! Nor is this entirely all the work in which the young persons of our own sex are wanting. It is well said that "no one stands to himself or falls to himself. No single influence is so powerless that it does not exercise some degree of control over minds perhaps still weaker and more easily moulded than itself."

How strange and sad it must seem, then, to many an honest woman worker to hear that common home complaint amongst young ladies: "What do you find to amuse yourself with in the country? How do you get through the winter? One cannot always be drawing, practising, or singing, with nobody to listen to one, and it is so dull driving out in the carriage every day through muddy lanes, or taking what mamma calls a constitutional; and if one sends into town for a book, one is sure not to get what one wants; and altogether it is heavy work to get through the time."

Perhaps some energetic mind replies to these complaints: "I wonder you don't interest yourself in the village; that you don't attend the schools, or form a class of your own for church music, you who sing so well; or take up some pursuit, such as learning German, or anything that would interest and employ you at the same time."

But no! the listless young lady makes reply: "I don't think I ever should do any good amongst the poor; I don't understand them, or mamma is afraid of my going into the cottages; they are so dirty, she is afraid of my taking any of their complaints; and I never had any talent for teaching, and as for learning German, what would be the good of it, when perhaps I shall never go abroad?"

Still energy makes answer: "Ah, you do not know what a luxury it is to have a purpose in life, or you would wonder how you ever existed without one. Do let me show you in what simple pleasures happiness consists. Do let me teach you to live out of yourself, and exist more for others; you cannot think how far a little kindness goes—what great happiness you may give, both to yourself and others, by only one self-denying action."

"No," replies listlessness, "I have never been brought up to that sort of thing; I should not like it; besides, I have a great objection to appearing to be better than other people, or setting myself up as a village Lady Bountiful. I am very glad to be able to assist any poor people when they are pointed out to me, but I do not see why I should thrust myself into their cottages."

There is, however, a worse phase of mind than this, viz., when the poor, sickly, ill-educated daughter of the house catches the infection of the atmosphere of luxury and false sentiment in which she has been reared, and conceives upon it some misplaced attachment or disappointed affection. Then begin jealousies, heart-burnings, weariness, despair. The empty mind preys upon itself, and scourges itself a thousand times over with its own weapons. It cannot conceive even of the power to rise against its own sorrows; it sacrifices its own happiness and that of those that surround it—for no one can be unhappy alone—to the force of existing circumstances. Happiness is over for it in the world—its dream of life is faded—it has nothing to do but to "go down mourning to the grave," and between that interval and this make every one as wretched and as uncomfortable as possible. Never taught self-government, the weak, vexed spirit would consider it a sacrilege to affection even to dream of such martyrdom. It thanks Heaven devoutly that it is not as other women are, practical, hard-headed, and willing to strive and conquer, if it may be, in the stern battle of life. It calls duty hard-heartedness, self-sacrifice want of feeling, heroism stoicism! So it exalts itself and preys on its own sick feelings; so it passes on into the disappointed, soured old maid; or changes, chameleon-like, its skin, and emerges once more into the vain butterfly of society or the mere heartless coquette of the season.

Does any one think we are too harsh upon these our sisters? It is only that we would probe the wound before we heal it. It is only that we would say, with all our hearts, to the weary, listless, and disaffected, "Go forth into the harvest-fields of the world; seek for work, and whatever thy hand findeth to do do it with all thy might, knowing that there is indeed neither work nor device in the grave whither thou art hastening," and what thou sowest thou shalt reap. Thou that sowest of the world's petty follies and vanities and trifles light as air shalt receive from the world the wind as thine inheritance, whilst thou that sowest to God of an upright purpose, humble faith, and earnest endeavor, shalt assuredly, like the husbandman, return again at the end of the harvest, and bring thy sheaves with thee. Who, that has worked, ever doubted the assertion "that better far is it to wear out than to rust out," and "that it is not work which kills men, but worry," even that world's mind-worry that bringeth rust to the blade, and canker to the soul?

WISDOM IN LOVE-MAKING.

We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry, not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion, and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one. If a man stood before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirit to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. Don't get into a feverish longing for marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old, he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better a wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, we say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have no idea of the kind of wife you will want by and by. Go into female society, if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise.

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

(See plate.)

MARY ANNA GIBBES.

When the news reached Charleston that the British had encamped on Mr. Gibbes's plantation, the authorities in that city dispatched two galleys to dislodge them. These vessels ascended the river in the night, and, arriving opposite, opened a heavy fire upon the invaders' encampment. The men had received strict injunctions not to fire upon the house, for fear of injury to any of the family. It could not, however, be known to Mr. Gibbes that such a caution had been given; and as soon as the Americans began their fire, dreading some accident, he proposed to his wife that they should take the children and seek a place of greater safety. Their horses being in the enemy's hands, they had no means of conveyance; but Mrs. Gibbes, with energies roused to exertion by the danger, and anxious only to secure shelter for her helpless charge, set off to walk with the children to an adjoining plantation situated in the interior. A drizzling rain was falling, and the weather was extremely chilly. The fire was incessant from the American guns, and sent—in order to avoid the house—in a direction which was in a range with the course of the fugitives. The shot, falling around them, cut the bushes and struck the trees on every side. Exposed each moment to this imminent danger, they continued their flight with as much haste as possible for about a mile, till beyond the reach of the shot.

Having reached the houses occupied by the negro laborers on the plantation, they stopped for a few moments to rest. Mrs. Gibbes, wet, chilled, and exhausted by fatigue and mental anxiety, felt her strength utterly fail, and was obliged to wrap herself in a blanket and lie down upon one of the beds. It was at this time, when the party first drew breath freely—with thankfulness that the fears of death were over—that, on reviewing the trembling group to ascertain if all had escaped uninjured, it was found that a little boy, John Fenwick, was missing. In the hurry and terror of their flight, the child had been forgotten and left behind! What was now to be done? The servants refused to risk their lives by returning for him; and, in common humanity, Mr. Gibbes could not insist that any one should undertake the desperate adventure. The roar of the distant guns was still heard, breaking at short intervals the deep silence of the night. The chilly rain was falling, and the darkness was profound; yet the thought of abandoning the helpless boy to destruction was agony to the hearts of his relatives. In this extremity the self-devotion of a young girl interposed to save him. Mary Anna, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Gibbes, then only thirteen years of age, determined to venture back, in spite of the fearful peril, alone. The mother dared not oppose her noble resolution, which seemed indeed an inspiration of heaven, and she was permitted to go. Hastening along the path with all the speed of which she was capable, she reached the house, still in the undisturbed possession of the enemy, and entreated permission from the sentinel to enter, persisting, in spite of refusal, till, by earnest importunity of supplication, she gained her object. Searching anxiously through the house, she found the child in a room in the third story, and, lifting him joyfully in her arms, carried him down, and fled with him to the spot where her anxious parents were awaiting her return. The shot still flew thickly around her, frequently throwing up the earth in her way; but, protected by the Providence that watches over innocence, she joined the rest of the family in safety. The boy saved on this occasion by the intrepidity of the young girl was the late General Fenwick, distinguished for his services in the last war with Great Britain. "Fenwick Place," still called "Headquarters," was three miles from "Peaceful Retreat."

DICKY LANGSTON.

The portion of South Carolina near the frontier, watered by the Pacolet, the Tyger, and the Enoree, comprising Spartanburg and Union Districts, witnessed many deeds of violence and blood, and many bold achievements of the hardy partisans. It could also boast its full complement of women whose aid in various ways was of essential service to the patriots. So preva-

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

lent was loyalism in the darkest of those days, so bitter was the animosity felt towards the Whigs, and so eager the determination to root them from the soil, that the very recklessness of hate gave frequent opportunities for the betrayal of the plans of their enemies. Often were the boastings of those who plotted some midnight surprise or some enterprise that promised rare pillage—uttered in the hearing of weak and despised women—unexpectedly turned into wonder at the secret agency that had disconcerted them, or execrations upon their own folly. The tradition of the country teems with accounts of female enterprise in this kind of service, very few instances of which were recorded in the military journals.

The patriots were frequently indebted for important information to one young girl, fifteen or sixteen years old at the commencement of the war. This was Dicey, the daughter of Solomon Langston, of Laurens District. He was in principle a stout liberty man, but incapacitated by age and infirmities from taking any active part in the contest. His son was a devoted patriot, and was ever found in the field where his services were most needed. He had his home in the neighborhood, and could easily receive secret intelligence from his sister, who was always on the alert. Living surrounded by loyalists, some of whom were her own relatives, Miss Langston found it easy to make herself acquainted with their movements and plans, and failed not to avail herself of every opportunity to do so, and immediately to communicate what she learned to the Whigs on the other side of the Ennoree River. At length, suspicion of the active aid she rendered was excited among the Tory neighbors. Mr. Langston was informed that he would be held responsible thenceforward, with his property, for the conduct of his daughter. The young girl was reproved severely, and commanded to desist from her patriotic treachery. For a time she obeyed the parental injunction; but, having heard by accident that a company of loyalists, who, on account of their ruthless cruelty, had been commonly called the "Bloody Scout," intent on their work of death, were about to visit the "Elder settlement," where her brother and some friends were living, she determined at all hazards to warn them of the intended expedition. She had none in whom to confide, but was obliged to leave her home alone, by stealth, and at the dead hour of night. Many miles were to be traversed, and the road lay through woods, and crossed marshes and creeks, where the conveniences of bridges and foot-logs were wanting. She walked rapidly on, heedless of slight difficulties; but her heart almost failed her when she came to the banks of the Tyger, a deep and rapid stream, which there was no possibility of crossing except by wading through the ford. This she knew to be deep at ordinary times, and it had doubtless been rendered more dangerous by the rains that had lately fallen. But the thought of personal danger weighed not with her, in comparison to the duty she owed her friends and country. Her momentary hesitation was but the shrinking of nature from peril encountered in darkness and alone, when the imagination conjures up a thousand appalling ideas, each more startling than the worst reality. Her strong heart battled against these, and she resolved to accomplish her purpose or perish in the attempt. She entered the water, but when in the middle of the ford, became bewildered, and knew not which direction to take. The hoarse rush of the waters, which were up to her neck, the blackness of the night, the utter solitude around her, the uncertainty lest the next step should ingulf her past help, confused her; and, losing in a degree her self-possession, she wandered for some time in the channel without knowing whither to turn her steps. But the energy of a resolute will, under the care of Providence, sustained her. Having with difficulty reached the other side, she lost no time in hastening to her brother, informed him and his friends of the preparations made to surprise and destroy them, and urged him to send his men instantly in different directions to arouse and warn the neighborhood. The soldiers had just returned from a fatiguing excursion, and complained that they were faint from want of food. The noble girl, not satisfied with what she had done at such risk to herself, was ready to help them still farther by providing refreshment immediately. Though wearied, wet, and shivering with cold, she at once set about her preparations. A few boards were taken from the roof of the house, a fire was kindled with them, and in a few minutes a hoe-cake, partly baked, was broken into pieces and thrust into the shot pouches of the men. Thus provisioned, the little company hastened to give the alarm to their neighbors, and did so in time for all to make their escape. The next day, when the "Scout" visited the place, they found no living enemy on whom to wreak their vengeance.

HANNAH ERWIN ISRAEL.

Israel Israel, the husband of this lady, was one of the Committee of Safety. His residence

was near Wilmington, Delaware. On a visit to his mother's dwelling, he found it in possession of several soldiers quartered on the family. While the family were seated at supper, the house was surrounded and Israel taken prisoner as a rebel. He convinced them of their error by saying it was his brother Joseph; this was done merely to gain time.

Having bidden adieu to his family, Mr. Israel set forth on his journey homeward. He arrived only to be made a prisoner. The loyalist who had given him the countersign, had betrayed the secret of his expedition. He and his wife's brother were immediately seized and carried on board the frigate Roebuck, lying in the Delaware, a few miles from the then borough of Wilmington, and directly opposite his farm, in order to be tried as *spies*.

Being one of the Committee of Safety, the position of Mr. Israel, under such an accusation, was extremely critical. On board the ship he was treated with the utmost severity. His watch, silver shoe-buckles, and various articles of clothing were taken from him; his bed was a coil of ropes on deck, without covering from the bitter cold of the night air; and to all appearances his fate was already decided. The testimony of his Tory neighbors was strong against him. Several were ready to swear to the fact, that while the loyal population of the country had willingly furnished their share of the provisions needed by the ships of war, he had been heard to say repeatedly, that he "*would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington, than receive thousands of dollars in British gold for them.*"

On being informed of this speech, the commander gave orders that a detachment of soldiers should proceed to drive the rebel's cattle, then grazing in a meadow in full view, down to the river, and slaughter them in the face of the prisoners.

What, meanwhile, must have been the feelings of the young wife, herself about to become a mother, when her husband and brother were led away in her very sight? The farm was a mile or more from the river; but there was nothing to intercept the view, the ground from the meadow sloping down to the water. Mrs. Israel was at this period about nineteen years of age; and is described as of middle height, and slight but symmetrical figure; of fair complexion, with clear blue eyes and dark hair; her manners modest and retiring. She was devoted to her family and her domestic concerns. It needed the trying scenes by which she was surrounded, to develop the heroism which, in times more peaceful, might have been unmarked by those who knew her most intimately.

From her position on the look-out, she saw the soldiers land from the ships, shoulder arms, and advance towards the meadow. In an instant she divined their purpose, and her resolution was taken. With a boy eight years old, whom she bade follow her at his utmost speed, she started off, determined to baffle the enemy, and save the cattle at the peril of her life. Down went the bars, and followed by the little boy, she ran to drive the herd to the opening. The soldiers called out repeatedly to her to desist, and threatened, if she did not, to fire upon her.

"Fire away!" cried the heroic woman. They fired! The balls flew thickly around her. The frightened cattle ran in every direction over the field.

"This way!" she called to the boy, nothing daunted; "this way, Joe! Head them there! Stop them, Joe! Do not let one escape!"

And *not one* did escape! The bullets fired by the cowardly British soldiers continued to whistle around her person. The little boy, paralyzed by terror, fell to the ground. She seized him by the arm, lifted him over the fence, and herself drove the cattle into the barn-yard. The assailants, baffled by the courage of a woman, and probably not daring, for fear of the neighbors, to invade the farm-houses, retraced their steps, and returned disappointed to the ship.

All this scene passed in sight of the officers of the Roebuck and the two prisoners. The agony of suspense and fear endured by the husband and brother, when they saw the danger to which the wife exposed herself, may be better imagined than described. It may also be conceived how much they exulted in her triumph.

The trial was held on board the ship. The Tory witnesses were examined in due form; and it was but too evident that the lives of the prisoners were in great danger. A kind-hearted sailor sought an opportunity of speaking in private with Mr. Israel, and asked him if he were a Freemason. The answer was in the affirmative. The sailor then informed him that a lodge was held on shipboard, and the officers, who belonged to it, were to meet that night.

The prisoners were called up before their judges, and permitted to answer to the accusations against them. Mr. Israel, in bold, but respectful language, related his story; and acknowledged his secret visit to Philadelphia, not in the character of a spy, but to carry relief to

his suffering parent and her family. He also acknowledged having said, as was testified, that "he would rather give his cattle to Washington, or destroy the whole herd, than sell them for British gold." This trait of magnanimity might not have been so appreciated by the enemies of his country, as to operate in his favor, but that, watching his opportunity, he made to the commanding officer the secret sign of masonic brotherhood. The effect was instantly observable. The officer's stern countenance softened; his change of opinion and that of the other judges became evident; and after some further examination, the court was broken up. The informants, and those who had borne testimony against the prisoners, hung their heads in shame at the severe rebuke of the court for their cowardly conduct in betraying and preferring charges against an honorable man, bound on a mission of love and duty to his aged mother. The acquitted prisoners were dismissed, loaded with presents of pins, handkerchiefs, and other articles not to be purchased at that time, for the intrepid wife; and were sent on shore in a splendid barge, as a mark of special honor from the officer in command.

MARY SLOCUMB.

An anecdote, communicated of Mrs. Slocumb, is strikingly illustrative of her resolution and strength of will. The occurrence took place at a time when the whole country was roused by the march of the British and loyalists from the Cape Fear country, to join the royal standard at Wilmington. The veteran Donald McDonald issued his proclamation at Cross Creek, in February, 1776, and having assembled his Highlanders, marched across rivers and through forests, in haste to join Governor Martin and Sir Henry Clinton, who were already at Cape Fear. But while he had eluded the pursuit of Moore, the patriots of Newbern and Wilmington Districts were not idle. It was a time of noble enterprise, and gloriously did leaders and people come forward to meet the emergency. The gallant Richard Caswell called his neighbors hastily together; and they came at his call as readily as the clans of the Scotch mountains mustered at the signal of the burning cross. The whole country rose in mass; scarce a man able to walk was left in the Neuse region. The united regiments of Colonels Lillington and Caswell encountered McDonald at Moore's Creek; where, on the twenty-seventh, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Revolution. Colonel Slocumb's recollections of this bravely contested field were too vivid to be dimmed by the lapse of years. He was accustomed to dwell but lightly on the gallant part borne by himself in that memorable action; but he gave abundant praise to his associates; and well did they deserve the tribute. "And," he would say, "*my wife was there!*" She was indeed; but the story is best told in her own words:—

"The men all left on Sunday morning. More than eighty went from this house with my husband; I looked at them well, and I could see that every man had mischief in him. I know a coward as soon as I set my eyes upon him. The Tories more than once tried to frighten me, but they always showed coward at the bare insinuation that our troops were about.

"Well, they got off in high spirits; every man stepping high and light. And I slept soundly and quietly that night, and worked hard all the next day; but I kept thinking where they had got to—how far; where and how many of the regulars and Tories they would meet; and I could not keep myself from the study. I went to bed at the usual time, but still continued to study. As I lay, whether waking or sleeping I know not, I had a dream; yet it was not all a dream. (She used the words, unconsciously, of the poet who was not then in being.) I saw distinctly a body wrapt in my husband's guard-cloak, bloody, dead; and others dead and wounded on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry, and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind, that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light; everything was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear, it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments, and said aloud: 'I must go to him.' I told the woman I could not sleep and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm; but I merely told her to lock the door after me, and look after the child. I went to the stable, saddled my mare—as fleet and easy a nag as ever travelled—and in one minute we were tearing down the road at full speed. The cool night seemed after a mile or two's gallop to bring reflection with it, and I asked myself where I was going, and for what purpose. Again and again I was tempted to turn back; but I was soon ten miles from home, and my mind became stronger every

mile I rode. I should find my husband dead or dying, was as firmly my presentiment and conviction as any fact of my life. When day broke, I was some thirty miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and had followed them without hesitation. About sunrise I came upon a group of women and children, standing and sitting by the road-side, each one of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few minutes, I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing, but were assembled on the road to catch intelligence. They thought Caswell had taken the right of the Wilmington road, and gone towards the northwest (Cape Fear). Again was I skimming over the ground, through a country thinly settled, and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least. We followed the well-marked trail of the troops.

"The sun must have been well up, say eight or nine o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. It was the first time I ever heard a cannon. I stopped still, when presently the cannon thundered again. The battle was then fighting. What a fool! my husband could not be dead last night, and the battle only fighting now! Still, as I am so near, I will go on and see how they come out. So away we went again, faster than ever; and I soon found by the noise of guns that I was near the fight. Again I stopped. I could hear muskets, I could hear rifles, and I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare and dashed on in the direction of the firing and the shouts, now louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road leading to Moore's Creek Bridge, a few hundred yards below the bridge. A few yards from the road, under a cluster of trees, were lying perhaps twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot; the very trees; and the position of the men I knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night! I saw all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centred in one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard-cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the place I never knew. I remember uncovering his head and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm, and an *unknown voice* begged for water. A small camp-kettle was lying near, and a stream of water was close by. I brought it, poured some in his mouth, and washed his face; and behold—it was Frank Cogdell. He soon revived and could speak. I was washing the wound in his head. Said he, 'It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his knife, cut away his trowsers and stocking, and found the blood came from a shot-hole through and through the fleshy part of his leg. I looked about and could see nothing that looked as if it would do for dressing wounds but some heart-leaves. I gathered a handful and bound them tight to the holes, and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others, and—Doctor! I dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good fighting long after that day! I had not inquired for my husband; but while I was busy Caswell came up. He appeared very much surprised to see me, and was with his hat in hand about to pay some compliment; but I interrupted him by asking: 'Where is my husband?'

"'Where he ought to be, madam, in pursuit of the enemy. But pray,' said he, 'how came you here?'

"'Oh, I thought,' replied I, 'you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have already dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one'—going to Frank and lifting him up with my arm under his head so that he could drink some more water—'would have died before any of you men could have helped him.'

"'I believe you,' said Frank. Just then I looked up, and my husband, as bloody as a butcher, and as muddy as a ditcher,* stood before me.

"'Why, Mary!' he exclaimed, 'what are you doing there? Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army?'

"'I don't care,' I cried. 'Frank is a brave fellow, a good soldier, and a true friend to Congress.'

"'True, true, every word of it!' said Caswell. 'You are right, madam!' with the lowest possible bow.

"I would not tell my husband what brought me there. I was so happy, and so were all. It was a glorious victory; I came just at the height of the enjoyment. I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see he was not displeased with me. It was night again before our excitement had at all subsided. Many prisoners were brought in, and among them some very obnoxious; but the worst of the Tories were not taken prisoners. They were,

* It was his company that forded the creek, and, penetrating the swamp, made the furious charge on the British left and rear which decided the fate of the day.

for the most part, left in the woods and swamps wherever they were overtaken. I begged for some of the poor prisoners, and Caswell readily told me none should be hurt but such as had been guilty of murder and house burning. In the middle of the night I again mounted my mare and started for home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning, and they would send a party with me. But no; I wanted to see my child, and I told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me!"

REBECCA MOTTE.

After the abandonment of Camden to the Americans, Lord Rawdon, anxious to maintain his posts, directed his first effort to relieve Fort Motte, at the time invested by Marion and Lee.* This fort, which commanded the river, was the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden and the upper districts. It was occupied by a garrison, under the command of Captain M'Pherson, of one hundred and sixty-five men, having been increased by a small detachment of dragoons from Charleston a few hours before the appearance of the Americans. The large new mansion-house belonging to Mrs. Motte, which had been selected for the establishment of the post, was surrounded by a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet. Opposite and northward, upon another hill, was an old farm-house, to which Mrs. Motte had removed when dismissed from her mansion. On this height Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had taken position with his force, while Marion occupied the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood, the valley running between the two hills permitting the Americans to approach it within four hundred yards.

M'Pherson was unprovided with artillery, but hoped to be relieved by the arrival of Lord Rawdon to dislodge the assailants before they could push their preparations to maturity. He therefore replied to the summons to surrender —which came on the 20th May, about a year after the victorious British had taken possession of Charleston—that he should hold out to the last moment in his power.

The besiegers had carried on their approaches rapidly, by relays of working parties; and, aware of the advance of Rawdon with all his force, had every motive for perseverance. In the night a courier arrived from General Greene, to advise them of Rawdon's retreat from Camden, and urge redoubled activity; and Marion persevered through the hours of darkness in pressing the completion of their works. The following night Lord Rawdon encamped on the highest ground in the country opposite Fort Motte, and the despairing garrison saw with joy the illumination of his fires, while the Americans were convinced that no time was to be lost.

The large house in the centre of the encircling trench left but a few yards of ground within the British works uncovered; burning the mansion, therefore, must compel the surrender of the garrison. This expedient was reluctantly resolved upon by Marion and Lee, who, unwilling under any circumstances to destroy private property, felt the duty to be much more painful in the present case. It was the summer residence of the owner, whose deceased husband had been a firm friend to his country, and whose daughter (Mrs. Pinckney) was the wife of a gallant officer then a prisoner in the hands of the British. Lee had made Mrs. Motte's dwelling his quarters, at her pressing invitation, and with his officers had shared her liberal hospitality. Not satisfied with polite attention to the officers while they were entertained at her luxurious table, she had attended with active benevolence to the sick and wounded, soothed the infirm with kind sympathy, and animated the desponding to hope. It was thus not without deep regret that the commanders determined on the sacrifice, and the Lieutenant-Colonel found himself compelled to inform Mrs. Motte of the unavoidable necessity of the destruction of her property. The smile with which the communication was received gave instant relief to the embarrassed officer. Mrs. Motte not only assented, but declared that she was "gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight." Shortly after, seeing by accident the bow and arrows which had been prepared to carry combustible matter, she sent for Lee, and, presenting him with a bow and its apparatus which had been imported from India, requested his substitution of them, as better adapted for the object than those provided.

—Beware of an itching tongue and itching ears; that is, do not detract from others, nor hearken to them that do so.

* Ramsay's History of South Carolina; Moultrie's Memoirs; Lee's Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department, etc.

A LOVER'S DREAM.

BY SHENANDOAH.

Yesternight—I had been gazing
On a sunset glorious, golden,
  Deathbed of the beauteous day
Half asleep and half awaking,
While the *dozs*-god sly was taking
  All my drowsy will away—
  A curious dreamlet came to me.

A misty, purple, golden-tinted
Veil of light and beauty spread
  Around, about, above me;
Then a zephyr, softly cleaving
Through the mist, a pathway leaving,
  Kissed mine eyes as though to love me,
  And whispered them to see.

All about a lofty mountain
Hung the hazy splendor then,
  Threaded by the moon's pure beam;
Brightly down a fairy valley
A silver brook leapt musically,
And from its bank a weeping willow,
  As tho' in sweet and holy dream
  Drooped its boughs into the steam.

Underneath this weeping willow
Close beside the murmuring stream,
  Sat sweet Mary and her lover;
Theirs no thought of care or duty,
Life to them was full of beauty,
  For sweet hope did fondly hover,
  Unmolested, o'er the lover.

Within his own he clasped her hand,
A hand that kings might envy to him—
  Tiny, rose-lined, lily fair;
And their lips were sweetly meeting
As their vows they were repeating
  Of love as true, though not as fair,
  As the loves of angels are.

And thus they sat; their eyes were beaming
Bright with present, future joy,
  Purest, holiest joy serene;
While their thoughts were softly twining,
Silently their hearts enshrining;
  All was beauty in the scene—
  Would that it had real been.

* * * * * * *

Then a black cloud shut them from me,
  On the dream a darkness fell,
And there came a rushing whirlwind,
  Bearing on its crest a knell
Whose sad, mysterious echo now
  Forever in my soul will dwell.

A storm-cloud hung upon the mountain,
  There was a sickly moon, unkind,
Which showed the darkness and the river,
  Roaring to the moaning wind;
Underneath the weeping willow
  Gleamed a pale and ghastly stone;
Another head had found a pillow,
  And the earth had claimed her own.

A youth, in frantic wildness, pressed
  The clay-cold sod above her—
Cruel sod, that like to death
  Repelled the true-heart lover!
I saw him in his anguish weep,
  And groan, and pray, and rave;
Then closer looked—Great God! it was
  Our *fairy* Mary's *grave!*

* * * * * * *

A sense of sorrow overspread my soul—
No thought illumined, and no vision broke,
Until the voice of seraphs came to wake,
And show me yet another fairy scene—
A golden-paved, eternal city, bathing
In the resplendent glory of His love.
And there came a soft and holy sound,
From out that beauty, like the music
Of chiming thoughts in some wild poet's dream;
And then a song—no words contained it;
Thoughts were alive, and round and full they came
On music's wings. I felt mine own go out
To meet the lovely wand'rers, and return.
By sympathy of soul with soul impressed,
Mine woke in words, but they were earthly words,
For mine were earthly thoughts, nor would they take
The hues of heaven, though they journeyed there.
'Twas thus they sang to me:—

"The fair hands of angels wreathe of beauty are weaving
  Of the thoughts of the good, to bedeck them when free;
And when for your leaving the earth will be grieving
  The hand of thy Mary will give thine to thee.
The chords that vibrate through the ether of mind
  Bear your thoughts, as you think them, to heaven and me;
Then let them be pure, and at last you will find
  But to filter the soul care was given to thee."

As sunk the music a sweet sadness fell
  Upon my spirits; the dream-king had given
To me a taste of pleasure and of grief,
  Together with a glimmering of heaven
And now I stand by the roaring river,
  Sometimes, and hear the wild winds moan,
And feel the quiet moonlight shiver
  On the cold and white gravestone.

But the fearful yields to gladness,
  And my heart's proud pulses beat
Out of tune with care and sadness
  When her voice, soft and sweet,
Wakes me from this idle dream,
  And her eyes, like stars above,
Tell me, by affection's beam,
  Mary lives, and lives to love.

CARRIAGE FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 139.)

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Harrison had made one discovery in the course of the evening that placed her on very good terms with herself. She found that she could play more brilliantly than any one who had touched the piano. Miss Revere sang with a rich, pure soprano, with trills and cadenzas marvellous to Anne, who had never heard such execution out of a concert-room; but she had a careless way of slurring over her accompaniments, which proved that her industry was not equal to her natural gifts, clearness and flexibility of voice.

Everybody that is at all musical knows that industry does more than talent in instrumental proficiency, when but one of these aids is to be had. Both were united in Anne Harrison's rapid execution, for she had of late the most helpful of motives, the desire and hope of relieving her mother entirely from her support, and doing something for the younger children. Elliot Brooks looked upon this as a very excellent thing in Anne; he not only praised her thoughtful heart, but her independence; it was the first thing that had led him to regard his sister's friend as anything but a pretty girl, that it was polite to talk to, and escort home when she came to the house. He disliked equally the feminine extremes of "strong" and "weak-minded" women, and frequently described, as young bachelors will do, the manifold virtues of the wife of his imagination. The catechism had embodied them all, but he did not go back so far, or he might have discovered that he was not the first person by any means who considered it the thing to "do our duty in that state of life" in which they found themselves placed. In other words, he especially disliked people who were always aiming at some other "state," which fault of character, he said, made bankrupts of good merchants, flirts of married women, and had created that pushing, toadying class of society of late so prominent a class in our great cities. It is by no means confined to them, though Elliot Brooks's experience was. The smallest village possesses the same social element in just as great a degree.

"I do not want to be dependent on my mother, and I think it but right to help myself, and the boys too, if I can," added the fair applicant for his counsel, as they walked home together one soft summer evening, that made it quite a pleasant thing to lounge along with that pretty figure leaning on his arm, and those blue eyes turned to his in the earnestness of conversation.

"I think you are very right, Anne," returned this sage adviser of twenty-seven. "Every woman ought to make the most of the talents she has; and besides, it is a debt you owe your father, and the children too. Of course he spent more on your education than can be afforded for theirs. Do you see?"

It was at that time a new idea to Anne, but she had heart and sense enough to see and act upon it; so that, thoroughly grounded in music as she already was, she set to work to add a fine touch and brilliant execution by patient industry. It was a proud day when Harriet Brooks came with a new yellow "Hunten's Method" under her arm, to take her first lesson, and Mrs. Brooks was looking out for more pupils among her acquaintances.

Hearing herself praised for this endeavor by her friends, and for almost everything she did or said by her mother, who looked up to Anne since her father's death from the long habit and necessity of looking somewhere, the young girl had come to consider herself a very excellent sort of person, with great decision, independence, and unselfishness of disposition. If she had been told that she was this only because circumstances had developed but one side of her character, and not from any settled principle of doing the right, she would have considered the person speaking very cruel and unjust. Miss Anne had taken more lessons in music than self-knowledge—a study that, like music, is never particularly agreeable at the outset, though often ending in the power to create both harmony and melody from discordant combinations.

Nor had she the least idea that "The Bonaparte House" was to be the school of such instructions, when she opened her eyes on the first bright day of her vacation. A dreamy, semi-consciousness of relief from all care and occupation, the freshness of the country, the

full-throated matins of the birds who always seem to consider that they have done vocal duty for the day when this chorus is ended, and so retire to the silence of domestic life, was all that stirred her heart and mind at first; but gradually the animated face of Laura Revere and the dark eyes of Coleman Butler displaced the purer influences, and she sat up in bed, her eyes brightening with day-dreams.

It was owing to her mother's good sense that Anne had brought her one new morning-dress. Such were the economical habits of the family that "a breadth out of the skirt" of some frock that had seen previous duty, was usually called into service to piece out the wrappers of Mrs. Harrison and her daughters. But the fashion of basques had broken in upon this arrangement, and for the first time in her life Anne found herself the possessor of a new gingham, made up with "the elegance of simplicity" by her own hands, and quite as becoming as anything in her wardrobe. Fortunate seventeen, that finds *everything* becoming!

Mr. Clark was always useless to community until he had swallowed and digested the morning papers—three of them—that arrived at Bordentown by the early train. His wife had made an engagement several days before to go to Trenton, with Mrs. Talbot, to call on a mutual friend they had discovered to live there.

She was really quite concerned at leaving Anne alone so long, and apologized in all the kindness of her heart for so doing. "If I had only thought about your being here, my dear; but you know it did not occur to Mr. Clark and myself to bring you out until *yesterday*; though I 'm sure I don't see why it did not. Mrs. Talbot and I have been talking about it ever since we happened to discover that we both knew Martha Lord; but it takes some time for elderly people to get started. Mr. Clark will be very glad to take you out to walk as soon as he gets through with the *Ledger*, and the *North American*, and looks over the *Bulletin* once more, for he says he never half gets the sense of things in the cars. I don't suppose you would get lost if you ventured out by yourself; the walks are all very pretty, though I don't see that they lead anywhere in particular, a great waste of ground, as Mr. Clark says. Now *do* try and not get lonesome!"

It looked rather lonely in the great drawing-room when Anne returned there after seeing Mrs. Clark start on her day's excursion. The gentlemen had gone to town; the married ladies were mostly occupied with their children in their own rooms, and the young people had congregated in the bowling-alley, from whence came the cheerful click of balls, and peals of laughter that were very tantalizing to the young girl, who had not even the courage to stroll that way uninvited. The piano was her only resource, for she felt too restless to read, even the second volume of the "Wide, Wide World" which she had brought down with her; so she made another journey to her room for some music, and began to practise, listlessly enough at first. However, the old spirit came back to her as she turned leaf after leaf of a brilliant variation of Von Weber, and when she finished the last grand crescendo, she was so absorbed, as to be quite unconscious of an audience.

It was Laura Revere, the person of all others that she wished to know, who came closer to the piano as she rose in a little confusion, and said, with frank good nature, "How well you play!"

They might have met face to face in a parlor, or sat on the same bench at the Philharmonic, in Philadelphia, and never have exchanged a word without a regular introduction; but in the country things are different, and the two young girls were soon in a familiar chat, starting with the eminent Von Weber and ending with themselves.

"You play better than any one we have had here this season. Do you sing?"

"O no; I wish I could sing like you," Anne added, with spontaneous flattery, which confirmed her in Miss Revere's good graces. She was not a rival, and she *was* an admirer.

Miss Revere was tired of the Bonaparte House and of all it contained, including the Miss Fishers, "who were regular flirts," she informed Anne, confidentially, "and both making a dead set at Coleman Butler. But la! he sees through them. He 's my cousin, you know, and he thinks you have beautiful eyes. He said so last night, and it made *Georgy Fisher* raving. She said all manner of spiteful things, of course; but la! you needn't mind *her*."

"I don't see what she could say." And Anne's face flushed at once with pleasure at the favorable notice from her hero, and sudden dislike of Miss Fisher. The commencement of heart-burnings, poor child, but she could not see into the future, or she *might* have turned away from them all on the spot, and contented herself with the orphan "Ellen" and the honest "Van Brunt" for companions.

"Oh, she don't *know* anything about you, of course; but she said she was certain you could not belong to the Chestnut Street Harrisons,

for she had never seen you before, and you would not have been with *that* Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Is Mr. Clark your uncle?"

"No, no relation."

The emphasis on "that" had anointed Anne's eyes with a glimpse of the social estimate even the friendly Miss Revere put upon this excellent couple, and a quick negative was ready.

"There! I said I knew he wasn't! You don't look at all as if you belonged to them; I could tell in a minute by your style. I said right away he was your guardian—isn't he?"

He had been to all intents the honorable guardian of the little property his friend had made him the executor of, and of the children to whom it came, free from any tithe or tax for his willing services; so Anne sheltered herself behind this happy suggestion, and said "Yes."

"There! I knew he was!" And Miss Revere looked quite triumphant. "Guardians always *are* queer people, red-faced, and vulgar, you know, in novels." Anne winced and flushed again, but kept unworthy silence. "One can't help their guardians. There 's Julia Riggs always hated hers, a stuffy old lawyer, interfering and saying people wanted to marry her for her money, every time she had an offer. I suppose I should have had one, too, if grandpapa had not been living."

"Is he here with you?"

"Yes; that is, he 's up in his own room these two days with a sprained foot. It 's almost time I went to him, by the way."

Miss Revere drew out a delicate jewelled and enamelled watch, not larger than a child's locket. Anne had never seen a watch set with diamonds before, but she had read of them, and this great possession and the careless way in which it was worn increased her admiration of her new friend and her previous opinion that "she must be very wealthy." How clumsy by comparison seemed the watch and chain given by Mr. Brooks to Alice the year before! though it had been the special object of Anne's admiration and ambition ever since.

"Grandpapa is worth sixteen guardians, and if it wasn't for Miss Middleton I should have my own way in everything, and be at Newport now, instead of this out-of-the-way, stupid old Bonaparte House."

Anne's part in the conversation seemed to be catechism. It was decidedly more to her taste to enter into the affairs of her new acquaintance than to be circumstantial with regard to her own.

"Is Miss Middleton your aunt?"

"O dear, no, I 'm thankful to say. She 's the daughter of an old friend of grandpapa's, and he died leaving very little property; so, when I left Madame Gardell's this spring, she was invited to live with us, and chaperon me. The worst of Miss Middleton is, she 's so *catty!*"

"Catty?"

"Yes, that 's what Coleman calls it, and it 's just the word. You think you are having your own way all the time, and by and by find out you are walking straight after hers. I was determined to go to Long Branch or Newport this summer, and just because she wanted to get off for two months with some friends of her own from the South—of course she would have had to stay with us, if we had gone to a gay place, since she had agreed to look after me—didn't she go and persuade grandpapa that sea air was too strong for him, and I was not old enough to come out really before next winter; so she packed us up here, and walked herself off to Canada and the White Mountains as independent as possible."

Anne was rather puzzled, even with this ample explanation, to define the position of Miss Middleton with relation to her friend. She knew too little of the usages of the world to understand that a lady of Miss Middleton's birth and connections would never stoop to be called housekeeper or companion, while she was reduced to perform both duties, and readily accepted such a return as enabled her still to appear in society, so long as it was not called "salary."

"As for grandpapa, it 's ridiculous to see how she gets her own way with him. Now, she doesn't like our house in Twelfth Street, and wants him to move into Walnut, and she 'll get him to do it yet. To be sure, I prefer Walnut, but as for the house itself, it 's ten times more elegant than anything she has ever been accustomed to, and of course we sha 'n't get a garden and green-house anywhere else."

"Do you live in that elegant house on the corner of Twelfth and Ramsey Streets?" queried Anne, in genuine astonishment, Miss Revere's attractions increasing with the very recollection of the broad, substantial mansion, suggestive of ample comfort, the drawing-room windows draperied by exquisitely wrought lace curtains, the gates of the carriage-house so handsomely carved, and the glimpses of freshness, and verdure, and bloom she had often caught through the lattice-work of the garden doors.

So they lived there! Anne had never dreamed of aspiring to acquaintance with any such grandeur. And they kept a carriage! how wealthy! how fashionable they must be! She had al-

ways supposed such people were haughty and unapproachable. What would Miss Revere think if she knew just where they lived, and how they lived, and that she taught music! What a relief it was when the uninquisitive Laura was satisfied to know that her father was dead, that she lived with her mother in Ninth Street, and never so much as asked "Ninth near what?" which would have ended their friendship at once no doubt, with the humiliating acknowledgment, above Vine!

As it was, they got on famously, and talked so busily that Coleman Butler came to look after his cousin, who had left the bowling party to go after a wrought handkerchief she remembered to have left on the piano the night before. He was introduced to Miss Harrison, and said some very pretty things about her appearance among them being hailed as a relief from the dulness of his attendance upon his respected governor, Mr. Revere, senior, and his teaze of a cousin, Miss Laura. Then he proposed that she should join them in the bowling-alley—for he must fly back and finish his game—which she was very glad to do. The Miss Fishers, in lawn peignoirs, and *very* worked petticoats, received her with a stare, and distant bow in acknowledgment to Laura's introduction; but the other young people were pleasant enough, as young people will be before they are entirely crystallized in the mould of "society," and she soon felt comparatively at home among them. Perhaps she was inspired with more than ease at Laura's marked liking for her, and the attentions of Mr. Butler, paid partly to pique Miss Georgey Fisher, who presently declined playing and walked off, and partly to please himself. Anne began to wonder if there really was such a thing as love at first sight, when he managed to keep close beside her, stealing glances now and then into her eyes, such as she had never met before; or to touch her hand—just the slightest touch in the world! and mere accident, of course—in showing her how to grasp and poise the ball she was to send crashing down the alley, and among the men, on his side of the game. It was a very exciting and satisfactory day, passed entirely in the society of Miss Revere and her cousin. When Mrs. Clark inquired, in all the goodness of her heart, if she had managed not to feel homesick, Anne could answer in the affirmative most conscientiously.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, Anne, I saw your mother to-day!" And Mr. Clark helped himself right and left at the bountifully spread supper table. It was a peculiarity of this good man's table etiquette not to commence eating until he was all ready to go through; thus he dispatched John for tea before he was fairly seated, beckoned to Thomas for the cold ham, while he took the butter from James, detained the passing sugar and cream, while he erected a fortification of sliced peaches, cheese, biscuit, poundcake, cucumbers, and radishes around his plate before he proceeded to attack any of them.

Mr. Clark had been obliged to go to town again, to look after his children he told Anne; but, in fact, he had remembered that the interest in a mortgage belonging to Mrs. Harrison's little property was due, and had taken the disagreeable trip solely to see that it was promptly paid, lest she should suffer a week's inconvenience for the want of it.

"Why don't you ask how they all were?" proceeded Anne's "guardian," reaching over to Coleman Butler for smoked salmon. Anne glanced that way, but found to her relief that the cousins were busy about affairs of their own, and felt at liberty to be interested in her relatives.

"Because I thought you would tell me without asking," she said, with gay dissimulation; "and if there was anything the matter, I should have heard of it before now."

"I 'm not so sure of that. Your mother was in a terrible way at not getting any news of you. She 's afraid you had forgotten the number of the house, and had misdirected her letters. I told her not a bit of it; you could no more forget 295 North Ninth than your own name; both taught to you at the same time to keep you from being strayed away, I dare say."

"Oh, if Mr. Clark only *would* speak a little lower! he might as well tell the whole house of their unfashionable neighborhood, as to shout out the number after that fashion!" But it had not compromised her yet. Neither Laura nor Mr. Butler was listening. Conscience and consciousness together made her mental emotions anything but agreeable. She had promised to write home every day; she had written just once, and the affectionate reply, that had cost her mother so much time and pains, was still unanswered.

There was a kind letter from Alice Brooks, too, lying beside her mother's in the unopened portfolio, asking her a question that required immediate answer, congratulating her on the unexpected vacation, and saying such things of a long talk she had had with Elliot about her, as would have made her heart flutter at

any other time. Was it possible she could have been so forgetful?

"Is there any prospect of James getting a situation this fall?" inquired Mrs. Clark, with kindly interest in the family fortunes. Anne wished it had been evinced less publicly, and replied more briefly than was consistent with her age and her position towards the questioner. "What will come next?" she thought; "His going to the public school, or our keeping but one girl. Just like Mrs. Clark to speak of it, if it came into her head. She hasn't the slightest particle of tact!"

If tact was put for dissimulation, as it very often is in these days of polite falsehoods and charitable synonyms, Mrs. Clark had none whatever. Her nearest approach to deception was in averting her husband's notice from the neglects she could not but feel from Anne, which grew daily more glaring and inexcusable. To be sure, it was natural that she should prefer the society of young people, but it was not necessary to add a marked avoidance of her own; and she could not but think it would have been respectful at least in Anne, considering her present relation to them, to have looked in upon her once or twice that day, knowing that Mr. Clark was absent, and that her eyes did not allow her to read or sew long at a time. Mrs. Clark had passed a very dull morning, and it tasked her magnanimity not to allude to it by word or manner. There was that beautiful story, which Anne had herself proposed to read aloud, left for the past three days in the most interesting chapter; there lay the two collars and the shirt Anne had offered to supply with missing buttons and strings. She was to copy some of Mrs. Talbot's receipts, too, but the borrowed manuscript volume remained unopened, and its owner was to leave the next morning.

Anne thought of the last as she passed Mrs. Talbot's door on her way to tea, and resolved to go and attend to it in the hour of daylight remaining. She felt that a peace-offering might be expedient, but Mrs. Clark's unvaried kindness of manner reassured her; perhaps she was not conscious of any neglect. The sunset promised to be very fine, so unusually attractive that Coleman Butler presently proposed that they should hurry from the tea-table to the observatory, that they might have a better view.

It had become a matter of course for him to follow or lead Anne wherever she went, and Laura played propriety after the most amiable manner, following her own whim and fancy, talking to them or not as she liked, and oftentimes walking off with another party by the time they were out of sight. But so she went out and came back with them, Mrs. Clark did not feel at liberty to forbid the association, though it troubled her, and once she had consulted Mr. Clark about it.

"Did you ever hear of the hen with one chicken, Mrs. C.?" Mr. Clark's perceptive faculties had not been developed in any line outside of business and marketing. "If you had six girls now, instead of one, you 'd let 'em all have their own way—not the least doubt of it. The poor child's head 's a little turned with that jack-snipe and his moustache, very likely, but she isn't such a fool as to think one of that set wanted to marry her. Besides, she 's going home again in a week, and that 's the end of it. 'Tain't at all likely they 'll ever see each other again till both of them 's settled down with a family around them—maybe never. I guess she 's about half engaged to young Brooks, any how. Let her go; she won't get another run in a hurry."

Mrs. Clark thought of this—how monotonous Anne's home life was, the little probability there was that she would ever meet any of the present party again—and left her more and more at liberty.

Coleman Butler hung over the piano when the young girls practised, Anne playing Laura's accompaniments, and dangerously teaching Mr. Butler his part of their favorite duet, "Dearest idol of my heart," which he could learn only by ear, though his voice was very passable; he helped them to balls in the bowling-alley, and to cold chicken at lunch; he drove them out to ride in the afternoon; he strolled out in the moonlight, or taught Anne the redowa in return for her music lesson, in the evening.

Several of the married ladies, noticing her intimacy with the party, and not caring to know whether it was an ancient league or recent friendship, made much of Anne in various little ways. Such of the young girls as did not aspire to Mr. Butler's attentions lauded her music and crocheting, and her amiability. Even Mr. Revere, who now came down sometimes in the evening, always asked her to play for him, and praised her pretty face and her respectful manner, not even knowing or noticing her connection with Mr. Clark, whom he would have met with the same lofty bow bestowed upon a porter who might chance to stand in his way, had they been presented. Mr. Revere's weakness was social distinctions; but he took it for granted that Miss Harrison was in some way connected with that branch of the family so well known in his own circle,

and had even questioned her about some members of it, as referring to her relatives. Anne had an instinctive feeling of this, dating from the evening he had complimented her on her family resemblance to Mrs. Wharton Strong, "who was a Harrison, you know," he added, leaving Anne with the uncomfortable feeling that she was unintentionally an impostor, to take the honey from the gallant notice of her hair and her complexion which the courteous old gentleman had made. But she took advantage of it, for she had learned to follow up a good beginning, and was far more ready to wheel his chair around or find his paper for him, when carried to their little parlor by Laura, than either of his own young people, while Mrs. Clark was left to hunt for her spectacles and strain her poor eyes through them as best she might.

Not that the verdict of the Bonaparte House was unanimous in Anne's favor. Those of the young ladies who were surpassed by her in music, or who desired to attract some crumbs of Mr. Butler's attentions, made spiteful remarks on her one morning-dress, her Scotch embroideries, "her everlasting white basque," and her shameless flirting! They had their friends, of course, among the matrons, especially such as were no longer attractive themselves, and therefore censoriously inclined, who helped them to disagreeable little innuendoes that they took no pains to keep to themselves. So it happened that when the supper-room was thrown into disorder by a rush from the long table of sunset-seers on the evening in question, Anne could not fail to notice the tossing and bridling of the opposite party, and overheard more than one allusion to "bold pieces" and "forward nobodies," as she hurried after the cousins, without so much as asking Mr. Clark to excuse her absence, letting all thoughts of the uncopied receipts and unanswered letters go for the present.

"Never mind about your bonnets; tie your handkerchief over your head, and I'll lend Laura my straw hat," called out Coleman Butler, in the hall. "We shall get ahead of them all. Joe Lewis is waiting for his sisters, and it always takes Lizzie an hour to hunt up her things."

So off they started, distancing their comrades, and finally leaving Laura to wait for them, fairly out of breath with their wild chase.

Now it was that Anne discovered they were not in the usual path to the tower, a high wooden structure, reared by the princely owner of the grounds for the benefit of the landscape, or to gain an elevation for his unsubdued aspirations, and now decayed like the fortunes of the family, fallen into disrepair, and only attractive to the younger portion of the present community, who were fond of adventure, and had not yet learned to shun staircases.

Mr. Butler protested he was right, or that they would come out all right, which they did in process of time, but not until the shadows had visibly lengthened, and the old tower stood up in the gathering twilight stark and silent.

"They are only hiding. Here! give me your hand. Look out; they 'll try to frighten us." But no unearthly moans or groans—though they were prepared for it—startled them on the landings, and when they reached the observatory itself, they were still alone.

The sunset had left a bright glow, which just glanced on the little river and lighted Anne's eyes, as her admirer, convinced that their party had really left them, turned towards her. She was conscious of looking very picturesque in the soft light, her hair disarranged by their race through the woods, and the light cambric handkerchief with its lace border—one of Laura's—tied lightly over her head. What Coleman Butler thought may be inferred from his sudden fear lest she should grow giddy, and insisting that she should lean upon him, which she did, taking his arm, which he drew very close to himself, and then it was the most natural thing in the world that he should take her hand as well, and forget to let it go.

"How I shall miss you!" And then a pause, which was extremely eloquent, and filled up with a look that drew Anne's eyes up to his and kept them there.

"Miss me?"

"Yes. Laura told you we were going to-morrow. No?" And the tone expressed a surprise that could not be genuine, since he knew very well Laura had not yet heard it herself.

"So soon?" And Anne Harrison was giddy in reality for a moment; she had supposed all this was to last as long as her stay, five whole days yet; and how wretchedly slow they would creep by if the Reveres really were going. And Mr. Butler!

"It does seem very soon; but we are going to see each other in town. You are going to let me come and see you; will you not, *Anne?*"

No quaver of our pen under that last word could, by any possibility, convey the lingering emphasis with which it fell on the young maiden's ears.

"Oh, if you will! But I know you will never come, never think of me again."

"And why—why not? Do you intend to keep me at a distance?" And he made a show of drawing away from her, as a discarded suitor might do.

"O no!"—and she unconsciously clung closer, returning the pressure of his hand; and then, with sudden tremor, she said: "We must go, they will be looking for us," with the instinct of maiden reserve which she felt she had transgressed.

It suited Mr. Butler to take her at her word. Perhaps she had not wished him to, but he turned and led her down the staircase, and so through the darkly shadowed paths towards the house. Only when they neared it, and saw the lights shining through the windows, and faces watching for them, Anne suddenly realized that they really were to separate, and spoke quickly:—

"I shall be very glad if you will come, Mr. Butler; but we are very plain people, I must tell you beforehand, and you will not care about us."

"Do you think I care for position?"—and the lofty scorn which curled Coleman Butler's black moustache would have done credit to an income of ten thousand a year, whereas he had just twelve hundred of his own, and was supposed to be studying law with a view to make up the balance.

What further explanations and protestations might have transpired were put an end to by the shout of Miss Revere and the Lewises, "Here they come!" and Anne was dragged through the drawing-room window, which opened to the floor, with suspiciously burning cheeks and moist eyes, to find Mrs. Clark really uneasy, and her husband preparing to have the lake dragged in search of her "one chicken."

(To be continued.)

BROAD LINE DRAWING LESSONS.

Fig. 45.

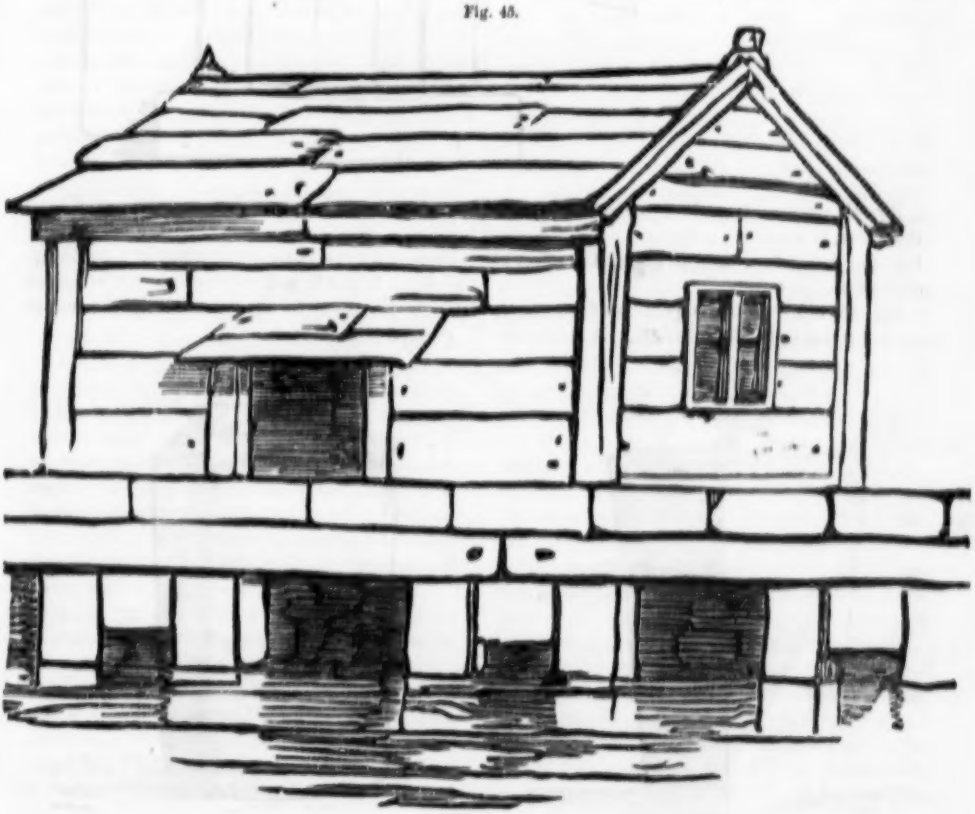


Fig. 46.

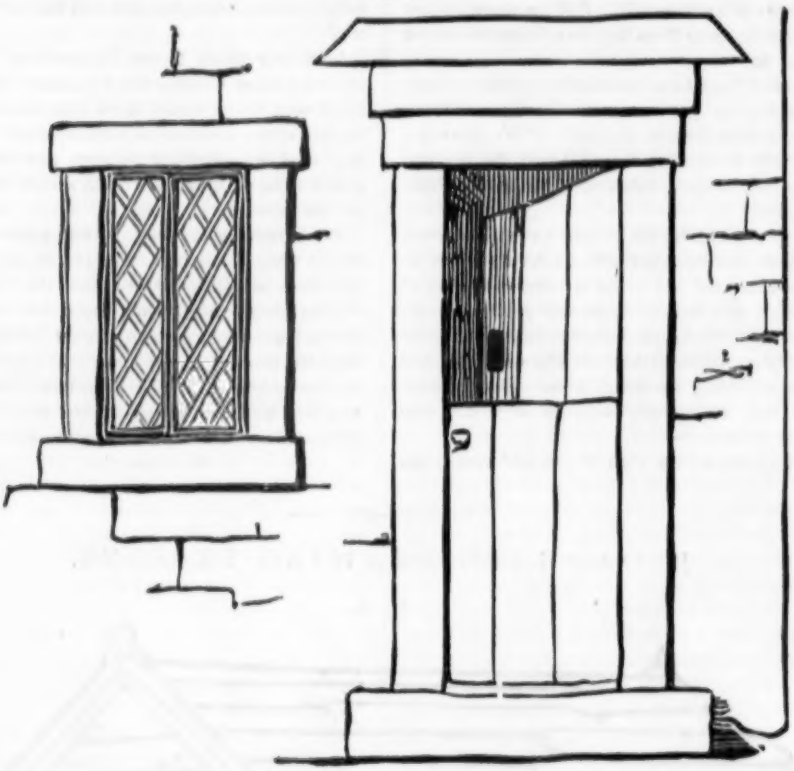


Fig. 45, representing a building standing over the water, is a useful exercise for exhibiting the value of a few bold lines in giving the effect of shadow and of water.

Fig. 46, representing a portion of a cottage, is useful for light and shadow. It is also important as an exercise preparatory to sketching for real objects, as it shows how few well-placed lines will give the general effect of a building.

Figs. 47 and 48 will require care and repeated trials in order to copy accurately the upper portion of each of them.

Fig. 47.

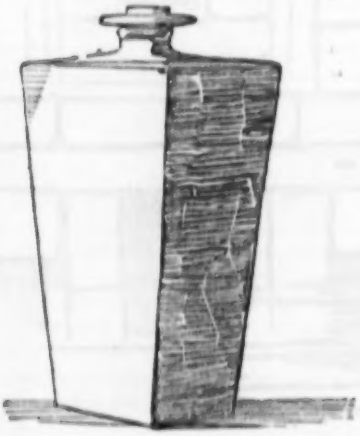


Fig. 48.

THE BACK CLOSET IN THE SOUL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was there; but to find it you would have to mount "many pairs of winding stairs," and wander through goodly chambers, and columned halls, and fair vistaed galleries, such as made the soul of Mary Hammond a mansion of grace and beauty; but in a dark passage, "easily passed by," stood that back closet, and on its door was written that foul and hateful name—*Jealousy*. Nobody suspected this; least of all, she who bore it day by day in her soul—bore it through her young, sweet life, so filled with kindly deeds and words that it was like a box of spikenard, perfuming all the air about it.

Mary Hammond was an orphan, and she had just passed by her twenty-fourth birthday. Her father and mother had slept for half a dozen years in the little village of Maywood, good, honest, God-fearing people, who had bequeathed unto their children their unsullied name and sterling virtues. She was not beautiful, Mary Hammond. She had not a single regular feature, and yet there was a great charm about her face. The sweet, tremulous mouth had such a variety of smiles, and the clear, "swift, glancing eyes" corroborated the mouth. The forehead, over which lay the soft, smooth bands of hair, indicated a broad, finely-developed "sphere of faculties," and her conversation at once proved its possession. She had resided in the city four years, and taught school in a large private seminary during all this time, thus defraying her own small expenses, and assisting her only brother through college.

Edward Hammond was not quite two years his sister's senior. During his boyhood and early youth he had been the victim of disease, which inhibited him from all the physical exercise and development that make up so much of the joy of early youth, and his life was an introverted, abstracted one, his books and his dreams forming his only pabulum. But there was will and purpose in that silent, pale-faced boy, as any one would have known by studying the sharply-cut but susceptible mouth and the gray eyes that occasionally flashed out of them. Edward had his sister's style of features, harder and more intellectual, for hers were softened and vivified by a wealth of deep and active affections. He had a very fibrous constitution, or it must certainly have yielded in that long warfare with disease which occupied the first twenty years of his life. Then his constitution rallied, and slowly there dawned on him the hope of entering college—the great dream of his life.

Edward had been his sister's idol. She had responded with her warm, sympathetic nature to the dreams of his boyhood; she had been his nurse, his comforter, his inspirer through all those long, slow days of suffering, when he lay on the lounge in the sitting-room of the small white cottage, which had been their home, in Maywood.

Mary had taught school two years in the academy, when her pastor secured Edward's entrance to college, through the aid of some friends of the former, who offered him a situation as private tutor, for which the young man's previous studies had qualified him. Mary also procured a situation in the city, which enabled her so far to assist her brother that he had graduated at college, and had now nearly completed his professional studies.

And Mary Hammond was now a proud and happy sister—ay, more, a beloved and loving woman, the betrothed wife of Marcus Woodley, the son of the rich capitalist on Wall Street.

It was strange. Mary could hardly believe it, when the proud and fastidious man first told her so, that his heart had turned from all the dazzling and accomplished women who frequented his father's palace-home to the little soft-voiced school-teacher. Mary had called there occasionally to see his youngest sister, her favorite pupil, and so the two were brought together. Mary Hammond was very unlike all women that Marcus Woodley had met before, unlike them in her earnest simple-heartedness, in her high principles, and her deep, even sense of human responsibility. Then her mind opened to him new, fresh vistas of thought and feeling from the time he first met her, and she became to his life like a spring by the roadside, filling it full of sweet songs and refreshment.

Marcus Woodley's family was an old and a proud one, and he was an only son; and it was not surprising that his parents and older sister regretted that he had not chosen a wife from his own social station. They were polite, but not cordial to Mary, and her quick, sensitive

nature felt acutely the somewhat patronizing manner the old people assumed towards her. But this, she thought, was more endurable than the sober stateliness of his sister Evelyn. She was a beauty, of a lofty, imposing style. Though scarcely above medium height, there was something in the carriage of that delicate Grecian head, in the proud moulding of the still, perfect features, that gave to her manner a physiognomy of hauteur and authority which the girl really did not feel. Then her character was unlike Mary's—perhaps on the whole not so fine a one. The springs of feeling lay still and deep, and seldom broke up to the surface, in impulsive acts or caresses; but they were there, making green and bright the soul of Evelyn Woodley.

The young lady had, like her parents, been disappointed with her brother's election; but the more she had been thrown in contact with her future sister-in-law, the more she had been attracted towards her, and Evelyn had, during the last six months, conceived an attachment for the school-teacher which the latter little suspected.

Then, too, Edward Hammond had been thrown considerably in Miss Woodley's society, and that lady had manifested an interest in the pale young student which had stimulated the jealousy of several of her admirers. Mary, who was proud of her brother, and justly so, did not perceive any marked preference in Evelyn's attentions, and thought the young lady showed her brother only that amount of courtesy which the relations existing between the two families demanded. For herself, she never felt at ease in the presence of the proud, cold Evelyn Woodley.

"I hope we shall have a pleasant day for it." And Marcus sauntered up to the little group of guests which had ensconced itself in one of the deep alcoves of the parlor.

"I think we all join cordially in your hope, and the night seems to prophesy it," stole up the soft voice that was to the young man the sweetest sound on earth.

"Ah, Mary, you never were the least bit of a weather prophet," interposed her brother.

"But Miss Woodley is," answered Dr. Wise, who had established himself next to the young lady, and was assiduously fanning her. He was a young man, who prided himself vastly on his wealth and antecedents, but with no depth of mind or heart, with nothing to recommend him but certain surface adjuncts, while his character was thoroughly penetrated by his own self-conceit. His mother and Mrs. Woodley had been friends from childhood; hence he was on quite a familiar footing with the family, was a great admirer of Evelyn, and arrogated a claim to that young lady's society which her regard for his mother and sisters prevented her from repelling.

"Oh, don't apply to Evelyn," laughed the lady's brother. "She 's a most lugubrious prophetess, unless she 's altered very much since those old mornings when I had the responsibility of taking her to school, and a cloud as large as a man's hand was sure to purchase her absence."

"Ah, but, Marcus, I didn't want to go to school, and I *do* want to go to Greenwood to-morrow, so I prophesy the bluest of skies, the brightest of sunshine." And, as the lady raised her head, a bracelet dropped from her arm, and fell with a sharp sound against the side of her chair, and then bounded to the floor.

Dr. Wise picked it up and restored it to her, with a good deal of *empressement* in the act.

"Oh, I wonder if it is injured," anxiously inspecting the cluster of diamonds set like a star in its centre. "It was papa's birthday present, and I value it more than any jewelry I possess. How *shall* I thank you, Doctor?"

"By permitting me to accompany you to Greenwood to-morrow, Miss Evelyn; that is, if you don't chance to be engaged to our friend Hammond."

The ride to Greenwood for the next day had been projected during the evening by the guests. They were not more than a dozen, and it was tacitly arranged that Edward should accompany Evelyn, and so understood on both sides, although neither had made anything but general arrangements. The young doctor, however, owed Edward a grudge for the attentions he had bestowed on a lady whose regards he wished entirely to appropriate himself.

Evelyn turned towards Edward Hammond, and a light flush wavered into her fair cheek. The Doctor's eyes followed the glance, but Edward remained silent, only the still mouth settled down more firmly, and there was something of defiant scorn in the outflashing eyes. He was annoyed by the Doctor, and pained at the manner in which Evelyn accepted his attentions; so of course he was in that frame of mind which always makes a man unjust to a woman; and then there flashed across him the thought that the lady might prefer the Doctor's escort to his own, and the sharp sting that followed the thought begat the half discourteous reply: "Miss Woodley must answer for herself."

An indignant blush crept up to the forehead of Evelyn Woodley. She raised her head haughtily. "I certainly am not aware of any engagement between Mr. Hammond and myself which prevents my accepting your invitation, Dr. Wise."

"How fortunate it was for me that that bracelet fell from your arm, Miss Evelyn, so that I could claim my reward!" And the Doctor glanced with malicious triumph towards his rival.

Marcus had been summoned from the room at the commencement of the conversation; but Mary had listened to every word of it, and the flickering shadows in the eyes that met her brother's told him better than her words could just what she thought of it.

But at that moment the guests were summoned to supper.

"I see perfectly well how it is," mused Mary to herself, as she walked rapidly up and down the tasteful little parlor of her private boarding-place. Bright wings of sunshine fluttered like flocks of golden birds about her, sweet woodland breezes wandered up the heart of the city and into her room; but these did not fill as usual the soul of Mary Hammond with rejoicing. A little dissatisfaction hung over the brow and about the mouth, and her fingers worked uneasily amid the loops of her pink dressing-gown, as the little figure hurried quickly to and fro, and yet every quick movement, yea, the small presence, showed that God and herself had made Mary Hammond that most undefinable, yet most lovely and perfect thing, *a lady!*

"I see how it is," went over the words in her thoughts. "Evelyn Woodley evidently felt ashamed to be seen in the society of the poor young student, Edward Hammond, and so she was willing to resign him for, ay, and insult him before, that miserable compound of silliness and conceit, Dr. George Wise! I presume she thinks that she has already suffered mortification enough in having her brother descend, as he has done, to engage himself to a schoolmistress; and now—oh, I could have borne the slight, if it had been myself; but Edward, my noble, darling brother, whose attentions any woman might be proud to receive!" And here quick, starting tears forced themselves into her eyes. "He felt it, too; I saw that he did, though he never alluded to the subject; and to think that proud, heartless woman had it in her power to wound him so! Sometimes I have thought—but no, that cannot possibly be true. One thing is certain; I shall not go to Greenwood to-day, not even for Marcus's sake. Can I see that fair, haughty face, with Dr. Wise, parading its triumph before me? Well, in a little while I shall be Marcus's wife—bless his dear, noble heart—and then, if his proud mother and sister do not treat me and mine with the respect due to us, I shall never cross their threshold. I know Marcus loves me enough not to insist upon this, and that when he is my husband he will see these things just as I do." And here a little triumph flitted into her eyes, for Mary was a woman; and knew her power.

Now all these thoughts had been going on in that little back closet on whose door was written *Jealousy;* but, beyond, in the goodly chambers of Mary's soul, where the windows were open to the sunshine, and the song of birds fluttered like sweet airs in and out, other thoughts came and went: "No, Mary Hammond, you won't do any such thing when you are the wife of Marcus Woodley; you 'll never, by word or deed, estrange him from his family; and if they are sometimes haughty and patronizing, you 'll bury your grievances in your own bosom, just so far as is consistent with womanly dignity and self-respect. You will never, if it be possible, come between Marcus Woodley and his mother and sister, remembering always the tender and beautiful relations they bear towards him; and you will endeavor by word and act to make peace and love all about you, as one who must give account thereof at the Judgment!"

So the thoughts went on in the back closet and the broad chambers of the soul of Mary Hammond.

"Now get on your things, my pearl; the party will wait for us." Marcus Woodley said this the moment after he had dashed into the parlor and stolen a couple of kisses from the blushing cheek of his betrothed.

"Thank you, Marcus; but you must excuse me this afternoon. I cannot go."

The young man sprang back in amazement, and looked in the sweet face. "Not going! what does this mean, Mary?"

"I can't tell you why, Marcus. You have faith enough in me to believe it is for a good and sufficient reason, and that it pains me more to decline your invitation than it can you to hear me."

A shadow fell over the man's face. "But, Mary, shouldn't you, too, have faith enough in me to tell me the reason of this disappointment?"

"You had best tell him," leaped a thought to life in that back closet; "it will avert all unpleasant feeling from yourself, and of course make him see his sister's conduct in its true light."

"But is this the part of a peacemaker, Mary? Is it suffering rather than doing wrong?" And this last thought, born in some goodly chamber beyond, decided Mary.

"There are reasons, Marcus, true and good ones, why I cannot tell you. Now don't look so disappointed, or I sha'n't take a moment's comfort for the next week!"

Marcus Woodley gnawed his under lip to keep down the flush of anger that would have broken out in bitter words; for the girl's conduct seemed injustice to him. "I wonder if this isn't some foolish woman's whim, Mary. At all events, it 's quite incomprehensible to me, and I've been promising myself an afternoon of *such* enjoyment. It 's too bad!"

The words pained her more than she chose to let him see. "I know it 's too bad." Something shut down the words in her throat here. Marcus saw it.

"Well, we 'll make the best of it, pussy, seeing your resolve. I must still be allowed to fancy you've gotten some crotchet into that dear little cranium of yours, which I could very easily dislodge if I could get hold of it. But I must be off, or I shall miss the party."

"Oh, Marcus, can't you stay here with me this afternoon?"

"Most gladly I would do it, but it won't do to break my engagement."

"Even if *I* haven't conscience enough to keep mine."

He laughed, as she penetrated his thoughts so acutely. "Well, I forgive you this once, though I warn you not to try my amiability another time," playfully pinching her chin; and then putting down his cheek for a kiss, he hurried away.

Mary watched her lover from the window as he sprang into the carriage and bent his proud head to her before it rolled away. She felt that he had treated her more generously than she deserved, for his disappointment had not been a light one; and then, recalling all the pleasure she was denying him and herself, she sat down, buried her face in her hands, and warm tears showered through the fingers of Mary Hammond. She heard a quick footstep along the corridor, and sprang up just as her brother entered the room.

"Why, sis, aren't you going to Greenwood this afternoon?"

"No; I've concluded to stay at home with you, dear, this afternoon."

There was something strained in her voice; he turned and looked at the tear-swollen face that bent over the table, and Edward Hammond understood in a moment that it was for love of him that his sister had made this sacrifice!

He went to her and drew her down on his knee. "Mary, you are the best sister that ever a man had."

"Don't tell me that, Edward." She bowed her head on his shoulder, and a new tide of tears flashed into her eyes.

"She 's a foolish, sensitive little girl to take her brother's interests to heart so," said the young man, as he stroked the bands of soft brown hair. "She should have gone to Greenwood, and had a delightful afternoon with Marcus, and forgotten all about everything else."

"But without you, Edward, I shouldn't have enjoyed it at all." And her little fingers fell like a heap of snow-flakes amid the glossy, dark hair that crowned, with its luxuriant beauty, the forehead of Edward Hammond.

"But what did Marcus say?"

"Oh, he said he 'd forgive me this time, as I assured him I had a good and sufficient reason for remaining at home."

Edward did not ask what this was; it was not his way to do this, for he was a strong, self-contained character. But Mary knew that he understood her.

"What a warm, true, loving heart you have, little sister—the heart that our mother gave you! I often think that if all the women I shall ever know prove cold, and false, and heartless, I shall carry in my soul the knowledge of one whose earnest, loving, self-sacrificing life will redeem all her sex, and whatsoever be my experience leave me still the old Teutonic reverence for woman which I inherited from my fathers."

"O Edward!"

He drew her up close to him. "And the name of this representative woman is that of my little sister, Mary Hammond!"

"You and Marcus will certainly spoil me," panted the smiling lips, betwixt blushes and smiles.

"Marcus doesn't know half the good about her that I do; he never can."

"See here, Evelyn! What was the reason Edward Hammond didn't go to Greenwood this afternoon? I thought he was to accompany you," asked Marcus Woodley of his sister, as

soon as Dr. Wise had taken his leave, after their return from Greenwood.

"You were quite mistaken, then. The party was projected last evening in Mr. Hammond's presence, but I made no engagement to accompany him."

Evelyn's tone of marked indifference irritated her brother, especially as a thought flashed into his mind that some fancied neglect of her brother might have occasioned Mary's refusal.

"Well, all I've got to say is that, if you haven't any more taste than to prefer that combination of froth and foppery to a man of Edward Hammond's mind and heart, I'm sorry for you."

Evelyn Woodley's lip curled haughtily, as she smoothed her dainty kid glove. "I was not aware before that I was answerable to anybody for the society of my choosing." And she moved towards the door.

Marcus felt that he had gone a little too far, for words like these were not common betwixt the brother and sister, and he replied, half apologetically: "Well, perhaps you are not, Eva, but I think you owe something to the brother of Mary for *my* sake, and she refused to accompany me this afternoon, without assigning any reason for it."

He thought she was much affronted with his words, because she left the room without replying to them; but as she went up stairs, in her slow, stately way, the cheeks of Evelyn Woodley were stained with tears.

"Is he killed? Is he killed?"

Ah, white as her brother's lips, which looked as though they had settled into the darkness of death, were poor Mary Hammond's, as she asked the question.

"We don't think that he is, Miss," answered the men, who held that lifeless form at the front door; "but he's been thrown from a carriage half an hour ago, and the doctor'll be here in a moment." So they carried him into the house, and Mary tottered after them.

In a moment the physician appeared. A very brief examination convinced him that his patient had not been killed by his fall, though he feared he had sustained some internal injury.

It appeared that Edward had been out for a short drive with a brother lawyer, and, somewhere in the suburbs of the city, the horse, a high-mettled creature, had taken fright and become totally unmanageable. He had plunged on furiously for about a quarter of a mile, and then dashed over a pile of bricks at one side of the road, and the gentlemen were both upset, and the light carriage was completely demolished. The arm of Edward's friend was broken, and himself picked up lifeless by the workmen. A friend of the former happened to be at hand. A carriage was instantly procured, and the injured men conveyed home, as the young lawyer was able to give Edward's address, and his friend had gone instantly for a doctor, fearing the worst. But Edward Hammond had not died, though the sharp, sudden fall had made him insensible and knotted his forehead with terrible bruises.

"Mary, oh, Mary, he is not dead?"

The words palpitated out of her white lips, and there stood Evelyn Woodley, the proud, cold, stately woman, with a shawl gathered carelessly about her shoulders, and a wild, terrified look in her great brown eyes, that fairly made Mary shudder.

"The physician says not, though they have not yet restored him. Do sit down, and I will come back to you in a moment."

"Sit down? Oh, Mary, let me see him! By the thousand deaths I have suffered in the last half hour, let me see him!" And she wrung her locked hands and lifted up her blanched face pitifully.

"Yes, you shall see him; follow me." And Mary Hammond led the way, in a vague bewilderment of wonder, for the recent shock that she had undergone had fairly benumbed her senses.

"Edward! Edward!" She sprang forward, with a wild, greedy cry, to the bed where the man lay, with a face like the face of the dead; and she was utterly unconscious of the physician or the attendants, for the agony of the last half hour had cleft its way through "the ice of artificial reserve" to the fountains of living tenderness, which lay deep and holy in the heart of Evelyn Woodley. "You are not dead, darling, though they told me you might be. Only look up to me once more, and say that I am forgiven for all my foolish pride and folly. Oh, I knew that you loved me all the time, as I did you, better than my own life, and now to see you lying here! Oh, how has God punished me for my sin and madness!" And she put her arms around his neck, and her tears fell in hot rain on the wounded cheeks.

And at this moment Edward Hammond opened his eyes. A shudder of returning sensibility went over him, and then his glance fell on the beautiful, tear-drenched face that leaned over him, the face framed up and hung away where no eye had seen it, in his strong, brave heart.

He knew no more than Evelyn at that moment —that there were many wondering and filled eyes around his bed. He only felt that the woman of his long, silent loving knelt beside it; and, lifting his arms, he drew down her face close, close to his own, and kissed it for the first time.

Three hours had passed. Mary and Evelyn sat alone in the sick man's chamber, and each of his hands had clasped one of theirs, while sweet smiles and sweeter tears told many stories which lips could not on all their faces.

"To think, to think, Evelyn, I never suspected a word of all this," murmured Mary; and then something of the old archness darted across her face. "Oh, but you were a silent pair of lovers!"

"It was all my fault," answered Evelyn. "Pride has always been my besetting sin; God showed it to me in *that* hour!"

She shuddered, and then her great eyes, laden with loving tenderness, sought the marred face she longed to cover with her kisses.

"And it has been mine, too. God has sent me a message also this day," answered Edward Hammond, solemnly.

"And me one, too, Edward, Evelyn," interposed Mary; and then she went on, for it was a time of showing heart to heart, disclosing all the wrong thoughts and unkind feelings which she had cherished towards her brother's betrothed, and how she had wronged Evelyn with unworthy suspicions, supposing that she regarded the poor young student as quite beneath her respectful notice. "You will forgive me now, Evelyn? I am sorry and ashamed of it."

"Forgive you? Oh, Mary, it was all my own fault!"

"Well," said the invalid, smiling on them both, "I suppose we all have dark passages and by-places in our souls, to which God sends the light sometimes, in an hour of terror and suffering, that thereby we may know ourselves and take heed."

"Yes, and He has shown me this day a back closet in my soul, on which was written *Jealousy*."

"See here, old fellow," exclaimed Marcus Woodley, bursting suddenly into the room, in that bright, sudden way which all knew was assumed to conceal deeper feelings, "you've been giving me a tremendous fright this morning. A pretty business, truly, for you to go out on a drive, have your carriage dashed to pieces, and yourself picked up for dead." And he grasped Edward's hand and wrung it. "And then, when I got home, I learned that a certain young lady"—glancing at Evelyn—"had gone into terrible spasms when she heard the news. Mamma said she trembled for her reason, and that she tore herself away from her, and rushed out of the house like one suddenly mad, though I find her here in full possession of her senses."

"Oh, Marcus, don't go on with this nonsense. We ought to thank God that Edward was not killed," said his sister, humbly.

"And how do you know but I did so all the way coming up here, Evelyn?"

"And we ought to thank Him for something else, too," interposed Edward; "for He has opened a door in all our hearts this morning."

"Yes, you didn't know, Marcus, there was a back closet in mine, on the door of which was written *Jealousy*, and to think I never suspected it until this morning!"

"Bless your dear little heart, I don't believe there's a single dark corner in it," said Marcus Woodley, and he bent down and kissed her, just as any lover would surely have done to Mary Hammond.

THE HAIR: HOW TO PROMOTE, PRESERVE, AND KEEP LUXURIANT.

Weakness and Falling-off of Hair.—To remedy this extensive evil, a stimulating balsamic wash should be freely applied and well rubbed into the roots; this would relax the opening of the pores, and, letting off the free perspiration, keep the hair in a healthy state. Many use the caustic alkalies of soda or potash as washes. Nothing can be worse than such applications; they not only tend to destroy the reproducing power, but will, sooner or later, destroy the color of the hair itself. The following preparation may be used at all times with perfect safety: Biborate of soda, 1 oz.; Tincture of cantharides, 2 drachms; Spirits of rosemary, 2 oz.; Rose-water, half pint. Mix the biborate of soda with the rose-water, and then add the other ingredients. This wash can either be applied with a sponge, well rubbed into the roots till a lather appears, and then rinse with water, and dried with a rough towel, or it can

be applied with brushes for cleansing and refrigerating the hair and head.

When the hair falls off from a debility or weakness of the system, remedial measures should be taken to restore the loss of tone, etc., by the use of the chalybeate waters, or preparations of bark and quinine; but if from disease or neglect the hair falls off in patches, then shaving the head is the only effectual remedy, one which should be repeated several times, to insure a strong and rapid growth. The following pomade is very good for promoting the growth of the hair, and strengthening it if weak: Best castor oil, 2 oz.; Best hog's lard, 4 oz.; Essential oil of nutmegs, 1 drachm; Tincture of cantharides, 1 drachm. Melt the oil and lard over a slow fire; when getting cool, add the oil of nutmegs and tincture of cantharides, perfuming with any kind of scent.

It has been maintained that baldness is hereditary, but a greater mistake was never made; and the consequence of such an impression upon the mind is to prevent the adoption of measures likely to restore the vitality of the hair, which, in numerous instances, is not destroyed, but slumbering only for the want of being called into action.

Baldness.—Baldness arises from a variety of causes, the most conspicuous being either a relaxation of the cutaneous vessels, mostly occurring after fevers, when the proper restorative power is a course of tonics and cold bathing; or it often arises from a course the opposite to this, when the bulbs or roots receive little or no nourishment; in consequence, the hair becomes dry and brittle, especially at the apex or crown of the head, when the following treatment, if persevered in, will to a certainty restore the hair, providing vitality is not destroyed. The secret of this preparation was confided to the writer by a physician who held appointments in several of the royal courts of Europe, and who successfully employed the same means as now prescribed; and when it is added that he was an intimate friend of the celebrated Baron Dupuytren, whose pomade for the same purpose has gained such a world-wide fame, it cannot fail of commanding the confidence it so well deserves:—

Restorative Hair Wash.—To make the wash, get some boxwood-shavings, boil a handful in one pint of water for twenty minutes, then strain and set aside for use; it should be applied two or three times a week, in conjunction with the following restorative essence: Boxwood shavings, 8 oz.; Proof spirit, 16 oz. Let the chips or shavings digest in the spirit for fourteen days at a temperature of 60°, frequently shaking it from time to time, then filter through porous paper and add the following to the clear solution: Spirits of rosemary, 2 oz.; Spirits of nutmegs, 1 oz.; Compound soap liniment, 1 oz.; a little of this should be well rubbed into the scalp every night and morning.

Schroder's Restorative Balm.—Yolk of two eggs; Best honey, 2 oz.; Salts of tartar, 2 drachms; Lemon juice, 2 oz.; Almond oil, 2 oz.; Rose-water, 4 oz. Dissolve the salts of tartar in the lemon juice till the effervescence ceases; rub the yolks of eggs and honey together; and, lastly, the other ingredients, till all appear of a consistence.

It is positively affirmed that the above preparation has been found successful in many instances of baldness. A small quantity is to be well rubbed in at bedtime, and washed or brushed out the following morning.

Strengthening and Adornment of the Hair.—Honey-water is a pleasing and grateful wash for the hair, and is used by sponging it into the roots, and also by well brushing the hair with a little of the fluid at a time. Though called honey-water, it is not made with honey, being prepared as follows: Essence of ambergris, 1 drachm; Essence of musk, 1 drachm; Essence of bergamot, 2 drachms; Oil of cloves, 20 drops; Spirits of wine, 6 oz.; Orange flower-water, 4 oz.; Distilled water, 4 oz. Mix altogether, and let them digest fourteen days, shaking the ingredients frequently, then filter through porous paper for use. It is not only very useful as a hair wash, but is an excellent odoriferous perfume.

Bear's grease is another favorite compound very largely used; but how much of it finds its way into the market from the veritable adipose membrane of Bruin would be most difficult to calculate with any reasonable chance of success, though very few hairdressers, perfumers, etc., but who pretend to keep the article so called, sold in pots, with the well known label of a bear, or perhaps two, representing the brown and white species, surrounded with a wrapper purporting the contents to be the *Genuine Bears' Grease*, thus made: Hogs' lard, 1 pound; Spermaceti, 1 oz.; Yellow beeswax, half oz. Scrape the beeswax and melt over a slow fire, with the spermaceti and lard, using no more heat than sufficient to melt the whole. When getting cool add a few drops of essence of almonds and essence of jessamine; the quantity of perfume depends upon the lard.

A very useful family pomade, generally called *Circassian Cream*, is thus made, and by many

is much liked: Best white lard, 8 oz.; Red rose oil, 4 oz.; White wax, half oz.; Spermaceti, half oz.; Otto of roses, 6 drops. Melt the lard, etc., in a clean pipkin, and when nearly cold add the otto of roses, stirring till quite incorporated.

Marrow pomatum is very useful for the hair, and is thus made: Beef marrow, 8 oz.; Mutton suet, 2 oz.; Lard, 1 pound. Melt the marrow in a vessel placed in boiling water, and strain through a piece of muslin; then add the lard and suet, previously melted, and stir till cold, perfuming according to fancy.

To those who prefer using oils to pomades the following combination will be found very useful: Best castor oil, 4 oz.; Best sweet almond oil, 4 oz.; Tincture of cantharides, 1 drachm; Essence of bitter almonds, 30 drops; Essence of lemons, 30 drops. Mix altogether, and keep in a glass-stoppered bottle.

A TITLE LOST, A HEART WON.

A NOVELLETTE.

BY CAPTAIN B——, MISSISSIPPI.

(Continued from page 154.)

CHAPTER IV.

"He returns, his travel spent,
Less knowing of himself than when he went.

In Darlington there was an inn, with the sign of a golden lamp suspended from a post near by the entrance. It bore the marks of great antiquity, but all was neatness within. The floor was scrubbed until it sounded shell-like to the foot, and the pewter mugs, hung in stately row, reflected their brightness. Around the table sat three men, in grave converse, filling up the interlude with a sip of beer from their mugs. One of them held a badly-worn newspaper in his hand, and they were evidently discussing some information it contained. One of the party was a tall, bony-looking man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and evidently the Magnus Apollo of the trio. He was dressed in a manner indicating a position in life far above mediocrity, but still he was not of the nobility. The second person was a man of Herculean frame, brawny and strong, and accustomed to hard labor. The third was the old landlord of the inn, who had reached his three-score and ten. He was neatly clad, and his snow-white beard hung down to his waist.

"I had never expected to hear of this boy again, and I was not sure it was he until I read this paper. One circumstance convinces me of it, however, which I cannot well mistake."

Thus spoke the first person described.

"Well, sir," said Hercules, "the lad—I beg his pardon, for he is a fine gentleman now—will be with us before many Sabbaths. Surely he 'll not visit old England without visiting the folks that loved him when a boy. I owe him no grudge, but sure it is, I owe him love, and that for the sake of his dear old father, to say nothing of his following me to the field and calling me kind Uncle Joe."

"Do you suppose," said the old innkeeper, "he has forgotten *her*? If so, let things go on as they are; for, if it does no good, we needn't take trouble, and grieve folks, and get ourselves into a fix. Besides, we may not be able to prove up matters, and get ourselves into a pretty bob."

"Bob or no bob, would you disgrace the laws of God and man by permitting a union in marriage of brother and sister?" said the Doctor, for the first person described was no less a personage than Dr. Johns, who had launched into life and death every being in the parish for more than half a century. "But," continued the Doctor, "he must work out his own end, and I can put him on the track, if he will only abide it. She *can* be found, and I've sent him a letter to London to repair to Paris. It rests with him whether he will or will not."

"They say she is a lovely lass," said the old innkeeper, "and 'twould be a pity if, in finding her, to make his game sure, he fell in love with her. Ah, how many times the 'Golden Lamp' has heard this secret; yet," chuckled the old man, "it has never told it."

"It is time we were breaking up," said the Doctor, "and I must be off to London, for I would not be far behind that letter."

Now we know who it was in the post-chaise with Colonel Byrdott.

A month had not elapsed from the departure of Colonel Byrdott for Paris before Lady Alice became exceedingly weary of London life. Her silence and disposition to retire from society

were attributable by the world to the ill health of her father.

Lord Wilberton, in view of his approaching end, was anxious to see his daughter established in life, and therefore desired the speedy consummation of her marriage with Lord Carlton. Lady Alice, however, complained of the unbecoming haste in the matter, and refused. It was therefore agreed that in the following May they would proceed to Italy for the double purpose of a pleasure tour and the improvement of her father's health.

Young Lord Carlton was not averse to this course, for he was not disposed to precipitate matters until convinced of the love of Lady Alice. With all his bitterness and selfish pride, he had too much heart and self-respect to unite himself with one who evinced an indifference to him; and his vanity was such he only thought it necessary for her to know him well to become most truly attached to him.

They left London for Wilberton Castle, to prepare for the tour. Lord Carlton's friend, Sir Hugh Nelson, accompanied him.

Colonel Byrdott took quarters at one of the most fashionable hotels in Paris. He anxiously awaited some development of the mystery, but nothing as yet was heard from the unknown. He walked the streets, viewed the lions of the city, sauntered along the banks of the Seine, yet he viewed what he saw as a man in a dream. Becoming impatient, he began to believe himself the subject of a silly dupe.

Paris was at that time perfectly carried away with excitement at the appearance of a new and rare actress, who had been enchanting her thousands at the Royal Theatre. She was not only a tragedienne of remarkable powers, but was a prima donna of the first class in operatic music. The opera was a new thing, having only been introduced in the year 1688, and in her performances she held her audience spell-bound for hours at a time. Her beauty was transcendent, and added to the lustre of her genius. She was said to be Italian, but did not bear the marks so distinctive in Italian beauty. Colonel Byrdott was induced to attend her performance, not so much by any interest in the fair prima donna as to get rid of himself.

The magnificent theatre was densely crowded with the nobility of France, and all was impatience and anxiety. At last the manager came forward, and, with a saddened look, remarked "it was his painful duty to announce that Senora Cecilia was ill, and begged the good people of Paris to excuse her; that her health was poor at best; and she proposed to return to Italy; and when she felt fully restored by the genial influence of Italia's clime, she would return to thank the nobles of France for their too flattering kindness."

The Colonel returned to his hotel, not with that disappointment which pervaded the audience, but was dissatisfied and impatient, and resolved to remain in Paris but one day longer.

The following was a dark, gloomy day. He sat in his own apartment, sad, disheartened, and full of self-reproach that he had seen the end of his fool's errand. Just as he was about to retire, his door was opened, and a person bearing the mark of a London official, now known as policeman, appeared before him.

"Excuse my abrupt entrance into your apartments," said the Londoner, "but, sir, if I address Colonel Byrdott, no apology is necessary."

"I am the person you name. May I ask you to seat yourself, and tell me to whom I am indebted for this visit?"

"That matters not, sir; more the matter than the courtesies perhaps you'd like to hear; but, sir, my name is Danton, London. You are here, Colonel, by the behests of a letter from an unknown, which is mysterious to you."

"You speak truly, sir, and I shall be most happy to be enlightened."

"Well, sir, to show you that I do not speak unwittingly, I tell you that it was your intention to visit the north of England for several purposes, but the more especially to gratify a love of your youth; that if you had gone you would not have found Alice Ashton. She has left York, perhaps never to return again, although I have heard of her being there in the last twelve months, giving special orders in relation to two *graves* on the tenantry of her father."

The Colonel seemed deeply moved, but the Londoner proceeded:—

"Perhaps, sir, you have seen Alice Ashton since your visit to England?"

"No, sir, I have not," replied the Colonel, "or I should have known her at once."

"Well, *perhaps* you have not, but I tell you that the object of your visit was to seek *her* out, and when you find out Alice Ashton you will not know her, nor will she know you. But, sir, that is the object of your visit, and I am sorry to say she has left Paris, and purposes visiting Rome."

Saying this much, the stranger left, refusing compensation, and disregarding all proffers of gratitude.

The Colonel gave him his card where he

might be found on his return to London, to talk over the strange event.

"Well, well," said Colonel Byrdott, as he closed the door and sat down, "the mystery thickens, though the object is clear. All of this envelops me in a dark cloud; my mind cannot see through it. I'll follow it out, to the end of the earth, for one sight of Alice Ashton, though it be the last. I wonder if she has grown up with all the beauty and loveliness her childhood promised—if she has the grace of person and intellect of Miss Wilberton, and has grown up as beautiful as she is? Pshaw! that Miss Wilberton—she bothers my mind, and almost unhinged my calculations; but she 's a flirt, they say; maybe so, but I don't believe it, because her name is Alice, laughs like Alice, and bears a faint likeness to Alice. I like her, but not twenty Miss Wilbertons could draw my mind from the sweet little Alice Ashton. But I'll seek my couch, court the God of sleep, and to-morrow for Rome. How different Rome from my home! America, great in the future—Rome, great in the past. America, the corner-stone of its greatness not yet erected—Rome, the grave of its illustrious dead. America, with towering trees which have not yet heard the woodman's axe—Rome, a desert of broken, crumbling pillars. There will I go, and as I stand upon the graves of warriors, poets, and statesmen, and view the ruins of the mistress of the world, I will cast my eyes to my own loved home. Perhaps she will be what Rome was. But I go to seek the living, not the dead; and the living I will find at all hazards, ay, of death itself."

CHAPTER V.

"Cradle of letters! mistress of the world!
Soil of the sun, Italia, I salute thee!
How oft the human race have worn thy yoke,
The vassals of thine arms, thine arts, thy sky!"

The dazzling sun of Italy met his gaze, and his soul was penetrated with sensations of love and gratitude for that heaven which seemed to smile on him in these glorious beams. Thus felt Colonel Byrdott, when he awoke in the famed city of Rome. He had shaken the dust of the Appian Way from his feet, had rested sweetly beneath the blue-tinted vault of Italia's luxurious clime, and now awoke to look around him on the vast city of the dead.

Colonel Byrdott was not a learned scholar, but, from a natural fondness for literature and a desire to become informed, had made history, and especially classic history, the study of his leisure hours. He had taken but little pleasure in his trip from Paris to Rome. Indeed, travelling, with him, as with many others, when all alone, is a sad pleasure. To travel in unknown lands, and to hear a language we do not understand, and to look upon faces unfamiliar to us, is solitude without repose, pleasure without zest. With an object at the end of our journey, we hurry on from one point to another, scarce taking note of anything that does not bear upon our destination. The enchantment of scenery may please, but cannot detain us; the burning crater or the music of the waterfall may awaken our senses, but holds us not long, for the object takes us on.

His thoughts were all directed to Rome—not of Rome, but what he hoped to see in Rome. The conqueror of five hundred cities, when returning to receive the greetings of this mistress of the world, and to meet his beloved wife, who had strewn flowers for him to walk upon, with thousands of maidens dressed in white as statues, to adorn on either side the street, on his way to the capital, was not fuller of the pride of glory than was Colonel Byrdott of hope. The cerulean waters of the Tiber, made illustrious by the songs of Virgil and Ovid and the praises of orators, flowed majestically before his view; the noble dome of St. Peter's reared itself proudly aloft; the Palatine, famed as the residence of the Cæsars, the birthplace of the twin brothers, Romulus and Remus, with the Jupiter Stator at its foot; the Capitoline, ascended from the side of the Tiber by the one hundred steps of the Tarpeian rock, containing the citadel and fortress of the Capitol; the Quirinalis, the residence of Numa, Pompey, and Sallust, beautifully adorned with noble churches, and flowing fountains, and near by the Viminalis, the present residence of the Pope; the Esquiline, the birthspot of Julius Cæsar, the home of Virgil, on which stood Nero's golden house—all these magnificent scenes rose before him, and inspired him with lofty thoughts and exalted feelings.

"These," said he, "I will visit with *her*, and, whilst sitting upon the broken column of some noble old palace or temple, we will talk not of the past, but of the future—of a quiet, deep love of two sympathetic hearts, which I would not exchange for all else the world could give. Nature claims her empire over the works of man, and fair flowers and rude shrubs grow here where palaces once stood; but the union of two hearts beating as *one*, hallowed at the shrine of virtue, fly from earth to heaven,

unite again, and live and love forever. But ah, is this a dream never to be real? I trust to God and to chance—no, not to chance, but to destiny."

Thus he felt and thought as he led his way to the Corso (the largest street of modern Rome), which was crowded with puppet-shows and lounging loafers, a number of whom were sitting around the base of Antoninus's Pillar, amusing themselves with a mountebank and his monkey. How soon can a sublime and lofty feeling be vanished by a scene like this! Oppressed with fatigue, overcome with anxiety, he sought his apartments and slept.

The morning's sun was bright and balmy; not a single cloud floated athwart the sky, and the earth sent up the freshness of its fragrance. The Colonel arose fresh, buoyant, and gay. He wandered over the seven hills of Rome, crossed the bridge of St. Angelo, compared modern with ancient Rome, the palaces of the dead with the magnificent temple of the church. Thus he employed the day until hunger and fatigue turned his steps homeward. No information yet, no sign or symbol whereby he might secure the slightest hope of what awaited him.

On that evening he received an invitation from Count de Avona requesting his presence at his private theatre at his palace, to hear the improvisatrice and beautiful singer, Senora Cecilia.

"I will go," said he, "for I feel most anxious to behold one who has won so many laurels so early in life. Surely she will win me from my thoughts and serve to entertain me."

The Count gave Colonel Byrdott a most favorable seat for a full view of this fair creature. The amphitheatre was densely crowded, for, although Cecilia had not reached her twenty-third year, she was known to Italy as one destined to link her name with the brightest of her race. She had selected a most beautiful poem, written by a then obscure poet, of a tragic, sad character, called the "Love Song of Venice." As she made her appearance, there was a universal burst of admiration. Her beauty and her grace were unequalled; she had a soft, beaming blue eye, that would fall from flashing brilliancy down to the softest tint at the slightest bidding of her heart; her rich, dark tresses fell in the greatest profusion of curls over her alabaster shoulders; she was tall and sylph-like, and her fairy form gracefully waved as her queenlike step carried her across the stage. "Genius sat upon her brow enthroned, and in every movement there was grace and beauty." As she approached the front part of the stage, the stillness of death pervaded the crowded hall. Her voice rose sublime and clear, and a sweetness and freshness thrilled every note as it sprang from her heart. She united all that was natural, sublime, and harmonious, to make a fit banquet for the true lover of music. She even vied the oriental magic, which has been given by the ancients to Cleopatra. When sympathy was called for, a cloud, a soft cloud shaded the brightness of her eyes, and her voice would tremble most sweetly; but then again it would rise and swell like music in the distance, and send forth a fulness of music that thrilled the soul.

She retired from the stage the winner of all hearts, Colonel Byrdott not even excepted. Even he was carried away with raptures of delight, and regretted she had finished. But *why* was he so much excited and interested? Was it not clear to all she appeared to address him more than the audience?

> "Yet there are griefs which our consoling sky
> May not efface; yet there is comfort here
> Even for the sorrow of the stricken heart."

As she sung these lines she met his full gaze, and every word seemed to falter and linger as they flowed from her lips, and then it rose again strong and full, as she continued:—

> "Trust to thy fate, and falter not,
> So long as God thy footsteps lead
> In virtue's path to glory."

The Colonel almost rose from his seat, and Cecilia, observing it, blushed deeply and left that part of the stage.

The performance was concluded, and loud bursts of applause shook the theatre to its very base. Flowers were thrown in wild profusion upon the stage, and many a call was made for Cecilia to return, but she declined doing so.

The Count very kindly extended his hospitality still farther to Colonel Byrdott by inviting him to remain with him as one of the guests of the evening to an entertainment in honor of Cecilia. He most gladly accepted the invitation, that he might see more of this charming creature. On repairing to the hall, he found her attired in a most modest and unassuming manner, appearing to be an observer rather than the observed of all. Indeed, there was a simplicity of manner that would well become one scarce ushered into the gay arena of aristocratic society. Colonel Byrdott paused to gaze upon her, and almost blushed at his self-reproach that he had become so much interested as to forget for a moment the object of his mission. With Miss Wilberton on the one

hand and Cecilia on the other, his heart was in a fair way to be taken from the idolatry it had cherished from boyhood. He was, however, hurried on by the Count, and introduced to the beautiful prima donna. A blush suffused her bloodless cheeks as she raised her fairy form to its full height to acknowledge the honor.

"Senora," said the Colonel, "to my gratitude you are most truly entitled. To relieve myself of annoying thoughts, and, I may add, mental griefs, I was mostly induced to accept the Count's kind invitation to be present at your appearance before the people of Rome. A selfish motive, I admit, but to you I am most grateful, not only for effecting the object for which I went, but in awakening the deepest sensations of my soul. 'Tis said that the lute of Orpheus was strung with the sinews of poets whose touch softened steel and stones; but surely thy voice was borrowed from the seraphs on high."

"I thank you, Colonel Byrdott," replied Cecilia, "for your compliment, and appreciate it, coming as it does from one not given to the empty praises of my own sunny land. Nero played upon his harp whilst Rome was in flames, to soften the pangs of his grief, and if here, amid the ruins of his city, and near by his tomb, I have caused one to forget his griefs, I shall feel gratified for the talent which God has given me. You are just from Paris, Colonel Byrdott. You remained there but a short time. I trust it is not your purpose to leave Rome so soon, or I shall conclude it does not possess for you the classic interest it is entitled to, or as much as the gayeties of London or the wilds of America."

"Lady, my stay in Rome is uncertain; but, however short or protracted, I shall ever congratulate myself on the fortunate events of this evening. I am not a little surprised, however, to find one who has so much of the adulation of the world, and so much to occupy her mind, so well acquainted with my humble history. It has awakened my curiosity."

"The Colonel is not so obscure as his modesty would have us believe. I know that he is a gentleman of fortune; that he has been the pet of King William of Orange; that he left America for a special object of the dearest interest to his heart; that he left England most reluctantly for Paris, and disappointed in Paris he has been ordered to Rome. Do I not know you, Colonel Byrdott?" said Cecilia, with a most bewitching smile. "Am I not right in my knowledge of your history? And, Colonel, I venture to predict we shall know more of each other, or else I am mistaken; but never mind, we shall see."

"Fair Cecilia, you confound me; I am amazed! And permit me to say it only awakens a new interest in you. Indeed, I was not prepared for this, and you must tell me more, or I shall wish that you had told me less."

The Colonel was on that occasion the envied of all for wholly engrossing the fair Cecilia. They parted, promising to view the ruins of Rome together on the next day.

The Colonel bent his steps homeward, more involved in mystery than ever. He could not sleep for thoughts and dreams of Cecilia, and wishing for the morrow to come. "Can she be connected with the object of my visit to Rome?" thought he; "and yet how? for she is only but an Italian actress. No, no, she cannot be; yet I feel that there is some link between us. I had sighed for the society of the charming Lady Alice Wilberton because, perhaps, her name was Alice; and now here I am praying for to-morrow, to be with Cecilia. This is another chapter in my history. But, Alice Ashton, my boyhood love is still riveted around my heart for thee. It has grown with my very growth, and is a part of my very self." Thus he thought, and felt, and spent the hours of a restless night.

Cecilia's thoughts, too, were ill at ease. Having reached her chamber, she gave herself up to a thousand reflections. In what way Colonel Byrdott was connected with her future she could not possibly conjecture. Yet she had received a letter from an unknown person, foretelling his visit to Rome, and all about him, and that he would be eventually intimately connected with her future history. She knew nothing more; yet this was sufficient to make him an object of the greatest interest to her. They were alike involved in Siberian darkness, not knowing what the future would reveal to them.

Cecilia was too much accustomed to receive the worship of men to have the passions of the heart suddenly or deeply aroused; besides, it was her ambition to vie with the brightest of her profession for well-deserved fame. She was proud of her beauty because it seemed to gild her genius as an elegant frame does a beautiful picture. Her aspirations were exalted, but still she was an actress without name, save that she had won, and therefore the only road to happiness for her was the road to fame, and she determined to traverse it with an untiring footstep until she had reached the glittering prize. She too was anxious for to-morrow. To

know herself was her greatest wish; for something within had told her she was not what she appeared to be, an outcast on earth without a name.

(To be continued.)

THE MADONNA AT GHENT.

BY R. S. H.

In that cloistered town of Holland stands, memorial of the past,
Like a monitor to warn us that old Time is speeding fast,
The Madonna's holy figure by a famous sculptor cast.

O'er the calm Madonna's features twice two hundred years have rolled,
Like a shifting panorama of the scenes in history told,
Since that figure on the stadthaus first assumed its station bold.

And it has, in sooth, a true and splendid panorama seen
Of the deeds of light and darkness—of the actions high and mean—
Wrought by men whose names and stories shone with history's golden sheen.

It has seen the Flemish burghers growing up in wealth and state;
Seen the chivalry of Hainault; seen its princes, proud and great,
When in Ghent's time-honored walls was held with pomp the high debate.

It has seen the gallant army of Duke Charles the Bold go by,
When he warred against the Liegeois, who their bishop doomed to die—
Louis of Bourbon, most holy, and of blessed memory.

It has seen the wild, tumultuous uproar in the streets of Ghent,
When 'twas rumored through the city that a herald had been sent
To announce that Charles the Lion lay a corpse within his tent.

It has seen his gentle daughter, mounted on her palfrey white,
While around her pressed in homage duke and noble, squire and knight,
Swearing by their belted swords to battle bravely for her right.

Vain their oaths; but three months after Ghent beheld a bloody sight,
When the hydra-headed people, rising with a giant's might,
Put their sovereign's faithful servant to a death that shamed a knight.

It has seen the haughty Spaniard devastating all the land;
It has seen the stern, remorseless Duke of Alva with his hand,
When he fled before the power of the noble William's hand.

All these scenes of wrath and terror did the Virgin calm behold,
Moved as rocks by billows lashing—moved as stones by heat and cold—
Emblem of the heavens serene when gazing on earth's woes untold.

And her finger, pointing upwards whispers to the poet's heart,
"Let Excelsior be thy motto; never from the right depart:
Upwards, onwards, ever striving to perfect thy glorious art."

LINES.

(Inscribed to the memory of Miss S. A. A——.)

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

"They reckon not by months and years,
Where she has gone to dwell."

Sleep, darling friend. The Spring has come
To wake the violets on the plain,
That ope their eyes in sweet surprise
On scenes thou ne'er may'st view again.

The birds that, soaring near to heaven,
Have caught the angels' far-off song,
The sweet refrain take up again,
And bear the joyous notes along.

But sleep, my darling. God to thee
Was merciful. Why should'st thou wake?
He who in love called thee above,
"Peace" to thy weary spirit spake.

Why should'st thou wake to weep again,
Since life is full of hopes that fade?
'Tis thine to rest, with all the blest,
In the White City Death has made.

Early wast thou called the cross to bear,
To mourn thy broken household band,
From life's dim shore, who passed before,
To wait thee in the spirit land.

Then, darling, sleep, for life is drear,
Sleep till the trumpet's note shall sound,
For there, at last, life's journey pass'd,
Thy loved and lost in heaven are found.

SEPTEMBER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Goldenly bright the day comes up,
Up from the sparkling sea;
Glistens the aster on the hill-slope,
Shines the dew on the lea;
Over the fell the clear church-bell
Rings for a matin prayer;
The music breath, a low refrain,
Blends with the morning air.

Hangs a dreaminess o'er the hills,
Born of the year's ripe wealth,
Floats a coolness down from the rills,
Rich with the bliss of health!
Mellow the moons, gorgeous the skies,
Sunsets of living gold,
A burning radiance floods the west,
Crimsoning the sleeping world.

Evenings fair with a queenly moon,
Tender with meek-browed stars,
Winds singing hymns in leafy woods
Sweeter than famed guitars!
Ripe maturity! crowned womanhood!
Royal month of the year!
Clad in garments of purple and gold—
Lo! September is here!

HAS SUMMER FLED?

BY WILLIS MYRTLE DE HAVEN.

Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies,
And all things perishable fades and dies.—Hood.

And has the beauteous Summer fled?
It seemeth but a day
Since to our vales the flowers were brought
By laughing, blue-eyed May!
Now o'erhead 's the Autumn sky,
And red no more the rose's dye,
And faded is the violet blue;
The lily—that has withered too

Sweet melody in Summer flung
From off a harp of thousand strings,
A harp—alas! that 's now unstrung,
While scarce a single minstrel sings.
The murmur of the rippling stream
More hoarse unto the air doth seem;
The feathered songsters of the grove
Have ceased to warble lays of love.

The balmy breath of summer-time,
That kissed the dew-drops from the flowers,
With all its sweets has fled afar
To sport 'mid softer hours.
Far upward in the mellow light
The blue hills rise upon the sight,
And, 'mid the sunset's golden flush,
The forest leaves in beauty blush.

A few short days, and Winter will
With hail and snow come striding on;
The woods, no longer lull'd in sleep,
Sway to the mighty tempests' plume.
Thus roll the seasons: varied still,
The fallen leaf, the frozen rill,
The budding flower, the brazen sky—
Now the smile, anon the sigh.

How swiftly flies each passing year!
The Summer 's ended—harvest past—
And forest leaves of brilliant hue
Float on the wintry blast.
'Tis thus when sun-bright youth has fled:
How dark and drear the years ahead!
But vain the sigh that sorrow heaves,
When Winter's winds close up Life's leaves.

MY LILY.

BY A. C. H.

Proud queen of the blossoms that Flora's court knows,
Sits regally, conscious of beauty, the Rose;
But, gentle and modest, the Lily so meek
Turns away from the gaze of the lofty her cheek,
Nor envies the splendor, nor sighs for the praise
The rose gladly gaineth in noontide's bold rays—
The pure valley lily, so fragrant and sweet,
Fair lily that hides in the grass at my feet.

Far down the green lane where the violets grow,
You may hear her soft chime at the even-song low;
All silent throughout the long hours of the day,
With the world's jarring voices she seeks not display,
But her largess of fragrance and beauty bestows
On the zephyrs, when weary of pride and the rose—
The pure valley lily, so modest and sweet,
Fair lily that hides in the grass at my feet.

A maiden as fair as the lily I know,
Who, down the green lane where the violets grow,
Sings ever at nightfall her happiest song,
But only to me, for she shunneth the throng.
Like a sweet chime of bells is her silvery voice,
Oh, she is my lily, the flower of my choice;
And I whisper, "Kind angels, watch o'er her with me,
Till she may a lily of Paradise be!"

The proud and the wealthy would turn with disdain
From the meek, modest maiden who dwells in the lane,
For riches she has not, yet higher I prise
Her smile and the glance of her soft, dove-like eyes;
And no treasure of earth can in value compare
With the heart warm and faithful she trusts to my care
So I whisper, "Kind angels, watch o'er her with me,
Till she may a lily of Paradise be!"

WEAVING CARPET.

BY E. C. S.

I am sitting in the sunshine,
Gathering up the sunny gleams,
And weaving them with teardrops
Through the chainwork of my dreams
I am making me a carpet
For the floor of coming years,
And the sunshine woven in it
Will engild the mist-dimmed tears.

I will sprinkle it with roses,
And the sunbars shining through
Will drink up the drops of sorrow
They mistook for drops of dew.
When the roses grow all faded,
And their fresh, young beauty dies,
The pale leaves will bid sweet fragrance
From their dead-crushed hearts uprise.

Then I 'll gather blushing roses,
Ere their hearts are filled with tears,
Weave them with the treasured sunshine,
In the garnered wealth of years.
But some time I 'll tread a carpet
Made of clouds and stars above,
With the rainbow for its chainwork,
By the great All-Father wove.

SONNET.—ADVERSITY.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Adversity myself erewhile I knew,
Replied the beauteous Carthagenian queen
To shipwrecked fugitives; and it hath been
A moral teacher of some lessons true
To thousands since. A blessing in disguise
Thou art, Adversity! Man's heart more pure
By thee is made; of sin thou art the cure.
So thought the good who have for Paradise,
Like well-tried veterans, ever bravely fought;
And he with Egypt's lore so deeply fraught
Preferred affliction with the loved of God
To pleasure's paths by sin's own votaries trod
Amid life's thorns behold a crown of gold!
Afflictions do refine, but pleasures ills enfold.

THE SURPRISE.

(*Inscribed to* MARY *of* G——.)

BY O. P. H.

CALM was the eve and sweet the air,
And fresh as fair were the roses rare,
Bending, like beauteous vestals in prayer,
Bending with crystalline drops, *debonnaire*,
After the summer rain;
Clamb'ring and blushing around the door
Of a trellised porch, where never before
Had I wantoned in reverie's fanciful lore,
So deep, so delightfully; dreaming of yore
As I never may dream again.

A sunny gleam, in a silvery stream,
Beamed o'er the heliotrope vases within;
And in that gleam gently dallied the dream,
Essaying and straying, displaying, to win,
To betray me through mazes of the musical theme,
That sweet memory-wrought musical theme.

Ah! was it a folly, was it a sin,
To be gulled by a flower in an idle hour,
And a shining bar, like the light of a star,
That danced o'er the vases within?
What passionate joy, what ecstatic idea,
Could have made the heart leap, could have started a tear;
Could have thrilled me, and filled me, distilling a cheer
And a sorrow in one—all in fantasy near!

The *thought of a thought* in other days,
When the angels who dwell beyond the gaze
No fairer than the daughters of earth could be,
And the earth was all paradise to me.
The thought of a boy with a joyous heart,
Unblemished, unshadowed, unknown to an art,
Brimful of felicity, ever-flowing and rare,
Brimful of love for the true and the fair.

As a fairy glides from a mystic dell,
Pleased with some secret she dares not tell,
Upon doubt—sweet expression!—seeming to dwell,
And lingers, ere surcharged emotions rebel—
Arose the bright form of that boyish ideal,
Idol of a hope more mythic than real,
In shape dimly visible, cloud-robed, yet clear;
Half hidden, yet vivid, as the view of the seer.
Then it melted, and tears bathed the thought as it fled;
But lo, it returned! ah, whence had it sped?
Sweet fancy! But no, 'tis not fancy; the tears
Pass away, and the dream-love of years
Resolves in reality, unannounced and unknown!
A brilliant divinity from Paradise flown,
Made mortal—but, alas, no longer my own!

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY M. S.

LET not my friend, although a wife,
Bid all her cares adieu;
There 's comfort in a married life,
And there are crosses too.
I do not wish to mar your mirth
With an ungrateful sound,
Yet still remember, bliss on earth
No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are good,
May God those hopes fulfil!
But you will find in every state
Some difficulty still.
The rite which lately joined your hands
Cannot ensure content;
Religion forms the strongest band,
And love 's the best cement.

A friendship founded on esteem
Life's battering blasts endure;
It will not vanish like a dream,
And such I hope is yours.
But yet God's daily blessing crave;
Nor trust your youthful heart;
You must Divine assistance have
To act a prudent part.

Though you have lost a parent's wing,
Nor longer ask his care,
It is but seldom husbands bring
A lighter yoke to bear.
They have their humors and their ways,
So mutable is man;
Excuse his failings in thy thoughts,
And hide them if you can.

No anger, no resentment keep,
Whatever is amiss;
Be reconciled before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.
Or, if there 's cause to reprimand,
Do it with mild address;
Remember He 's thy dearest friend,
And love him ne'er the less.

'Tis not the way to scold at large,
Whate'er proud passion boasts;
For those their duty best discharge
Who condescend the most.
Mutual attempts to serve and please
Each other will endear;
Thus you may draw the yoke with ease,
Nor discord interfere.

Thus give your tender passions scope,
Yet better things pursue;
Be Heaven the object of your hope,
And lead him thither too.
So may the Lord your ways approve,
And grant you both a share
Of his redeeming, saving love,
And providential care!

THE BUTTERFLY.

(*From the French.*)

BY MRS. H. B. DUFFEY.

BORN with the early Spring, and with the rose to die;
Upon the zephyr's breath in purest heaven to fly;
To poise upon the flowers that scarce their bosoms bare,
Intoxicate with perfume, beauty, light and air;
And then, with gladden'd heart, and life renewed, upspring,
To heaven's eternal arch its far-off way to wing:
This is the butterfly's delightful destiny.
How like to it the heart's desire, which, resting never,
Dallying with earthly things, yet discontented ever,
Seeks for the beautiful at last beyond the sky!

AN APPEAL.

BY S. P. BRYAN, M. D

My heart is lonely, Addie,
Because thou art not here;
I look around the vacant room,
But cannot see thee near;
I listen, but thy gentle voice
Greets not my anxious ear.

I 've just been reading, Addie,
The star-crossed history
Of the proud, young, gallant Gober
And the Maid of Araby;
Then I laid aside the poem,
For my thoughts all turned to thee.

I sigh for thy sweet presence,
As a bird sighs for its mate;
For, like a weary widowed dove,
My heart is desolate;
Like her I 'm telling, plaintive,
Of a sad and lonely fate.

The fire burns not so cheerily
As it did when thou wert here;
The lamp, though trimm'd as neatly,
Sheddeth not a light so clear;
And the very room seems lonelier
Than it did then appear.

The books and pens lie scattered,
And the papers here and there;
The dust, I see, is gathering fast
On sideboard, stove, and chair;
And *everything* is wearing now
A sad, neglected air.

Oh, haste thee home, sweet Addie,
While my bosom inly warms—
Let me embrace thee once again
Right fondly in my arms,
And I will yield for such a bliss
The world with all its charms!

STANZAS.

BY J. B. M'NAUGHTON.

And thou art gone! Well, be it so.
'Twere better that a bird should flee
From out its cage and warble free
Than pine away in longing. Go!

Ah, me! and what is my reward
For all this yearning, all this strife?
'Tis blighted hope, embittered life,
Phantasmal shapes, and dreams abhorr'd.

"No more" is murmur'd in the wind,
And echoes in my heart's recesses;
As night comes o'er earth's wildernesses,
So comes thy mem'ry o'er my mind.

I would recall—but ah, how vain!—
The voice that wrapt my soul in spring,
The voice that led my wandering
Through scented mead and daisied lane.

But thou art gone! Well, be it so.
'Twere better that a bird should flee
From out its cage and warble free
Than pine away in longing. Go!

Enigmas.

ANSWERS TO CHARADE AND ENIGMA IN AUGUST NUMBER.

4. Gold-mine. 5. Marked.

ANSWER TO ACROSTICAL BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA IN AUGUST NUMBER.

Atlantic Telegraph.

Solutions: Agrippa, Titian, La Grange, Arrian, Napier Tell, Ibre, Chartier, Tilli, Egil, La Place, Erigena, Grattan, Raphael, Attila, Petrarch, Hale.

CHARADE.

6.

My *first* means to throw,
As soon you will know,
If rightly the answer you guess;
An article *next*
Will add to the text,
To unravel this mystical dress.

Then close to them place
With right comely grace
What fishermen use when at sea;
My *whole* has oft been
Used when dancing, I ween,
And must be well known unto thee.

ENIGMA.

7.

Something before me ever is
Wherever I appear,
Whose name and place I take, and this
Is seen each day and year.

And strange, though perhaps I alter not,
And the same thing remain,
Some other thing (such is my lot)
Deprives me of that name.

And, doing so, soon follows me,
Endures the same sad fate,
And though it still the same may be,
My name must abdicate.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.

My 3, 13, 18, 1, 20, was an ancient order of architecture, stern and massive in appearance and proportions.

My 11, 16, 19, 23, 21, 4, 18, is a written document, granting immunities to a company or an individual.

My 5, 23, 1, 10, 15, 6, is a scion of royal lineage.

My 15, 9, 2, 21, is an American coin.

My 14, 18, 17, 7, 11, 22, is a leading country in Europe.

My 20, 16, 19, 5, 21, 12, 23, is one of the principal divisions of a book.

My 5, 6, 8, 17, 10, 21, is a man who simulates learning, but is in reality destitute of it.

My 21, 18, 19, 1, 21, 13, 23, is one who proves recreant to the cause which he professes to espouse.

My 3, 17, 2, 21, 4, was one of the most sublime of Italian poets.

My 1, 7, 3, 1, 17, 2, 19, is a Western State.

My *whole* is a strength and manliness of principle, which it would do well for all to imitate.

NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.

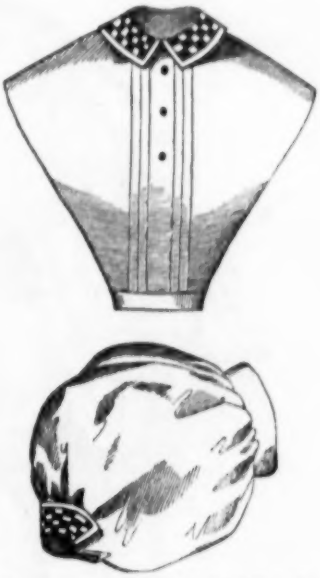
Fig. 1.—Sacque for morning-dress, of white cambric, with insertions and flouncing in broderie Anglaise. It is intended to be worn with a suitable white cambric skirt. The novelty consists in the Bayadere plaits across the front. This is an elegant style for summer *robes de nuit*, the sacque continued into a skirt, the front and sleeves as in the cut.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 2.—Autumn riding-hat, of plain gray felt or beaver; black velvet band around the low, round crown, and a tasteful bow of the same to the left. The shape is extremely good for shading the face and neck.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Extremely neat and very popular set of plain linen, cambric, or muslin, plaided with a narrow black velvet ribbon. Satin ribbon of any hue may be used; the velvet will answer for all purposes and colors

Figs. 3 and 4.



in the dress. Very suitable for fall and winter wear.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Fall bonnets of crape, lace, and plaid, and striped taffetas.

Fig. 5

Fig. 6.

ELEGANT EVENING-DRESS.

It may be made in either silk or tarleton, or, in fact, of any light material suitable for evening wear. The long lapels which cross in front, and to which the upper skirt is looped, have a

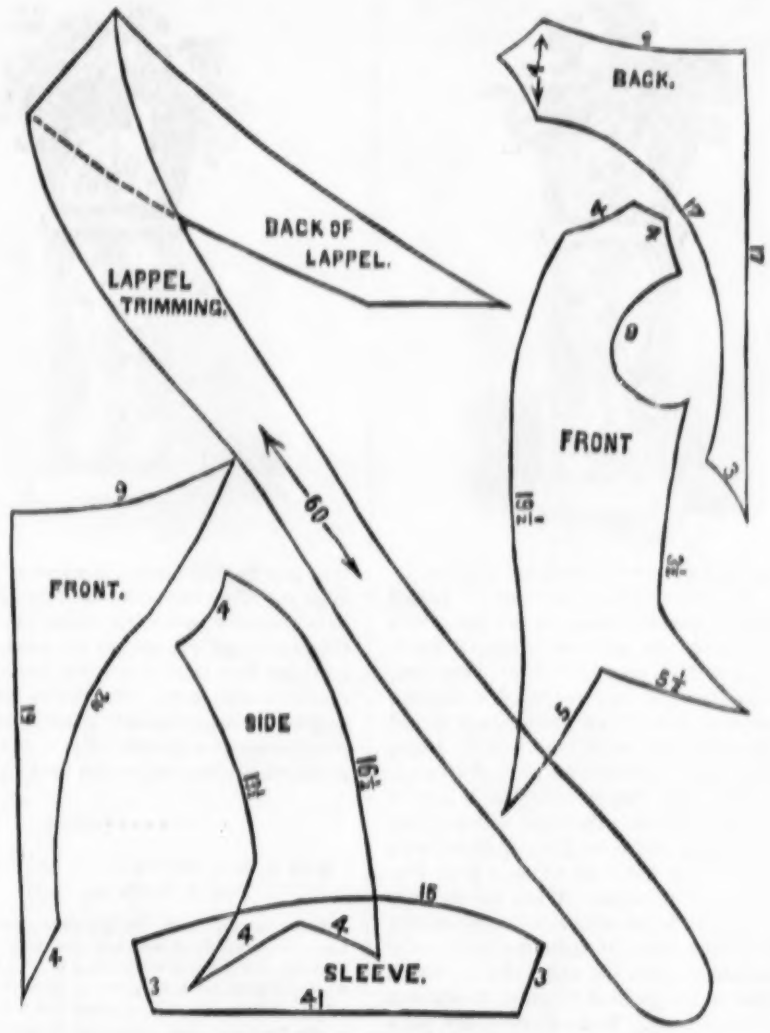


DIAGRAM OF EVENING-DRESS.

very tasteful effect. If the material be silk, the bordering of these may be pinked and worn with bows of ribbon of the same color, or of black velvet. If the dress be made of tarleton, these must be edged with blonde, with bows either of white or light-colored ribbon.

FLOWER STANDS.

These stands are merely wooden frames—such as may be made by any ordinary carpenter—with glass panels, ornamented by the well-known process now termed potichimanie. The wooden frame is intended to be painted white, with a few lines of gold color, and to be highly varnished. The glass panels, which need only be common crown glass, about two feet high by ten inches wide, would cost a mere trifle at the present low price of that article; and the ornament is, of course, supposed to be supplied by the ingenious floricultural amateur. In case the reader may not know the process by which glass is now so frequently ornamented, as described, the following brief outline of a process that will answer equally well may be supplied:—

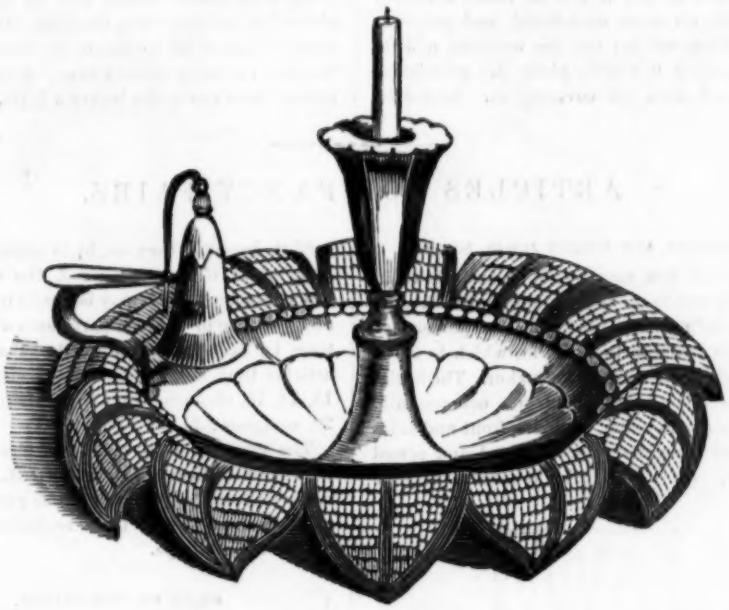
Take a piece of good paper, of the size of the

glass panel and make upon it the required design. That shown in our illustration is formed by giving a pleasing shape to the panel by a scroll-work of pale gold color, beyond which the space is filled up with rich turquoise blue, while the centre of the panel is left white—the ornaments upon which are green foliage turned up with pink. When the outline of the design is perfect, *trace* it on to another piece of drawing-paper of the same size, in order that it may be quite clean. Then size the paper with isinglass or gum-dragon, and color the ornaments with color ground in water, to which a little isinglass size must be added. When the design is quite dry, cut it out very accurately—cutting all the ground away—then dip the ornament so cut out into isinglass *size*, and while wet lay on the glass in the position required, to which it will adhere closely. When perfectly dry, paint over the centre of the panel an opaque white ground, and on the other portion a blue ground. The white may be simply white lead, with a little isinglass; the blue pale ultramarine subdued with white, with the addition of a little emerald green to give the turquoise tone. These grounds should be painted on very solid, as they serve also to fix and protect the ornaments in their places. When dry, the glass panels may be fixed *inside* the frame, just as a simple pane of glass is put into a window. Prepared as described, they will produce the effect of the richest porcelain, especially if the design be good. The square vases, to receive the flower-pots, which surmount these pedestals in our illustration, may be constructed in a precisely similar manner. They may either be lined with zinc, so as to receive themselves the mould in which the flowers are planted, or be merely the receptacles for a large flower-pot, which may be concealed with moss. The flowers with which they are furnished in our illustration are merely polyanthuses, but the effect of that simple spring flower when so treated is very striking.

MAT FOR A TAPER CANDLESTICK, OR FOR A WATCH-STAND.

Materials.—Cotton, No. 20; quarter of a yard of Penelope canvas, that which measures nine double threads to the inch; four skeins of bright green wool; a rug needle, a piece of cardboard three inches in diameter; a piece of bright scarlet merino, silk, or velvet, five inches square; a little fine wire, which can be had by drawing it from ribbon wire, and some rather strong gum-water; two ounces of short *thick* white bugles, such that will, when sewed on, lie evenly *across* the stitch.

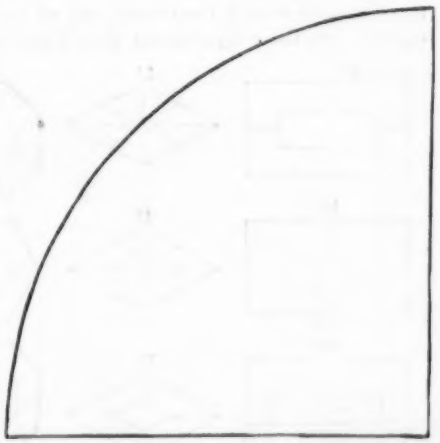
First cut out the exact size of leaf in tracing or other thin paper; then either in parchment or lining muslin, gummed on paper, to prevent it from stretching. Now upon the canvas, about ten double threads from the selvage, work 30 stitches in cross-stitch, *not drawing the wool tight.* Now double the paper pattern in half, and cut a very narrow shred nearly from top to bottom of the centre; place the pattern with the line cut out, directly over the 30 cross stitches, and tack it on to the canvas each side the cutting. Then, with the needle and wool, run the canvas round



outside the leaf, exactly as if it were the running on muslin instead of canvas.

Now, without cutting off the wool, remove the paper pattern, and make another running in the same stitches, or nearly so, to cover the stitches left white in the first row, so that when the two rows are run, there shall be an even and continuous line of green round the leaf. Now, with the same wool and needle, work a row of overcast stitch over the running, exactly as the edge of muslin is embroidered; this must be evenly and finely done. When all the ten leaves are overcast, proceed to sew on the bugles. Begin at the point of leaf; thread a fine needle with No. 20 cotton (*doubled* not coarse, and used singly); fasten into the back, and bring it through at the right-hand side of the under part of first stitch of canvas; thread a bugle, pass the needle down through the opposite corner of stitch, thus the bugle will lie from right to left, when the next stitch on the other side the centre line is worked the same; bring the needle up again in the next row, in the same manner as for the first stitch, but below it. Thus each row must be begun at the left-hand side, and the needle must be passed down after each bugle is threaded, the bugle set right across the thread of canvas, then the needle passed up again through to the bottom of the next stitch on the right-hand side. When all the bugles are sewn on, nail the canvas on to a table or box, right side downwards, and gum each leaf well at the back, and particularly the green edges; when dry, remove the nails, and cut the leaves round the edge exactly as if it were muslin instead of canvas; now sew the wire up the centre of each leaf at the back.

Trace the section of centre on to paper, cut it



SECTION OF CIRCLE.

exactly in the tracing marks; fold a piece of paper in form, of the size of section, place the section on it, and cut only the semicircular

edge; open it, and it will be found a circle; place this on some card-board, and pencil it round, then cut it; cut the covering a little larger, gather it round, place the card-board inside, and draw the covering in. Secure it. Then with double cotton sew on the leaves, about half an inch from the edge; then gum a piece of paper on to the back, turn it downwards on a table, place a heavy weight in the centre, then curve the leaves a little.

ARTICLES FOR FANCY FAIRS.

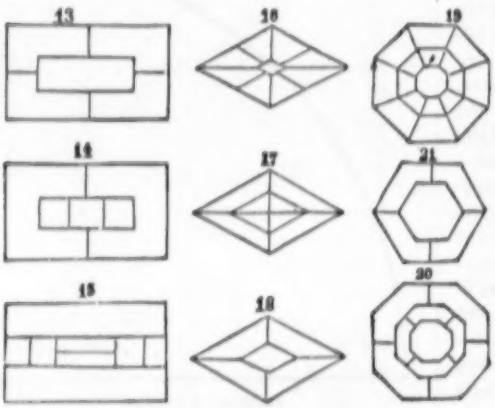
HARLEQUIN AND MIRROR JEWEL BOXES.

The jewel box may be made entirely or in part with looking-glass, embellished with gold on the bindings, and having a set of pasteboard partitions suitable to its form, which is to be governed by the fancy of its maker. The harlequin jewel box may be hexagon, octagon, diamond, or even oblong, with its front and sides formed of triangular pieces, bound and sewed together. (See Fig. 12.) Whatever may be

Fig. 12.

its form, the harlequin jewel box should be made of stained glass, the various pieces being of different colors; but judgment and taste must guide the constructor in selecting them, as well as in the choice of ribbons for the binding; the latter should be vandyked, and finished with very small stars at the corners.

The divisions in the interior of the harlequin and mirror, as well as all the other glass boxes, may be made to suit the convenience of the owners; but the compartments should correspond with the shape of the box; thus, if the box be octagon, the divisions should be somewhat in the same style; should its length exceed its breadth, they ought to assume the oblong form; if it be diamond, the triangular. The character of each may be easily maintained, and the size of the compartments at the same time be accommodated to the shape of the articles they are intended to receive. (Figs. 13, 14, 15, oblongs; 16, 17, 18, diamonds; 19, 20, octagons; 21, hexagon.)



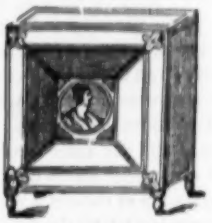
The plans of each variety of shape are not restricted to those above delineated. They are merely specimens, which may be greatly diversified without losing their respective general characters of shape.

GLASS PICTURE-FRAMES.

A frame for a picture, or case for a bust, may be produced from four pieces, cut as *a* (Fig. 22),

Fig. 22.

Fig. 23.



bound, and sewed together at their ends *b b*; a piece as *c*, which will serve as the glass in front of the picture or bust, fastened by its binding to the inner edges of the pieces *a*; four other pieces, as *d*, which are to be sewed together by the bindings at their ends, and then fastened in like manner, by the inner edges, to the square formed by the pieces marked *a*; four more, of equal size, to form the bottom, top, and sides, which are to be fastened to the outer edges of the pieces *d*. The centre glass must be depressed, and the inner pieces of the frame placed in a slanting direction towards it, the outer parts, *d*, forming an obtuse angle with them, and being placed square on them and the sides. A portrait in stained glass, a small painting on velvet, or a miniature, a beautiful

medallion, or a bust in wax may now be put behind the glass (Fig. 23), and the frame or case completed by adding a back of stout pasteboard or wood, bound and sewed to the edges of the sides. The bottom, top, and sides of a case for a bust must be deeper than those for a frame, and so also should the parts *a*. The inside of the back may be lined, and have a small shelf or pedestal fixed to it, for the bust to rest on. Any appropriate ornaments may be placed at the corners to conceal the seams. If a frame, a loop may be fixed in the back to suspend it by; and if a case, pedestals may be fastened to the bottom, which will be more convenient if made of wood. The piece *c*, in front of the picture or bust, should of course be plain plate glass; the front, sides, etc. may be ground, stained, or of looking-glass.

THE ART OF ORNAMENTAL HAIR-WORK.

No. 11.—Thick Ring Plait.

To left, 1 *and* 2 > 5 *and* 6, *which take back;*
To right, 3 *and* 4 > 7 *and* 8, *which take back;*
A > *B*, *which take back.*

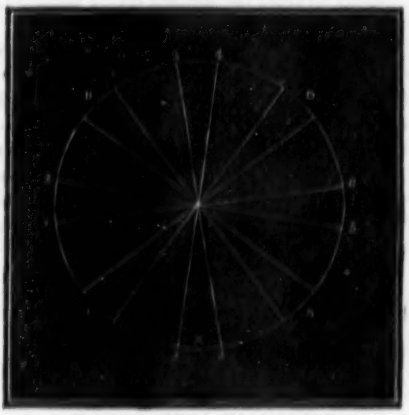
In moving 1, 2, 5, and 6 to their respective places, keep them always on the left side of the mould; and keep 3, 4, 7, and 8 always to the right. The pair at A are to pass one on each side of the mould, as also the pair at B.

This plait makes a nice ring, without requiring a gold frame.

It is sufficient to unite the two ends of a piece of work, of the proper length, with a little piece of flat gold tube.

The four strands at A and B should always have fewer hairs in them than the others.

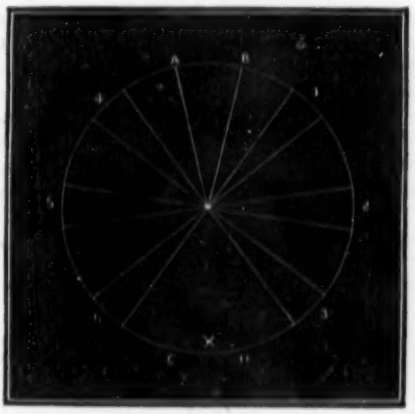
No. 12.—Round Chain Plait.



1 *and* 2 > 3 *and* 4, *which take back;*
5 *and* 6 > 7 *and* 8, *which take back;*
A > *B*, *which take back;*
C > *D*, *which take back.*

This plait is the same as No. 2, only done with 16 instead of 8 strands. It is, therefore, unnecessary to give any further description of it than is contained in the above rule.

No. 13.—Snake Plait.



B o. A, u. 4, *o.* 5, *u.* 6, *to C;*
A u. 1, *o.* 2, *u.* 3, *to D;*
C. o. D. *Re-arrange.*

The principle upon which this plait is worked is the same as that of the ring plait, No. 10. It differs from it, however, in two important points: first, it is always worked upon a mould; secondly, the plait is commenced by crossing B over A, which is not the case in the ring plait. These dissimilarities are not likely to puzzle the beginner at all, since the presence of the

mould will always remind the worker that it is necessary to cross the strands before beginning the principal part of the work.

This plait presents a peculiarity which we do not know of in any other. It is this: After finishing it off, and before boiling it, the work must be *taken off the mould*, stretched and pulled about between the fingers gently, and then slipped carefully on to the mould again; after which it is boiled. Unless this is done, the work will be too close on one side and too loose on the other.

There are other ways of working this plait.

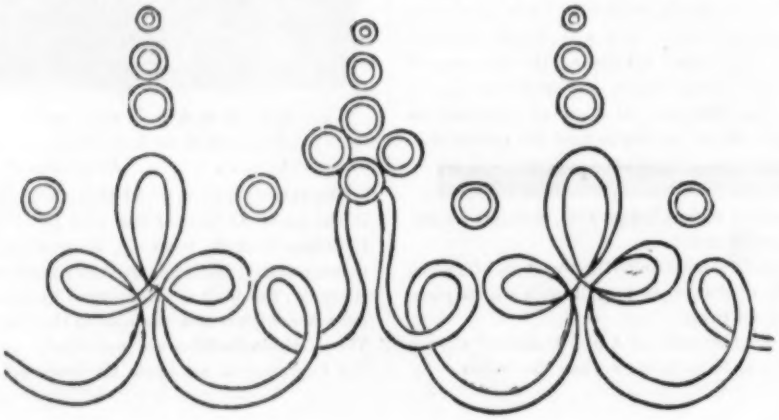
CIGAR-CASE, IN APPLICATION AND EMBROIDERY.

The materials for this beautiful cigar-case are velvet of two different colors, gold braid, dead gold bullion of a very fine size, and floss silk of the same shade.

The velvets chosen should be of two well-contrasting colors, such as black, with crimson, scarlet, or blue; or maroon, with green or blue. The two ends are in the brighter color, which is cut out, and applique, by means of gum, on the dark. Thus there will be a double thickness at the extremities. The shape may be easily cut from the engraving, and the dimensions ought to be exactly double those we give. The edges of the applique are finished with a double line of gold braid; but the leaves are in bullion work, over a raised foundation of floss silk. The bullion must, of course, be cut into small pieces, and laid on over the silk in even and parallel lines, quite close to each other.

After finishing the embroidery, the cigar-case must be properly made up at a warehouse.

EMBROIDERY FOR A CHILD'S MUSLIN SKIRT.



HANGING FLOWER BASKET.

(*See engraving, page* 202.)

The Hanging Flower Basket has become a sort of fixed article of decoration in pretty boudoirs and elegant little drawing-rooms. They replace those of the red clay earthenware, which make up in elegance of form for any want of value in material, and when filled with tastefully-arranged groups of flowers, leave little to desire in the way of modest ornament. In the same way the Hanging Basket, formed of O. P. beads, has been widely adopted in this country, not so much as a passing fashion, but as an established production of the Work-Table.

It remains for us to supply a new design for a season of the year in which ladies are accustomed to restore, and renew, and augment the decorations of their dwellings. We therefore introduce a novel shape, which we trust our subscribers will approve, as it has been expressly designed for their service. It is also extremely simple when divided into its separate parts, as our instructions will show. To commence: Take twelve pieces of the ordinary petticoat-wire eight inches in length, and two pieces ten inches in length, form them into circles, and wrap them round and round with narrow white ribbon. Then take strings of the crystal beads, and wrap them also round and round over the ribbon, leaving only three small places uncovered, one at each of the quarter divisions, which, as will be seen in our illustration, makes the three points at which these rings are united together in the formation of the whole. In doing this, the needle on which the beads have been strung must be passed through the ribbon, to prevent them from slipping over the vacant part to the injury of the regularity of the whole work. These rings being completed, they must be attached two and two together, by means of crossed lines of beads forming diamonds, the needle being passed through the centre bead at each point to make them secure. This being done, there will be six of the smaller circles and one of the larger. The bottoms of each are formed of strings of beads meeting in one rich tassel, the larger central circle having a much larger tassel than the surrounding ones. The parts being thus prepared, they must all be firmly fastened together in those vacant places which we have intimated as being left for the express purpose, and each place of union concealed by filling up with beads. Six chains of beads are attached to the six places when the outer circles are fastened on to the inner one, and these must be of a length proportioned to the height of the apartment in which the basket is to be suspended. These chains unite at the top, having another handsome tassel hanging down from their summit in the centre of the chains. A treble festoon is then carried from each centre of the six circles, thus completing the basket.

This Hanging Basket may be filled with any sort of artificial flowers which the taste of the lady from whose hands it proceeds may suggest. The only hint we would add is, that in arranging them a little moss should be introduced around their stems, which not only conceals their wires, but shows prettily through the openings of the beadwork.

The beads of which the basket is composed may be all white or of a mixture of green and white. The festoon is much improved by the introduction of a few round green beads in the centre of each string, and at the bottom part of each loop of the tassels.

LAMP FAIRY.

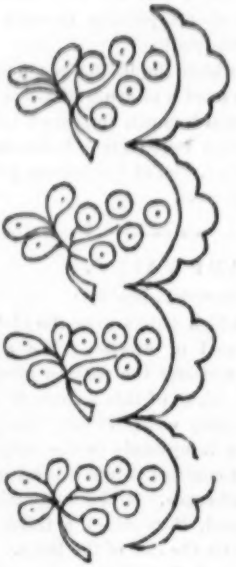
(*See engraving, page* 203.)

The drapery which hangs over the globe of the lamp is formed of crochet. We attach instructions for working the pattern given in our illustration. Make of this a circle of sufficient length to hang easily around the glass shade. Continue it upwards to the height of its opening, then contract it into a band which may fit its circumference. Add another flounce of the crochet, and, if required, a third, this being dependent on the size of the lamp. This part being completed, has all the appearance of the skirt of a lady's dress set into a band, exactly fitting the opening of the glass-shade, which represents the waist. The upper portion is made separately. It consists of the head of a lady, and is sometimes that of a gutta percha doll, and sometimes a head chosen and cut out of a book of fashions, including the arms, dressed in a little body of crochet-work, and having a cape to correspond with the flounces of the skirt. This being slipped into the opening of the lamp-glass, the Fairy is at once personated, as by a stroke of her own wand. It is an acknowledged defect in most articles of fancy work which are devoted to daily service that use destroys beauty; but this new introduction is not open to this objection, since it can be sent to the laundress as often as may be found necessary, and will each time be returned in as good a condition as when first produced.

We subjoin the instructions for working the crochet. The stars are formed separately by

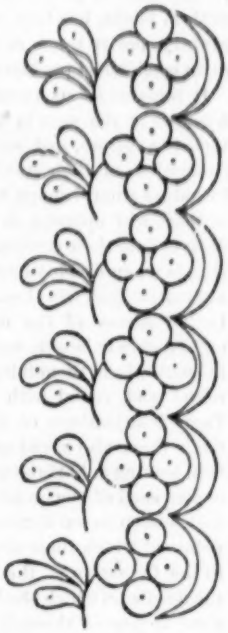
chaining ten, and joining it into a ring. *2d row.* One long, three chain, eight times. *3d.* Two long, three chain, two long, one chain; repeat, making eight divisions. *4th.* Eight double in the three chain of last row, one double in the one chain; repeat this all round, making eight scallops, which completes the star. When a sufficient number of these stars are worked, they are to be joined together at two of the scallops. A row of chain is then worked over them, taking up the two upper scallops. In this chain work a row of single crochet in every loop. Then work three long and three chain all round. The next row is three long in the three chain of last row, and three chain over the three long of last row. These rows are continued to the depth required. No. 16 Crochet Cotton will be found the proper size.

FOR CHEMISE YOKES AND SLEEVES.

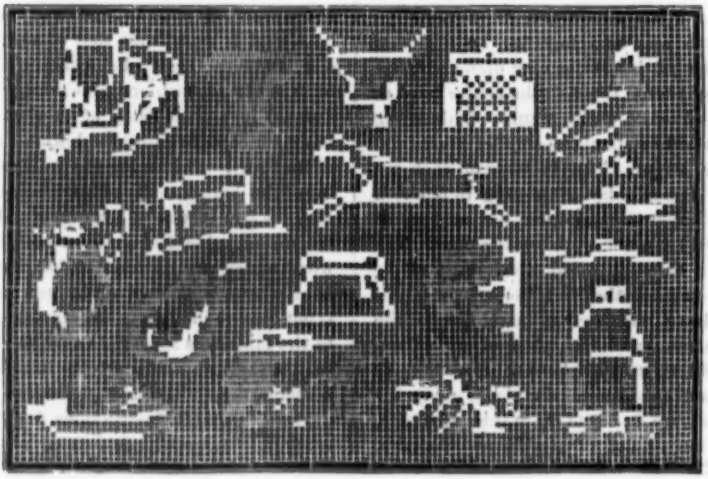


BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S SACQUE.

FOR CHEMISE YOKES AND SLEEVES.

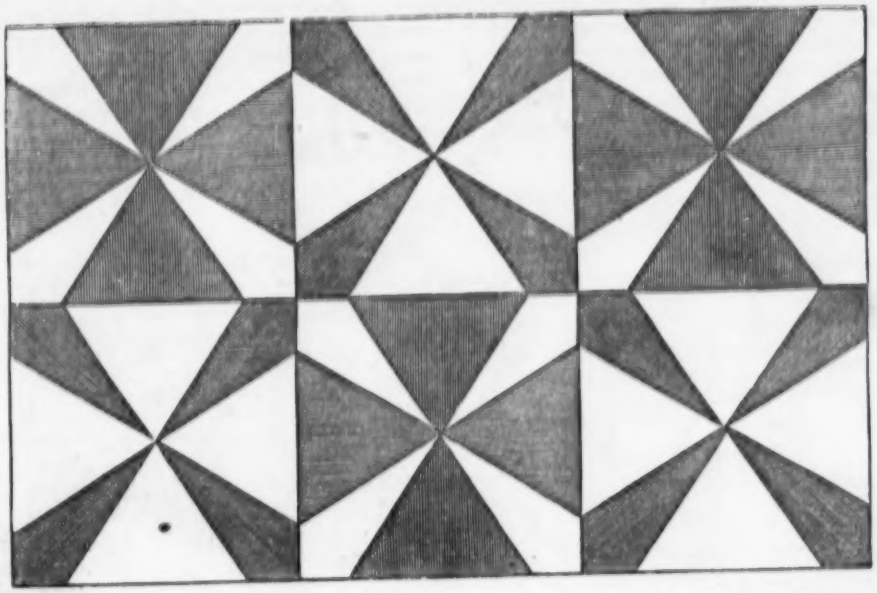


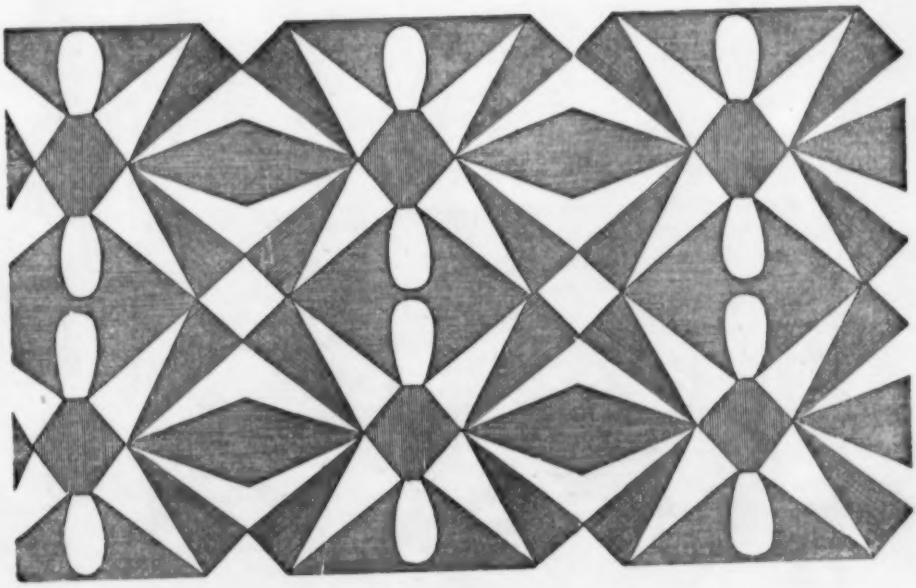
SAMPLER PATTERN FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.



PATCHWORK.

[Designed expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]





CURTAINS FOR PARLOR OR DRAWING-ROOM WINDOWS.

(See splendid embellishment in front.)

The right-hand window represents a curtain in the renaissance or antique style. In addition to the long satin and lace curtains there are draperies of the same satin material as the long curtains, with rich silk fringe, tassels, etc. This curtain in rich material—brocatelle and lace curtains—will cost, probably, from $140 to $175 per window. The price can be graduated from $75 upwards, according to the fabric used.

The left-hand window is less elaborate, and is the style now mostly in use, when made up in rich material. Brocatelle and lace curtains have a very rich effect, and will generally please the most fastidious; the lace curtains should invariably be hung next the glass. This style in rich brocatelle and corresponding lace curtains will cost from $125 to $140 per window; in silk terry, about $10 per window less.

The colors mostly used are solid crimson, or crimson and maroon, either of which are in good taste, and have a rich and pleasing effect. The colors, however, are simply a matter of taste, and of course depend on the purchaser. In the pier below the mirror is introduced beneath the marble slab a Lambrequin of the same material as the curtains, which adds much to the beauty of the room.

The Messrs. W. H. Carryl & Brother, 719 Chestnut Street, Masonic Hall building, originate all their own designs, and have constantly in stock the largest assortment of curtain materials, and all the novelties originating from time to time in Europe. Lace curtains varying from $4 to $50 per pair; however, the usual quality for parlors is from $15 to $35 per pair. French satin de laines are extensively used for sitting-rooms, parlors, dining-rooms, and libraries; they have a rich appearance, and cost much less than brocatelles or silk terry, and can be afforded from $25 per window upward; lace curtains not included. French satin bordered curtains are much used, also embroidered satin curtains, Turkish cloths, tapestries, etc. They also have facilities for manufacturing their own gimps and trimmings, and are thereby enabled to match the goods, whatever it may be, with the exact colors and combinations required. In furniture coverings their stock is very large, comprising brocatelles, satin damasks, moquettes, tapestry, mohair plushes, Lyons brocades, striped and plain reps, damasks, printed lastings, etc. etc.

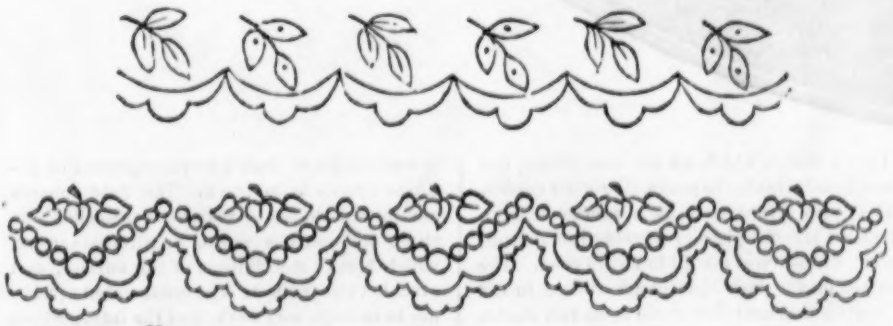
Railroad companies and churches furnished with any material they may require.

Gold-bordered window-shades are the prevailing fashion; the most approved colors are buff, stone, ashes of rose, pearl, and rose. Any color matched that may be required. Their stock of cornices comprise rich mounted and gilt, metallic, rose-wood and gilt, etc.

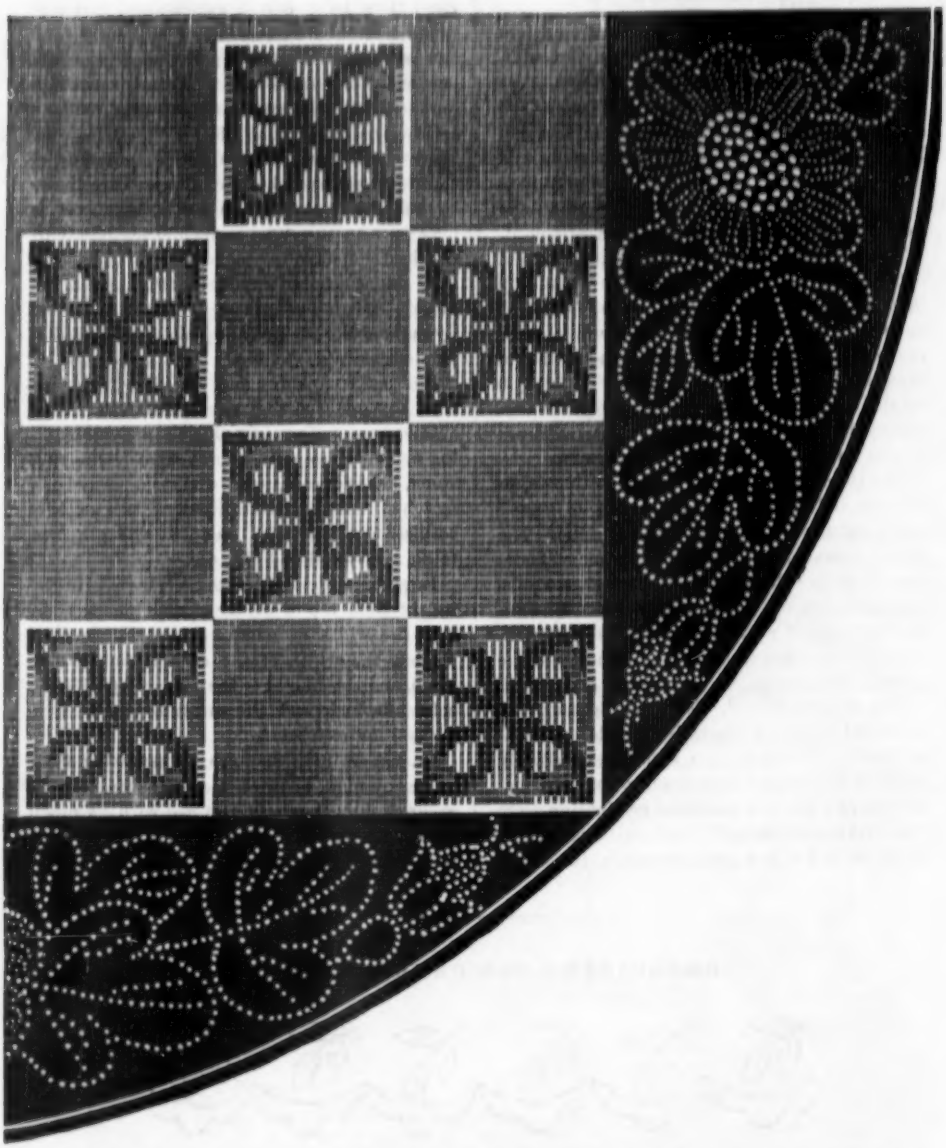
In giving orders for curtains, please give the height from top of window-frame to the floor, and the width of window-frame at top; for shades, the width of the sash from jamb to jamb, and the height of the same. Specify the colors desired, and the amount you wish to expend for each window.

Customers at a distance, transmitting their orders by mail, or through merchants, may be assured that they will be filled with as much style and regard for economy as though they were present in person.

EMBROIDERY FOR CHEMISE BANDS.



DRAWING-ROOM CHESS-TABLE.

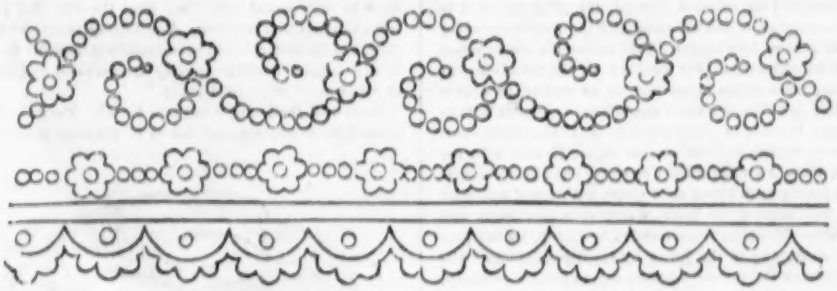


In the design which we are now giving, the Chessboard is made the production of the needle, and is also arranged in such a manner as to furnish a tasteful piece of drawing-room furniture. The squares are all in Berlin wool. The designs on the dark squares are worked in the following manner: The circle is in two shades of dark red; the points which it interlaces are in two shades of dark blue; the ground of the whole square is in black. The light squares are in two shades of maize-color, worked one stitch up and one down, in alternate rows, which breaks the flatness of the surface, and gives it a pretty effect. The ornamented squares are to be kept very dark, and the intermediate ones sufficiently light.

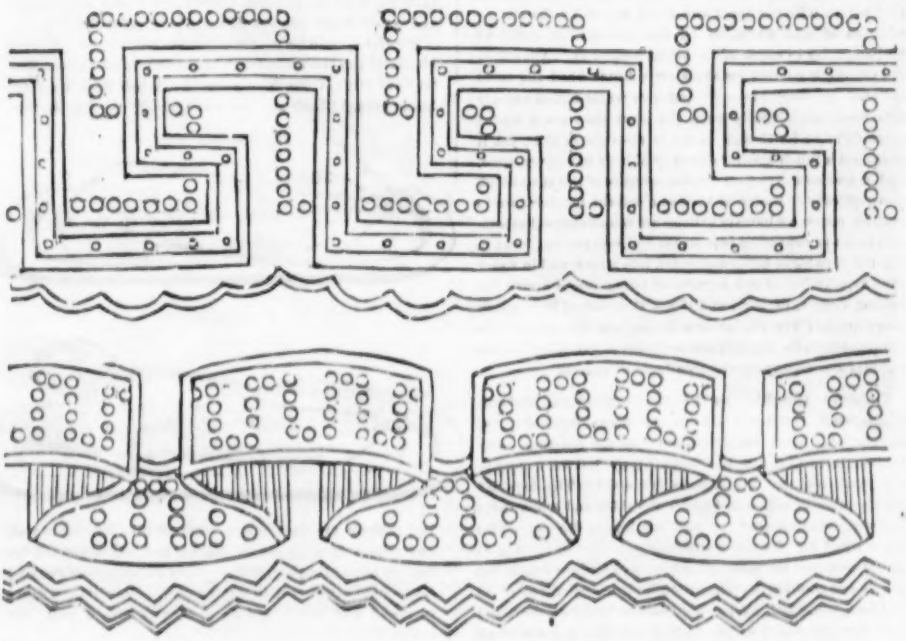
We must now speak of those external parts which fill up the circle. In these the design must first be cut out in paper, and their shape traced out upon the canvas. The ground must then be filled up with a deep shade of maize-color filoselle. Then the shape of the flower and leaves already cut out in paper must be cut out in crimson velvet, neatly and accurately, the flower and the two leaves in the centres being left all in one piece; the tracery of beads forming the outline when they are afterwards arranged in their respective places. The velvet parts are next to be tacked down with a fine needle and thread. The outline is put in with a chalk white bead on every stitch, the veins being done to match. The same beads are carried round the edge of the flowers, but the centres are in gold beads of rather a larger size, the loops which pass from the centre to the outline being in clear white.

When finished, it is necessary that it should be sent to the frame-maker, to be mounted into a circular frame, having a narrow gold border, so forming a table-top, and producing a really elegant article of drawing-room furniture.

EMBROIDERY FOR A HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERY FOR PILLOW AND BOLSTER-CASES.



Receipts, &c.

THE BOILING OF ANIMAL FOOD.

Utensils.—The utensils for boiling meat and poultry are very simple, consisting only of round or oval saucepans of various sizes, which are better lined with enamel, though it is by no means necessary. Where a large oval pot is adopted for the purpose of boiling a number of things together, a net of twine is very useful to keep each separate; and for boiling white meats, in that case, a cloth must be wrapped round them. A trivet placed at the bottom of the pot will also be useful for large joints, in order to prevent them from burning. Stewpans and steamers will be described under the sections devoted to stewing and steaming. Large iron spoons and skimmers complete the list.

General Principles of Boiling.—As in roasting, so in the process now under discussion, the principal effect is the coagulation of the albumen and the rendering tender of the fibrous membranes. This makes the whole much more digestible; and if it were not for the dissolving out into the water of the saline matters, as well as the soluble gelatine and albumen, there would be a superiority in boiling over roasting in every respect. But from their occurrence it follows that unless the liquor is used with the meat, there is a want of these essential ingredients, so that a person fed upon boiled meat alone, with bread and potatoes, and none of the broth, would soon lose health and strength. The plan recommended by Liebig, for the purpose of keeping in the juices by rapidly coagulating the albumen on the surface, answers well in point of economy, the saving being fully two or three per cent.; but we do not believe that the meat so treated is *quite* so tender. His plan is to immerse the meat in boiling water, and boil for five minutes. After this, lower the temperature down to that which will not scald the hand, either by the simple addition of cold water, or by first abstracting sufficient boiling water to allow of its being poured in. After this, the boiling is carried on at a slow simmer until the meat is done. It is easy to understand how water boiled rapidly acts more energetically upon the meat than when boiled more slowly; for though it never rises above 212°, yet it gives out a much greater quantity of heat in a given time, and, consequently, raises the temperature of the meat much more quickly. Water is kept at a certain temperature in boiling, because whatever articles are raised above that temperature are converted into steam and escape; but meat in it is not capable of being converted into steam, and in water thus rapidly boiled it is capable of being raised above the boiling degree, or 212°, and if not thus raised it is much more quickly heated, because it receives the superfluous temperature of a greater mass of steam given off in the bubbles accompanying the "galloping" process.

Trussing and Boiling Poultry.—*Turkeys, Guinea-Fowls, and Fowls* are all trussed in the same way for boiling, the heads being removed as for roasting. The legs are pulled off also in a similar way, but very close to the joint, and the breast-bone depressed. The legs are then gradually insinuated under the skin, and when there the wings are secured through the legs to the body. (See Figs. 1 and 2.) Lastly, a sufficient quantity of stuffing is introduced into the neck of turkeys and Guinea-fowls, but not in common fowls. They should all be boiled according to Liebig's method, by putting them in boiling water, and then cooling it down. The allowance of a quarter of an

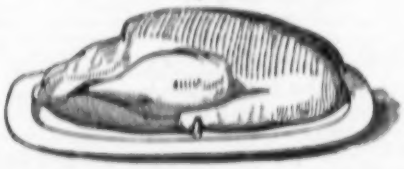
Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

hour to each pound, reckoning from the time the water boils, is about that required. The boiling should be very slow, and the water should be constantly skimmed. Bacon, ham, or tongue should accompany these articles, and oyster or bread-sauce, with good gravy.

Geese and Ducks are sometimes boiled. They are then trussed as for roasting, and boiled in the same manner as

Fig. 3.



turkeys, with or without a stuffing of sage and onions, and served with onion-sauce and gravy. (See Fig. 3.)

Rabbits should be well washed for boiling, and, if very bloody at the shoulder, they should be treated as described for hare at page 468, May number. Truss them with the heads brought back against the right side (see Fig. 4), then

Fig. 4.—*City Mode.*

Country Mode.

boil. They are best when dropped into boiling water, and should be kept gently boiling and well skimmed for half an hour or rather better. They are generally covered with onion-sauce or with white-sauce. Sometimes a sauce is made with the livers chopped and mixed with fine herbs.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Eat slowly, and you will not overeat.

Keeping the feet warm will prevent headaches.

Late at breakfast, hurried for dinner, cross at tea.

Between husband and wife little attentions beget much love.

Always lay your table neatly, whether you have company or not.

Put your balls or reels of cotton into little bags, leaving the ends out.

Whatever you may choose to give away, always be sure to *keep your temper*.

Dirty windows speak to the passer-by of the negligence of the inmates.

In cold weather, a leg of mutton improves by being hung three, four, or five weeks.

When meat is hanging, change its position frequently, to equally distribute the juices.

There is much more injury done by admitting visitors to invalids than is generally supposed.

Matches, out of the reach of children, should be kept in *every* bed-room. They are cheap enough.

Apple and suet dumplings are lighter when boiled in a net than a cloth. Scum the pot well.

When chamber-towels get thin in the middle, cut them in two, sew the selvages together, and hem the sides.

When you dry salt for the table, do not place it in the salt-cells until it is cold, otherwise it will harden into a lump.

FRUIT PIES, PUFFS, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Green Apricot Tartlets.—When the wall-fruit trees are thinned, take the thinnings before the stone is formed; stew them gently in sugar and water; when tender, reduce and thicken the syrup, and put it with the fruit into patty-pans; or, if covered with a paste, it is then called a pie. This also applies to grapes.

Prune Tart.—Give prunes a scald, take out the stones and break them; put the kernels into a little cranberry-juice, with the prunes and sugar; simmer, and when cold make a tart of the sweetmeat. It must be almost needless to say that tartlets of damsons, plums, and most sorts of stone-fruit may be made in the same manner.

To Prepare Cranberries for Tarts.—Simmer them in moist sugar, without breaking, twenty minutes, and let them become cold before being used. A pint will require nearly three ounces of sugar. Stewed with sugar, they eat excellently with bread.

Spanish Puffs.—Put one ounce of fresh butter into a quart stewpan; when hot, put in four spoonfuls of flour; stir it over the fire for five minutes; have ready boiling a gill of milk, which stir in by degrees, so as to avoid making it lumpy; when it is thoroughly boiled, take it off the fire, stir in six eggs, a pinch of salt, a little nutmeg, chopped lemon-peel, and a handful of currants, with sugar, and sufficient orange-flower water to flavor it; let it get cold; when wanted for use, have some lard boiling, make the batter into balls the size of a small walnut, *fry* them until they burst; drain; dust them over with powdered sugar; serve with wine-sauce.

Lady Abbess's Puffs.—Take three ounces of almonds and quarter of an ounce of butter, with two ounces of loaf-sugar; pound them with a little rose-water till they become a thick paste; spread the paste on buttered tins, and bake them in a slow oven. When cold, put a spoonful of jam in each, and cover it with whipped cream

Bread Pudding.—Take a pint of bread-crumbs, and cover them with milk; add some cinnamon, lemon-peel, and grated nutmeg; put them on a gentle fire until the crumbs are well soaked; take out the cinnamon and lemon-peel, beat the crumbs and milk well together, add four eggs well beaten, one ounce of butter, two ounces of sugar, half a pound of currants, and boil it an hour.

Baked Bread Pudding.—Prepare the milk and bread as before; then stir in quarter of a pound of butter and the same quantity of sugar, with a tablespoonful of cinnamon-powder and grated nutmeg; stir the whole well together, and let it cool; beat six eggs, and stir them gradually into the mixture after it is cold. Bake in a deep dish for one hour. A little chopped marrow mingled with it will be found an improvement.

A Rice Pudding.—Boil half a pound of rice in water, with a little bit of salt, till quite tender; drain it dry; mix it with the yolks and whites of four eggs, quarter of a pint of cream, with two ounces of fresh butter melted in it, four ounces of marrow, or veal kidney suet, finely chopped, three-quarters of a pound of currants, two spoonfuls of brandy or raisins, nutmeg, and grated lemon-peel. When well mixed, put a paste round the edge, and fill the dish. Slices of candied orange, lemon, and citron may be added, if approved. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Another.—Wash two large spoonfuls of rice, and simmer it with half a pint of milk till thick; then put a lump of butter the size of an egg, and nearly half a pint of thick cream, and give it one boil. When cold, mix four yolks and two whites of eggs well beaten, sugar and nutmeg to taste, and add grated lemon and a little cinnamon. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a slowish oven, and when the pudding is ready strew over it a little powdered lump-sugar and cinnamon-powder. Currants may be added to the pudding.

Orange Pudding—May be made with six ripe oranges, three of Seville and three of Lisbon, all peeled, the rinds to be beaten in a mortar with half a pound each of fresh butter and moist sugar; to which add the yolks of six or eight eggs, and make the whole into a batter with the juice of only the Lisbon oranges, the number of eggs to be regulated by the size of the fruit. Put the materials into a mould, with a paste around but not over it, and bake it for half an hour.

Lemon Pudding.—Melt six ounces of butter, and pour it over the same quantity of powdered loaf-sugar, stirring it well till cold; then grate the rind of a large lemon, and add it, with eight eggs well beaten and the juice of two lemons; stir the whole till it is completely mixed together, and bake the pudding with a paste round the dish.

Or, Take one pound and a half of bread-crumbs, quarter of a pound of finely-chopped suet, the rind of two lemons grated and the juice of one, two eggs well beaten; mix the whole with quarter of a pound of sugar sifted, and boil it three-quarters of an hour.

THE TEETH: HOW TO PRESERVE AND BEAUTIFY.

DENTIFRICES.

This powder is a good antiseptic and preservative against toothache:—

Precipitated chalk, one ounce; burnt alum, two drachms; Armenian bole, two drachms; oil of cloves, twelve drops; mix well, and keep in a stoppered bottle.

When the teeth are much discolored, from neglect, the occasional use of the following liquid will remove the stain: Hydrochloric acid, one drachm; essence of almonds,

half drachm; spirits of wine, one ounce; distilled water, one ounce; mix the acid and essence together, and add the other ingredients. A few drops on the tooth-brush, and used in the usual manner, will be found to produce a permanent effect.

A tooth-powder for the same purpose: Camphorated chalk, two ounces; powdered myrrh, two drachms; powdered catechu, two drachms; powdered alum, two drachms; chloride of lime, one drachm; oil of cloves, ten drops; mix together well, and keep in a stoppered bottle.

Tincture for Toothache.—Tincture of capsicum, one drachm; oil of thyme, ten drops; oil of peppermint, ten drops; oil of cloves, ten drops; tincture of myrrh, one drachm; spirits of camphor, two drachms. A piece of cotton wool, saturated with the above, and placed firmly in a decayed tooth, will almost immediately alleviate the toothache in that member; but where the gums or several teeth are affected, then rub the gums, top and bottom, with a little of the tincture.

Red Tooth-Powder.—Prepared chalk, four ounces; cuttle-fish powder, half ounce; orris-root powder, half ounce; rose pink, three ounces. To be well rubbed together. Used for whitening the teeth and reddening the gums, and is preferred by many as an efficacious and agreeable tooth-powder.

Sala's Balsam for Toothache.—Essential oil of origanum, one drachm; essential oil of cloves, one drachm; tincture of henbane, half drachm; sweet spirits of nitre, two drachms; tincture of opium, two drachms; white wax, half ounce. Melt the white wax, and while in a liquid state add thereto the other ingredients, previously mixed, and stir all together till well incorporated. The application of this balsam gives ease to all manner of pains in the teeth, proceeding from whatever cause. For decayed teeth, a piece of cotton wool should be saturated with the balsam and inserted into the hollow part. If the teeth ache generally, the gums should be rubbed with a little of the balsam till relieved.

A Powder for Dotted or Honey-Comb Teeth.—As this is a disease of the enamel, it is evident that abrasion is the only cure. The following powder effects this, at the same time giving a polish to the surface: Take of prepared chalk, two ounces; fine pumice-stone powder, two ounces; cuttle-fish powder, one ounce; rose pink, two drachms. Let them all be finely powdered and passed through a gauze sieve. This powder should be used with a hard brush and plenty of water.

A Tooth-Paste for Cleaning the Teeth, and to Cause the Gum to Grow Close to the Enamel.—Powdered myrrh, one ounce; powdered sage, two drachms; best honey, two ounces. Mix well together, and rub the teeth and gums with it every night and morning.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hair of Children.—It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight, tends to deprive them of the requisite supply of nutriment, and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve, the hair should be twisted into a coil not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread, but with a piece of ribbon.

Worth Knowing.—A bowl containing two quarts of water, set in an oven when baking, will prevent pies, cakes, etc. from being scorched. So says the *Baltimore* (Md.) *Sun*.

Rolling Blinds.—There is often a great difficulty in making a blind roll nicely after it has been washed. This difficulty may be effectually obviated by attending to the following directions: Be careful that in drying the blind it is not stretched out of shape, by being carelessly thrown upon a hedge of unequal heights, or pegged to a line in a crooked manner. The best mode of drying is to lay it lightly on an even grass-plot. When there is a little moisture remaining, fold the blind by carefully placing the two *ends* exactly together, not the two *sides*, as is proper in folding most other things; then fold the middle to the two ends, and again fold it in the same direction until it is a convenient width for mangling. There is to be no fold running from end to end of the blind. It may then be carefully mangled. It must be nailed exactly straight upon the roller, or it will not roll well, whether washed or unwashed.

To Take Ink-Blots from Paper.—A solution of oxalic acid, citric acid, or tartaric acid may be applied upon the paper without fear of damage. These acids take out writing-inks, but do not interfere with the printing. A chlorine water applied to blots will remove them.

To Bore a Hole through the Bottom of a Glass Bottle.—A drill supplied with emery and water is better than a diamond for making small holes in glass. As emery does not improve the edge of a drill, a piece of iron wire may be substituted. A diamond will cut out circles, making large holes, but is quite unsuited for *boring*. Common glass may be drilled with an ordinary bow drill, by keeping one or two drops of spirits of turpentine on the glass at the point of the drill. Of course, care must be taken not to apply too much pressure, or you will break the glass.

A Certain Cure and Preventive for Chapped Hands and Faces.—By putting three to six drops of glycerine into the water before washing the hands and face, or, if only washing the hands, drop *one* drop into the palm of the hand after washing off the soap and dirt, rub all over the hands and wrists, and then dry thoroughly. It protects the skin from the strongest frosts.

Spring Fruit Sherbet.—Boil six or eight sticks of clean rhubarb ten minutes in a quart of water, strain the liquor into a jug on to the peel of a lemon cut thin and a sufficient quantity of sugar; let it stand till cold, and it is fit to drink.

Umbrellas.—If your umbrella is wet, do not unfurl it for the purpose of drying it more rapidly. If you do, the whalebones acquire a peculiar set, which it is almost impossible to obviate; they become permanently bent, in consequence of the shrinking of the cloth while drying, and give the umbrella when furled a bulging and unseemly appearance.

Rose Lip-Salve.—Eight ounces of sweet almond oil, four ounces of prepared mutton suet, one ounce and a half of white wax, two ounces of spermaceti, twenty drops of otto; steep a small quantity of alkanet root in the oil, and strain before using. Melt the suet, wax, and spermaceti together, then add the almond oil and otto.

To Clean Pewter and Tin.—Dish-covers and pewter requisites should be wiped dry immediately after being used, and kept free from steam or damp, which would prevent much of the trouble in cleaning them. Where the polish is gone off, let the article be first rubbed on the outside with a little sweet oil laid on a piece of soft linen cloth; then clean it off with pure whiting on linen cloths, which will restore the polish.

Varnishing Paper-Hanging.—Almost any sort of light-bodied varnish may be used for walls, but what is called "pale carriage varnish" is perhaps the best. When the

walls are dry and clean, first apply a coating of glue-size, laid on nearly cold with a soft brush, taking care not to disturb the color.

NUTRITIOUS COMPOSITION.—Take equal quantities of sago and cocoa, mix them, put a tablespoonful in a pint of sweet milk, add half a pint of boiling water, and boil the whole together for a few minutes, with constant stirring. Add sugar according to taste.

BARLEY COFFEE.—Roast two ounces of Scotch barley in the bottom of a dish in a hot oven, till they are of a brown color; then grind them in a coffee-mill, and make a decoction of them in the usual way of making coffee with the foreign berry. It is cheaper, and far more nutritious.

MAKING VINEGAR.—Vinegar, according to a writer in the *Genesee Farmer*, is cheaply made. We republish his receipt: To eight gallons of clear rain water, add three quarts of molasses, put into a good cask, shake well a few times, then add two or three spoonfuls of good yeast cakes. If in summer, place the casks in the sun; if in winter, near the chimney, where it may be warm. In ten or fifteen days, add to the liquid a sheet of brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in molasses, and good vinegar will be produced. The paper will, in this way, form what is called the "mother," or life of vinegar.

A PLAIN CAKE.—Mix together half a pound of butter and a pound and a half of flour; then add half a pound of sugar, a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda, and half an ounce of caraway seeds (ground); mix all these ingredients together in a pint of sweet milk. Bake directly.

TO CLEAN STONE STAIRS AND HALLS.—Boil one pound of pipe-clay with a quart of water, a quart of small beer, and put in a bit of stone-blue. Wash with this mixture, and, when dry, rub the stones with flannel and a brush.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA.

DEAR MR. GODEY: I am afraid your Old Point correspondent will draw upon you indignant "disclaimers" from all parts of the Old Dominion, when she "confidently asserts that a 'Mush Pudding' has never been made in a Virginia kitchen." I have known of it in two counties as a fashionable item of dessert, but, my stand-point not embracing the whole State, cannot answer for more. Our receipt is substantially the same as the one you publish—a little richer, perhaps—and we call them "Mush Pies." I am sure if the fair housekeeper of "forty years'" experience, who "has never made or tasted one of them," were to do the latter now, she would bewail the fate that has kept such delicious flavors from her palate so long. A local poet has thought the theme not unworthy of his lyre, and has sung, in strains of "witching melody," of the delicate charms the dish revealed to him—

"The mysteries of mondamin,
The blessing of the corn-field."

And truly 'tis a pleasant story, worthy of the singer. The soft footfalls of the lovely "laughing water" have left some of their magic on every hill-side of waving corn; and even when stripped of "its long, soft yellow tresses," and buried in the odorous compound of "Mush Pudding," we still recognize "Mondamin," the

"New gift of the Great Spirit."

In our section of Virginia, we appreciate this gift so highly that it forms a part of *every* meal. A breakfast or tea-table ungraced by a "Corn Pone" is something we seldom see here.

I inclose you a receipt for Corn Bread, that we think very nice:—

RICE CORN BREAD.—One pint of boiled rice, one pint of corn-meal, one ounce of butter, two eggs, one pint of sweet milk; beat the eggs very light, then add the milk and melted butter; beat the rice until perfectly smooth, and add to the eggs and milk; lastly, add the corn-meal; beat all together until very light, and bake in shallow pans in a quick oven.

Our receipt for Mush Pie is as follows: One pound of mush, quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of brown sugar, six eggs, the juice and peel of a fresh lemon; beat the butter well into the hot mush; beat the sugar and yolks of the eggs well together, and add to the mush and butter; then add the juice and grated peel of the lemon, then the whites of the eggs, which must first be beaten to a strong froth.

If this receipt is carefully followed, I am sure the result will please the taste of the greatest *bon vivant* in Virginia or elsewhere. V. S.

TEA-CAKE.—Three cups of milk, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one of salæratus, two of cream of tartar, sifted flour to make it as stiff as pound-cake; beat the sugar, butter, and yolk of eggs to a paste, then add the milk, flour, and white of eggs beaten to a froth, and the rest; leave the cream of tartar to the last. Bake immediately.

A NICE DESSERT.—Cover two pie-plates with paste and cake; when nearly done, spread one over thick with fresh sugared strawberries, lay on the other, and bake from five to ten minutes, and eat with cream. Raspberries and peaches are just as good.

TOMATOES.—The following method of preparing tomatoes for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of this excellent vegetable: Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than anything else.

PICKLES.—*To Put up Cucumbers, Melons, Tomatoes, Peaches, etc. for Pickling.*—As good vinegar is not always at hand, the best way is to prepare a brine in a tub or barrel, and save your pickles as they grow. This brine should be made of common salt and water, and strong enough to bear an egg. When the tub is full of pickles, allow the brine to cover them; then cover them over with cabbage-leaves and a board and weight to keep them in the brine. They should be soaked in fresh water three days and nights before using, to extract the salt, frequently changing the water. The great art in making good pickles is to have good vinegar. The best vinegar for pickling is made of apple cider. After your pickles are sufficiently soaked, put them in a brass kettle, with vinegar enough to cover them, and scald them fifteen or twenty minutes, put them in jars, and pour hot vinegar over them; flavor them with cloves, mace, black pepper, an onion or two, and a little horseradish and ginger. For making mangoes, the filling should be made of nasturtiums, small beans, small cucumbers, onions, white mustard, horseradish, allspice, black pepper, mace, cloves, and ginger; tie up a teaspoonful of turmeric, and put in a jar; after being stuffed and tied up, they are made as cucumber pickles.

Editors' Table.

OUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Tis the work
Of many a dark hour and of many a prayer,
To bring the heart back from the infant gone.
WILLIS.

And yet we check and chide
The airy angels, as they flout about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.
MRS. OSGOOD.

THE appearance of the lovely child population of a large city coming out into our public walks and squares, like June roses, in their light summer attire, is more attractive than the sweetest flowers or the most beautiful landscapes. While the bright faces and happy smiles of these little folks are so delightful to behold, there is, sometimes, a drawback to our pleasure in greeting them, because of their unsuitable finery. We know that each lily of the field, each rose of the garden, will have its appropriate colors, and that none will ever attempt to mingle all hues on its own stalk. If those who have the charge of clothing little children would take a lesson on the art of dress from nature, they would never attempt to heap so many incongruous colors and such expensive finery on these beautiful human flowers.

Childhood has its natural graces, which should never be fettered nor so overloaded with ornament as to make the little one stiff and awkward, or afraid to skip and play, lest its rich robes should be disordered. That you take from its simplicity and delicacy of tints by dangling bows and high-colored furbelows is bad; but that is not the worst. You disfigure the pure tablet of the child's mind, by writing upon it, in line upon line, "vanity and vexation of spirit." There is small room for anything else.

When the little girl, who listens and understands long before she can give utterance to her impressions, hears constantly such speeches as these: "Is not that hat becoming?" "I think she looks best in blue; it matches her eyes;" "I cannot bear her in *that* dress; it is old-fashioned; it makes her a fright!" "I have bought pink of the exactly fashionable shade; it is lovely!" etc.—when the child hears these remarks, can we wonder that the indiscriminating mind of three, or even of five or six years, should be deeply sensible of the importance of dress, and consider personal appearance as the first object in life—that to *look* well is the one thing needful?

When the little girl is sent to school, her companions take up the wondrous tale: "What a dowdy she looks like, in that old hat!" "Miss A.'s trimming cost a dollar a yard;" "I wouldn't wear such a cheap dress as Miss B. has on." Such foolish chatter carries on the early forming of the nursery taste. The child finds it more necessary to *look* well than to *do* well, in order to be approved by her companions. The principles of truth and right may be carefully taught her as lessons that she must keep in her memory, while the love of dress and display is stamped into her heart by the warm, earnest words and actions of all around her.

The young lady comes out into the world; is it strange that her brain is filled with French fashions and jewelry, and her heart a "moving toy-shop?" She marries; and what hope but in having wealth to gratify her love of dress—what aim beyond excelling in her fashions of attire will she naturally consider important to her happiness? Will she not train her own children, should she become a mother, as she has been educated—to value dress and personal appearance above those excellencies of character and that knowledge of useful household accomplishments which are indispensable to the enjoyment and improvement of domestic life?

Boys usually, in these days of freedom, shake off the shackles of finery that foolish mothers impose upon their infant sons; but girls are less fortunate. They are kept in the harness till they, too often, become the dolls in character they are in dress.

We do not make these remarks to disparage attention to apparel. We consider it right that our costume, the outward sign of the indwelling spirit, should be considered of much importance, but not the great concern of life.

We have frequently urged upon our readers that *suitableness* is the grand secret of a perfect toilet. It is not suitable to dress children in the elaborate style of grown people. To make little starched, stiff, bedowered dolls of our infants is not pretty nor sensible. Let the little ones be dressed with the utmost neatness and care we can command. Purity, tidiness, freshness—these are requisites, and nothing more. Their clothes should be free, so as not to constrain the vivacity of their movements. Costliness is absurd. Their attention should never be drawn to their dress, except as regards neatness and cleanliness; in exacting those, you cultivate virtues. Let the first years of life, before the cares of womanhood take possession of the mind, be given undividedly to the foundation of the Christian graces of character, and to that superstructure of useful knowledge and liberal accomplishments which ought to be possessed by the mothers of a great nation. It should never be forgotten that American mothers are to be the first teachers of a future race of statesmen—that the character of our country depends, under God, on the condition and character of its women and children.

THE COSTUME OF THE PURITANS.

THAT popular and racy writer, Rev. Charles Kingsley,* has given a spirited sketch of the influence of the old Puritan character on the present fashions of dress among English gentlemen. It will be found that the dress of the cavaliers and noblemen of that day—when Cromwell and his Puritans set up new and plainer fashions of attire—were as finical and fantastic as any that the Boulevards of Paris or the Broadway of New York can now display in the attire of ladies. May we not hope that our sex will yet attain a standard of graceful gravity of apparel that will mark the *lady* always, leaving the extremes of ornament or of negligence to the pretenders of ton and the seekers after notoriety?

Mr. Kingsley says of the change in England:—

"But in the matter of dress and of manners, the Puritan triumph has been complete. Even their worst enemies

* "Sir Walter Raleigh and His Time. With other Papers." By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

have come over to their side, and 'the whirligig of time has brought in his revenges.' Their canons of taste have become those of all England, and High-Churchmen, who still call them round-heads and cropped-ears, go about rounder-headed and closer-cropped than they ever went. They held it more rational to cut the hair to a comfortable length than to wear effeminate curls down the back; and we cut ours much shorter than they ever did. They held —with the Spaniards, then the finest gentlemen in the world—that sad, *i. e.* dark, colors, above all black, were the fittest for stately and earnest gentlemen. We all, from the Tractarian to the Anythingarian, are exactly of the same opinion. They held that lace, perfumes, and jewelry on a man were marks of unmanly foppishness and vanity; and so hold the finest gentlemen in England now. They thought it equally absurd and sinful for a man to carry his income on his back, and bedizen himself out in reds, blues, and greens, ribbons, knots, slashes, and 'treble quadruple daedalian ruffs, built up on iron and timber—a fact—which have more arches in them for pride than London Bridge for use.' We, if we met such a ruffed and ruffled worthy as used to swagger by hundreds up and down Paul's Walk, not knowing how to get a dinner, much less to pay his tailor, should look on him as firstly a fool, and secondly a swindler; while, if we met an old Puritan, we should consider him a man gracefully and picturesquely dressed, but withal in the most perfect sobriety of good taste; and when we discovered (as we probably should), over and above, that the harlequin cavalier had a box of salve and a pair of dice in one pocket, a pack of cards and a few pawnbroker's duplicates in the other, that his thoughts were altogether of citizens' wives and their too easy virtue, and that he could not open his mouth without a dozen oaths, we should consider the Puritan—even though he did quote Scripture somewhat through his nose—as the gentleman, and the courtier as a most offensive specimen of the 'snob triumphant,' glorying in his shame. The picture is not ours, nor even the Puritans'; it is Bishop Hall's, Bishop Earle's—it is Beaumont's, Fletcher's, Jonson's, Shakespeare's—the picture which every dramatist, as well as satirist, has drawn of the 'gallant' of the seventeenth century. No one can read those writers honestly without seeing that the Puritan, and not the Cavalier conception of what a British gentleman should be, is the one accepted by the whole nation at this day."

SMILES AND TEARS.

Know ye that an angel lingers
  At each hidden turn of life,
Bearing in his shining fingers
  Elements of peace or strife?
Elements of bliss or anguish,
  Fortunes like a clouded star,
Hopes that blossom, hopes that languish,
  In that angel's keeping are;
And he standeth at the portal,
  Standeth veiled and silent till
Each expectant, anxious mortal
  Comes to claim his joy or ill.

Weary hearts and footsteps ever
  Meet the angel at the goal,
For the strife of strong endeavor
  Pales the cheek and sinks the soul.
Lighter hearts and brighter faces
  Leave the veiled spirit there,
Who hath hidden gifts and graces
  In the mystic lot they bear.

They who gather joy and blessing,
  With the lip and cheek aglow,
Linger not, but, onward pressing,
  Sing "Te Deum" as they go.

And the weary and the lowly,
  Those who have but lived to brave
Heavy sorrows, burdens holy,
  From the cradle to the grave,
Bowing there to painful duty,
  With a loving, trusting soul,
Go they forth in strength and beauty,
  For their "faith has made them whole!"
O thou Joy! akin to Heaven—
  O thou patient Misery!
Both with richest blessing given
  From our Father's treasury—
We will never cease to wonder
  At your strange and hidden sway
Till the skies shall rend asunder,
  And the earth shall pass away.

In that dread and awful season,
  When the mortal hath no power,
We shall know the hidden reason
  Of each dark and dreary hour
Then the veil will be uplifted,
  And our strengthened vision see
How the holy and the gifted
  Bore and blessed their misery.
And the angel of the portal,
  Donor of our joy and care,
In a beauty more than mortal,
  Will embrace and bless us there! E. C. D.

IDLENESS.—A large proportion of the miseries and vices of mankind proceeds from idleness. With persons of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes often baffled. Men fail in their schemes not so much from want of strength as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating its powers, and using them steadily on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his efforts or intermitting them often, may fail to accomplish anything. Have a right aim, and work faithfully to reach it. Happiness is never gained without persevering effort.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor, all labor is noble and holy."

PROPERTY RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.—The Supreme Court of Michigan has affirmed the decision of an inferior court, that a woman has a perfect right to control in all respects all property acquired by her before or after marriage, that belongs to her, independent of her husband.

A WORD FOR YOUNG POETS.—It is well said by an English critic, that "*discretion* is as much the better part of authorship as of soldiership. Many men—and women, too—of fair abilities and considerable acquirements would, by its timely exercise, have at least been prevented from, publishing in rhyme what they themselves would scarce think worth saying in prose. Blank verse and sonnets are especially liable to be thus abused, and are made the vehicles, most unwillingly, we should imagine, of moral, religious, pathetic, plaintive, amorous, and romantic platitudes to an unsympathizing public. Yet sometimes gold glitters in a heap of gravel."

PLACES OF EDUCATION FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.—In the February number of the Lady's Book is given an extended account of the Worcester School of Design and Academy of Fine Arts. In the article mention is made of another institution, which was opened in September of last year by the proprietors of the above-named school, and which has grown with such rapidity that it deserves notice as one of the leading educational institutions of New England.

Connected, as it is, with the Academy of Fine Arts, the two schools, although differing in character, seem to blend in their operations with a harmony which has a most beneficial effect upon the pupils of each. The object of the French Institute is to give a complete academical education to youth of both sexes; the different branches of study to be pursued in English and French, under native teachers, affording a rare opportunity to acquire familiarity with the French language, *as spoken in Paris*. Facilities are here enjoyed for the attainment of a complete education, be it classical, scientific, literary, or artistic. French and German are constantly spoken in the family of the principals.

The school embraces students of all ages; from the child taking its first steps in knowledge, to the youth who is preparing for college. The system pursued makes study a pleasure rather than a task, pupils receiving encouragement and assistance from their teachers. Twice a week classsinging is taught, and writing receives unusual attention. Calisthenics and military drill are practised with most beneficial results, and a class in dancing receives many children whose parents object to their learning this graceful accomplishment in larger assemblies. As we write, the proprietors are fitting up a gymnasium which will be one of the best in the country. Looking upon the spacious halls devoted solely to physical exercise, we cannot fail to remark the great advance that has been made in the recognition of the claims of physical education.

The discipline of the school is firm, without being severe, and pupils are early taught the value of time and opportunity. In this way they learn to accomplish much that is generally considered beyond the reach of children, and lay, in addition, a solid basis for the acquisition of knowledge in after years. Their tastes are guided in the right direction, and a love of all that is beautiful in nature and in art is inculcated. To this end the school-rooms are pleasant parlors, hung with the best engravings, and ornamented with the choicest flowers. Children are easily impressed by surrounding influences, and with those to whom their education is intrusted rests the responsibility of inculcating tastes that shall purify and bless their lives—tastes which the majority of children do not acquire without aid.

Feeling a deep interest in the education of youth, of both sexes, we have looked upon this school as, in every respect, a *model institution*. We are aware that this is high praise; but those acquainted with its merits will respond in all sincerity. To strangers visiting Worcester, an invitation is at all times extended to visit the institute and its sister institution. Catalogues can be obtained of the principals, Misses Robinson and Gardner.

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 922 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, will reopen on Monday, September 13th.

This school is designed to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. An accomplished French teacher resides in the family, and also an excellent teacher of music, who gives her personal attention to pupils while practising. The moral training and the health and physical development of the scholars are carefully attended to.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL. D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.

DR. WILSON deserves the regards of our readers for his excellent advice. See "Health Department" in this number, and learn what "woman can do," what she must do, before the "good time," so long hoped for, can come. We hope our readers will be among the fashionable leaders in this *health reform* which is now beginning to move the public mind.

MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.—We have received but two names this month to add to the list of members.

Mrs. Lucy Mitchell, $1.

Wm. Sheets (collected from Pleasant Dale Sunday-School, Vermilion Co., Illinois), $6,

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TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted, and will appear as soon as we have room: "Eva Lee"—"Dreams"—"Hopes"—"Love Lines"—"Be a hero in the strife"—"The Pines"—"A Vesper"—"The Devoted"—"To Maggie"—and "The Song of the River."

The following articles are declined: "A Story"—"War and its Victims"—"Great Bargains"—"Tears are Vain"—"Sweets to the Sweet"—"Ruin"—"Love"—"Coming to Want"—"Advice"—"Too good to live"—"Dress"—"A long story" (quite too long)—"Something like a Ghost"—"Songs"—"Hon. Mrs. Norton"—"Lines"—"My Ocean Home" and a prose article—"P. C." is not wanted (the author may succeed with study and earnest endeavor)—"Evening Prayer"—"Reminiscence"—"Anne"—"Homes and Husbands"—"Shadows"—"A Dirge" (we are obliged to decline these rhymed obituaries, however beautiful—the numbers sent would fill our poetic department)—"A Remembrance of New England"—"Retrospection"—"Oh, is it not a time to love!"—"Where go the Ships"—and "The last Friend."

We are sorry to disappoint so many of our friends, but we cannot admit articles unless they *merit* a place in the Book. Many writers spoil an excellent idea by dilution, till its strength is washed away in a stream of words. Be brief. Never send your "first poem" to the Lady's Book. Never send us an article "hastily written;" we want *finished productions*. Remember that the editors are responsible to the public as endorsers of the articles appearing in our periodical. We cannot, even to oblige "a friend," give currency to an inferior literature. Our Book must be "Excelsior" in all departments.

Health Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M.D.

THE AIR OF CITIES—HEALTH A DUTY.—The whole atmosphere of cities and other places where numbers are congregated is more or less impure, as a necessary consequence of the various foreign elements commingled with it. But we feel confident, if the laws of hygiene were known and diligently enforced by city authorities, that the *out*-door atmosphere at least might be rendered comparatively healthful, sufficiently so, at any rate, to banish those

wide-wasting epidemics, cholera, yellow-fever, etc. Still the best directed efforts of city authorities can do but little more, in the present state of things, than to abate external and public nuisances, and check the spread of epidemics; for, after all, health-preserving measures, to be effectual, must begin *at home*. The people, with whom every radical and permanent reform must commence, must be taught the laws of health; and they must be taught, moreover, the great truth that obedience to those laws is second in importance to the obligations of the moral law. And indeed those laws may be properly regarded as part, and a most material part, of our moral obligations; for no one can be held guiltless in the sight of God who remains in wilful ignorance of them, or who disregards them when known, and thus becomes guilty of the crime of self-destruction. Oh, that all could receive this great truth! Oh, that all would consider the preservation of health as a *duty, as a part of their religion*, as a *sacred obligation* due to themselves, to their Creator, and to their race!

One of the greatest evils of city life is the crowding of multitudes in garrets, cellars, and other dark, damp, narrow, filthy, and confined habitations. Ah, it is enough to make the heart sick to think of the moral and physical deterioration of our fellow-creatures, where the sexes are huddled together like cattle, without distinction, in these pestilential dens. From these centres of infection issue streams of corruption, which poison the atmosphere and spread contagion and death, moral and physical, through our cities. And these hotbeds of disease are to be found in every street, lane, and alley, while the death-producing emanations from them are commingled with a whole atmosphere loaded with the effluvia from distilleries, cow-stables, hog-pens, soap-factories, slaughter-houses, graveyards, and ten thousand other air-contaminating agencies peculiar to cities. No wonder, then, that "death rides on every passing breeze," nor wants for victims to feed upon in our populous and dirty cities.

CAN NOTHING BE DONE?—WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.—And can nothing be done to remedy this dreadful state of things? Shall the appeals of philanthropy, of Christianity, of common humanity, and self-preservation all pass alike unheeded? Surely not. Surely, woman, pure, tender-hearted, *loving* woman, will do something to redeem her unfortunate fellow-creatures, and *especially her own sex*, from the thraldom of vice, disease, and death. Surely, she will study and practise the laws of health herself, and do all that she can to diffuse hygienic knowledge among the masses, until the majority of the people shall be so far enlightened as to co-operate with our legislators in carrying out a *thorough, radical* HOME reform of the evils to which we have adverted. This *can* be done, this *must* be done, this WILL be done, and that mainly through the instrumentality of woman, the greatest, the best of all reformers. Who but her has banished profane swearing from good society? Who but her has put an end to fashionable tippling? Who *can* do more than she—who HAS done more in every great moral and social reform?

And this is a work *peculiarly her own*; it is a work of philanthropy, of loving kindness; it is a *womanly* work; it involves no contentions about "woman's rights," no noisy and unfeminine assemblages. All that is necessary is to *read, practise*, and *disseminate* the great truths of hygiene, to visit the poor and the sick, to minister to their wants, and to point them to a "better way" physically, as well as morally, and then *the work is done!* For, if the people could be thus enlightened, the evils of which we now so bitterly complain could not long exist in the United States of America, where all power belongs to the masses.

FASHIONABLE LADIES.—This is a large class that suffers no less from confinement and want of exercise than the toiling slaves of necessity, while they have nothing to plead in extenuation of their disregard of one of the first great laws of health, most of them choosing the way of death, and become *willing, self-offered* victims. These fashionable offshoots of modern society, these "nice" young ladies, consider it vulgar to appear abroad on foot, and they would ride in a carriage to the kitchen, if they ever had occasion to go there; they spend their days in lounging on sofas or beds, in rooms from which the bright sunlight of heaven and the pure air are excluded, with as much pertinacity as a poor relation or one of the "lower class," who does affect gentility and aristocracy. And can such deluded creatures as these expect to enjoy health? How can they expect anything but contracted chests, crooked spines, round shoulders, consumption, physical and mental imbecility, and an early grave? And, alas, with many the delusion, if it may be called a delusion, is wilful. As strange as it may appear, they are not entirely ignorant; many of them are educated, and, though their reading is confined mostly to the last new novel, they know something of the laws of health. They know, at any rate, that air was made to breathe, and that the absence of pure, fresh air makes them feel very bad. But then they do not want to be stout and hearty! These are marks of plebeianism and rusticity; they are the characteristics of "common people"—"country girls," who roam about the fields and even condescend to engage in the vulgar and ungenteel employments of domestic life, all of which is decidedly unbecoming and unfashionable, for it is fashionable to be sick. Lilies are preferred to roses; the pale cheek and languishing air are so much more "interesting," according to modern notions, than the ruddy complexion and the free, elastic step. Well may we say, in the face of such folly and perversity as this, that these cases are almost hopeless! for we hardly know how to address those who thus wilfully violate the laws of their being—who sin against themselves and their God, and barter the most precious treasure of life for trifles lighter than air! Oh, that the republican women of America would cease all affectation of aristocracy, and especially that kind of aristocracy, or gentility, or, rather, sinful *foolery*, which sneers at useful labor, and considers blooming health an evidence of vulgarity!

COLUMBUS, *Ga.*

Literary Notices.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—Now that the postage on printed matter is so low, we offer our services to procure for our subscribers or others any of the books that we notice. Information touching books will be cheerfully given by inclosing a stamp to pay return postage.

When ordering a book, please mention the name of the publisher.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Conducted by Charles Dickens. Published simultaneously in London and New York. Monthly part. Vol. I. No. II. Price 25 cents.

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From SHELDON, BLAKEMAN, & Co., New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE CHINA MISSION. By William Dean, D. D., twenty years a missionary to China. A very interesting and instructive volume of nearly four hundred pages, embracing, besides geographical and historical sketches of China and the Chinese, a history of the various missions of all denominations among the inhabitants of "the flowery

kingdom," and numerous concise biographies of deceased missionaries. Price $1 25.

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From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

PARLOR CHARADES AND PROVERBS. Intended for the Parlor or Saloon, and requiring no Extensive Apparatus of Scenery or Properties for their Performance. By S. Annie Frost. These charades are admirably adapted for the purpose of private performance in the parlor. Many of them have been performed in the presence of highly intelligent audiences, and received with decisive marks of approbation. For private charade parties the volume is invaluable. The price is not 50 cents, as stated in a former number of the Lady's Book by mistake; it is 75 cents in paper covers, and $1 00 full bound.

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From GEORGE G. EVANS, Philadelphia:—

ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859. *With Biographical Notices of Sovereigns, Statesmen, and Military Commanders, Description and Statistics of the Country, Causes of the War, etc.* By Julie de Marguerittes, author of "The Ins and Outs of Paris," etc. With an Introduction by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. With Map and Portraits. This is a very acceptable volume, containing much statistical and reliable information, along with many interesting anecdotes, personal sketches, and not a few of those extremely doubtful accessories to history—*on dits*. Price $1 25.

—

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

We have received the July number of their excellent quarterly, THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Price $5 00 a year.

—

From OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston, through BECK & LAWTON, Philadelphia:—

THE HOME MELODIST: *A Collection of Songs and Ballads for the Voice only.* Containing over sixty of the most popular songs—words and music—of the day. This small but neat and compact volume will be found a pleasant addition to the home circle.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND. Music and words. All lovers of song will do well to examine this charming collection.

From the same publishers we have received a catalogue of the sheet music and music-books which they have issued. Some idea may be formed of the extent of their business from the fact that this catalogue contains nearly three hundred pages of closely-printed matter.

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From FOLLETT, FOSTER & Co., Columbus, Ohio, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MABEL; *or, Heart Histories.* A Tale of Truth. By Rosella Rice. This is the second edition of a novel by a western authoress, whose pen exhibits excellencies of no inferior order. In typographical appearance, this volume will bear comparison with any work of a similar character published in the East, and reflects great credit upon the enterprising firm, who are at once its publishers, printers, and binders. Price 75 cents.

—

From RICKEY, MALLORY & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio:—

THE MICROSCOPIST'S COMPANION; *to which is Added a Glossary of the Principal Terms used in Microscopic Science.* By John King, M. D. Illustrated with one hundred and fourteen cuts. We are indebted to the author and publishers for a copy of this excellent manual of practical microscopy, the publication of which we announced several months since. It is designed for those engaged in microscopic investigation, and for schools, seminaries, colleges, etc., and comprises original and selected observations relative to the use and management of the microscope and to the preparation and preservation of objects for microscopic examination.

—

We find on our table a package of the recent publications of the CHURCH BOOK SOCIETY, 762 Broadway, New York. Among them are three more volumes of the popular LIVES OF THE BISHOPS, by Mr. Norton. We have before noticed their style and design, both excellent. BISHOP RAVENSCROFT of North Carolina is the first; BISHOP BOWEN of South Carolina the second. The LIFE OF BISHOP CROSS of New Jersey will have peculiar interest to many at the present time, when the appointment of so noble a successor has directed attention to the diocese, as a history of its early struggles towards its present prosperous condition, as well as being the biography of an excellent man who rose to wide usefulness from extreme obscurity.

AUNT CHARITY. By Mrs. E. L. Northrop. A story of pride and passion, humbled and subdued by misfortunes and chastisements to a loving, gentle, humble Christian spirit.

RAMBLES OF A RAT. By A LOE. These well-known initials are ever a promise of good things. In the present volume, as in "Wings and Strings," there are ingenious applications of natural history to morals and manners.

THE MINE, by the same author, is an excellent little story. In short, we heartily commend all she has written.

THE CHRIST CHILD. Admirably illustrated. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

PHILIP AND ARTHUR. An excellent story for boys.

THE STORY OF A STORY-BOOK. One of those practical home encouraging missionary tales that we might expect from the name of the author, Jenny Marsh Parker.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

A NATIONAL SUBJECT.—"The Heroic Women of the Revolution," five engravings—an original design by Mrs. Lilly Martin Spencer, of New York, designed and engraved expressly for the Lady's Book. Our subscribers will be pleased with this picture and the matter that illustrates it. Our young readers will see what trying scenes the women of the Revolution were actors in.

OUR LITERATURE.—Of course every one will read "Aunt Bethiah's Visit" and "The Back Closet in the Soul." "Carriage Friends" and "A Title Lost, a Heart Won," continue to increase in interest.

THE ART OF ENGRAVING.—Those who have read the articles on this subject—commenced in our August and finished in this number—will see how much has to be done before one of the splendid engravings we monthly give is in a state to be presented to them. They will also wonder the more how the Book can be sold at so low a price as we charge for it. The articles are well worth their careful perusal.

We have been favored with the Eleventh Annual Report of the Mission in the Insane Hospital, Children's Asylum, and Male Medical Hospital, by Rev. Edward C. Jones, A. M. Mr. Jones has devoted the best part of his life to the mission, and is an able laborer in a good cause.

The *Hartford Courant* publishes the following in No. 6. There are some things that we object to. We don't like "wringing the neck" of a chicken, "or preparing it;" all the rest we subscribe to:—

The Way to Spoil Girls.—If any parent wishes a receipt how to spoil daughters, it can be easily and readily given, and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious.

1. Be always telling her, from earliest childhood, what a beautiful creature she is. It is a capital way of inflating the vanity of a little girl to be constantly exclaiming "How pretty!" Children understand such flattery even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done to the character in its earliest formation.

2. Begin, as soon as she can toddle around, to rig her up in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hoop upon her at once, with all the artificial adornments of flounces, and feathers, and flowers, and curls. Fondness for dress will thus become a prominent characteristic, and will usurp the whole attention of the young immortal, and be a long step towards spoiling her.

3. Let her visit so much that she finds no happiness at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting and change of place and associates. She will thus grow as useless as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be.

4. Let her reading consist of novels of the nauseatingly sentimental kind. She will be spoiled sooner than if she perused history or science. Her heart will be occupied by fictitious scenes and feelings, her mind filled with unrealities, and her aims placed on fashion, and dress, and romantic attachments.

5. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments, without the slightest knowledge of the things really useful in life. Your daughter won't be spoiled so long as she has a real desire to be useful in the world and aims at its accomplishments. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of the necessity and virtue of being some real use to somebody pervading her heart, and she will be soon ready as a spoiled daughter.

6. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of housekeeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar to do anything for yourself, or to learn how anything is done in the house. A spoiled daughter should never be taught the mysteries of the kitchen; such things a lady always leaves to the servants. It would be "vulgar" for her to know how to dress trout or shad, to bake, to wash, to iron, to sweep, to wring the neck of a live chicken, pluck it, and prepare it for breakfast, or to do anything that servants are hired to do. As a mistress of a house, it is her duty to sit on a velvet sofa all day, in the midst of a pyramid of silks and flounces, reading the last flash novel, while her domestics are performing the labors of the house.

To complete the happiness of your *spoiled daughter*, marry her to a bearded youth with soft hands, who knows as little how to earn money as she does to save it. Her happiness will be finished for her lifetime.

On another page will be found a new circular of Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, of prints and engravings suitable for Grecian painting, etc., and other information. Mr. J. E. Tilton, of Salem, finding his business in this line so much enlarged, has, in connection with his brother, made their principal house at 161 Washington Street, Boston, for the better accommodation of their customers and themselves. They are publishing several fine new things.

More Victims to Low Prices.—A letter from Tullahoma, Texas, informs us that a fellow calling himself "A. Crawford, five feet ten or eleven inches high, black hair and eyes, thin face, long nose, rather ugly, knock-kneed, and stoops when he walks—" Such is the description given of him by our correspondent. Ugly as he must be, yet he tempted people to subscribe, because he offered the Book at a low price. It is hardly necessary for us to say that we do not know him, as we have no agents to solicit subscribers.

Carryl, Brodie, and Genin each contribute a page of the latest fashions in their separate departments—Carryl new style of curtains, Brodie one of his inimitable designs, and Genin a page of lingerie.

Dog Trains and Indians.—Read the following from Traverse City:—

"Please send to me the August number, for 1858, of your highly popular magazine. Living in the woods, and our mail coming on a dog-train, we are obliged to procure your indispensable work from news agents at Chicago, who send them to us by vessel, not thinking it safe to trust the delicate morsels which it contains to that kind of transportation (dog-train), as in winter, when the mail is oftentimes a large one, a portion of it is hung up on an oak or pine, where it remains until such times as may best suit the convenience of the Indian, who acts as conductor of the train, to carry it to its destination. F."

For the benefit of heads of families we publish the following. We think the idea a good one:—

Learning to Swim.—The following plan will enable any one to learn to swim, or those who cannot swim to cross deep water safely. The directions, which are simple, require care:—

Take a piece of cork, or, for want of cork, light wood, such as deal, and form it into an oval shape, about eighteen inches in its utmost width; cut a hole in the centre wide enough to admit your neck; then divide it into two pieces, thus; then join the two parts on one side with a hinge of gutta percha, or caoutchouc, or leather, and on the other side of it with strings.

The novice has only to put the two sides round his neck, tie the strings, and, while he cannot sink, he has full use of his arms and legs in an upright position, which is the best of all for a beginner in the art of swimming.

The shape of the cork offers no impediment whatever to the progress of the swimmer in the water.

For learning to swim, an India-rubber ring cushion, with an opening and string, answers well, but is liable to get punctured.

Hair Ornaments.—Ladies wishing hair made into bracelets, pins (which are very beautiful), necklaces, or ear-rings, can be accommodated by our Fashion Editor. A very large number of orders have recently been filled, and the articles have given great satisfaction.

We give the prices at which we will send these beautiful articles:—

Breastpins, from $4 to $12.
Ear-rings, from $4 50 to $10.
Bracelets, from $3 to $15.
Rings, from $1 50 to $3.
Necklaces, from $6 to $15.
Fob-chains, from $6 to $12.
The Charms of Faith, Hope, and Charity, $4 50.
Hair Studs from $5 50 to $11 the set.
Sleeve Buttons from $6 50 to $11 the set.

For the benefit of our young friends, we give in our own department a series of engravings to amuse them, something for them to try their *hands* at—hand shadows to be thrown upon the wall—a series of novel and amusing figures formed by the hand. Of course these cannot be produced perfectly on one trial only, but the most difficult of all that we intend to publish may be accomplished after a few minutes. With a little ingenuity, and some patience, new shadows may be produced, and not unfrequently figures appear that one never dreamed of attempting.

Neutralizing Poisons.—The following, if true, is invaluable: "A poison, of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or accidentally swallowed, may be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. This oil will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal, or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted."

Literary Associations.—We now commence in time to warn our subscribers against sending their money to any association purporting to furnish the Lady's Book as part of the inducement to subscribe, and promising them great prizes in some future drawing of a lottery. We will not be responsible in any way. We will also add that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible. We only send the Lady's Book when the money is sent direct to us.

"Godey is Popular with Borrowers."—Short, but emphatic. The editor of the *Milton Democrat* says also that the number under notice is "keeping Lent."

Dreer's Bouquets.—These identical bouquets come as near perfection as anything can. Our subscribers ought to know where the best of any and everything can be had, and we unhesitatingly say that Dreer can put together a prettier bouquet than any other man in his business. Orders can be left at his store, 327 Chestnut Street.

"The Hair Crimper" published in our August number we furnish at 75 cents a dozen. Each box contains twelve of various sizes, handsomely done up. For the above price we pay the postage. They are very highly commended. Full directions accompany each box.

The Cosmopolitan Arts Union, of New York, offer this year to its patrons an engraving worth ten times the price of subscription—"Shakspeare and his Friends." The price of proofs of this plate in England was $40; the amount each member of the Cosmopolitan has to pay to get one of these plates is only $3, and he also has a chance in the distribution to get a splendid painting or a piece of statuary; but the plate you are sure of. Every library in the country should have "Shakspeare and his Friends."

FOR GRECIAN PAINTING.—J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass., publish the following fine and desirable engravings, which they send by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

	Size of Plate.	Price.
Hiawatha's Wooing,	14 by 18,	1 50
The Farm-Yard,	13 by 19,	1 50
The Happy Family,	13 by 17,	1 25
Les Orphelines,	9 by 11,	1 00
The Jewsharp Lesson,	9 by 11,	60
The Little Bird,	9 by 11,	60
Age and Infancy,	16 by 23,	2 00
Jean d'Arc,	12 by 16,	1 00
Evangeline (Longfellow's),		1 00
Beatrice Cenci,		1 00

The first eight are intended for Grecian and Antique painting, and have separate directions for each object, how to paint, the colors used, and how to mix.

They also continue to publish desirable things in this line, of which they send notice to their customers.

Seminaries, teachers, and dealers furnished, at liberal discount, with the above, and all *Artists' materials.*

Sets of the best *English Oil Colors* in tubes, varnishes, oils, brushes, and other needful materials for the arts of Grecian and Antique Oil Painting, furnished for $3. Small trial pictures for use at thirteen cents each.

Improvements made from time to time in these and other arts will be communicated to our customers *without extra charge.*

Directions in our new style of Grecian and Antique Painting on Glass, Oriental and Potichimanie, furnished, full and complete (so that any child may learn without other instruction), for one dollar, postpaid, with rules for varnishes, etc.

Purchasers of our goods to the amount of five dollars are entitled to the directions free.

Persons ordering them for one dollar, and after buying the materials to the amount of five dollars, may deduct the one dollar paid for directions.

Address J. E. TILTON & Co., Publishers and Dealers in Artists' Goods, Boston, Mass., where they have established their principal house for the better accommodation of a large and increasing business.

"THE MINSTREL'S BRIDE; or, the Shepherd of Hazel Glen," a book of poems, heretofore noticed favorably in our columns, can be had of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Price $1 00.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—We can recommend a new article—Patent India Rubber Handle Table Knives. These knives are superior in every respect to any other heretofore manufactured. The handles can be cleaned in warm water, will retain their high polish, and are warranted not to split or loosen from the blade; and the blades are manufactured from the best English steel. We can furnish them at the following prices:—

Table Knives,	$5 50 per dozen.
Table Forks,	4 50 " "
Dessert Knives,	5 00 " "
Dessert Forks,	4 25 " "
Carver, Fork, and Steel,	3 25
Salad Spoon and Fork,	1 50

They will be sold either by the single dozen, or by the whole set. Pratt & Brothers are the agents in this city.

"WILL you take something?" said a teetotaller to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well," said the teetotaller, "let's take a walk."

MEDLEY FROM THE POETS.

The moon was shining silver bright;
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Exclaimed, "Now don't be foolish, Joe!"

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
A bumblebee went thundering by,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And spread its pall upon the sky.

His echoing axe the settler swung;
He was a lad of high renown;
And deep the pearly caves among,
Giles Scroggles courted Molly Brown.

Loud roars the wind in constant blast,
And cloudless sets the sun at even,
When twilight dews are falling fast,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven.

Oh! over thus, from childhood's hour,
By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Beneath yon ivy-mantled tower,
The bullfrog croaks his serenade.

My love is like the red, red rose;
He bought a ring with posey true;
Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!

THE "Ladies' Manual of Fancy Work" is very popular, as it contains everything that a lady ought to know about crochet netting, embroidery, and all kinds of fancy work, and the price is only $1 25.

THE CONNELLSVILLE (PA.) PATRIOT.—We congratulate the people of Connellsville for having in their midst so amiable a gentleman and so able an editor as R. Lyle White, Esq. His paper shows his ability. We heartily wish him the success he deserves.

TOILET CURL CLASPS.—A new article, to take the place of curl papers. A most ingenious and useful article; one that will entirely supersede the ungraceful paper. We will give the directions how to produce a most luxuriant set of curls:—

Directions for using the Toilet Curl Clasps.—Moisten the hair with cold water, comb and part it; then unhook the clasps and commence at the small end. Roll the hair around them tight and smoothly, with the large end of the clasp up. Hook them, and let them remain so for a few hours; then unhook them, and place the thumb and forefinger on the curl and draw out the clasp without unwinding it in the least, and your ringlet will be smooth and perfect.

They will form curls in less time if the clasps are heated in the oven of the stove just so warm that they can be handled, before the hair is rolled on to them. There are three sizes, Nos. 1, 2, 3. No. 3 being the largest.

A RAPID mind continually struggles, the feeble one limps, and a great mind selects the surest points, and upon these it stands.

Genuine religion never produces an austere temper.

Joke with an inferior, and you tumble to the level of that inferior.

TOWN, COUNTY, AND STATE.—Do not forget to put all these in every letter you write. You do not know how much trouble it would save us.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

The strawberry season has just passed, and our city has been supplied more bountifully than usual with this luscious and healthy fruit. As there appears to be a growing interest and desire throughout the country to cultivate this fruit, a few remarks on the subject may not be unacceptable to the readers of the Lady's Book.

The strawberry is so easily cultivated and so uniformly productive that every housekeeper possessing a few feet of ground can have no excuse for not supplying themselves with an abundance.* The late lamented A. J. Downing said, truly: "Ripe, blushing strawberries, eaten from the plant, or served with sugar and cream, are certainly Arcadian dainties, with a true paradisiacal flavor; and, fortunately, they are so easily grown that the poorest owner of a few feet of ground may have them in abundance."

We will now briefly give the most important points to be attended to in their cultivation. *Situation.*—Select a warm, exposed, and yet rather moist location. *Selection of soil.*—New land is the best, and next a sandy loam; but almost any soil, even the heaviest clay, can be prepared by a liberal mixture of sand or gravel. Wet, spongy lands, unless well drained, and high, barren hills, with a thin, flinty soil, are alike to be avoided. *Preparation of the soil.*—Break up the soil as deep and thoroughly as possible with a subsoil plough, or trench it with a spade fully twenty inches deep, as the roots have been found to penetrate to a great depth. *Manures.*—Leaf-mould, decomposed turf or peat, new surface soil, wood-ashes and lime, with a little salt well composted, are the best manures for the strawberry. Barnyard manure may be applied on old or exhausted lands, but in garden soils or good-conditioned fields, we would simply apply ashes, lime, and salt, as the usual applications of barnyard manure are too heating in their character, forcing out a rank, strong growth of vines and runners, quite unfavorable to fruitfulness. *Transplanting, &c.*—For large plantations, the early spring is perhaps the best season. The next best season is the month of September, after the cool, moist fall weather has commenced. The ground then works easily, and there is not much difficulty in making them live. Set out the plants in rows from one to two feet apart, and from ten to twelve inches apart in the rows. Care should be taken to leave the roots in their natural spreading condition, and with the fingers press the earth compactly around the body of the plant. They should be liberally supplied with water, and require no further care than to be kept free of weeds. In a northern latitude, protect during the winter with leaves, straw, or spent tan. Upon the approach of spring, remove the covering, keep the beds clear of weeds, and remove all the runners as they appear, as they tend to weaken the plants and reduce the size of the fruit. The limits of this article will not permit of any further detail. Those who take an interest in the subject we would refer to "Pardee's Complete Manual on the Strawberry," sold at the principal seed and book-stores, at a cost of 60 cents.

And now to the selection of varieties. Were we, for want of space or other circumstances, confined to one sort, we should unhesitatingly select the *Albany Seedling*. This variety originated near Albany, New York, is of a remarkably vigorous growth, large and uniform-sized berries, good flavor, and wonderfully productive. Four hundred and twenty-six berries were counted on a single plant this season. Our next choice for general cultivation would be the *May Queen*. This is an early variety, very productive, medium-sized berries, bright scarlet color, and delicious flavor. Our third choice would be *McAvoy's Superior* (the Cincinnati $100 prize variety). Very large fruit, productive, and fine flavor. And for a fourth variety we would recommend *Peabody's Seedling*, a large variety, of exquisite flavor, but only moderately productive. There are many other varieties of merit, which may be added where a great variety is desired, but the above are sufficient for all purposes.

Any of the above varieties will be carefully packed and forwarded by express at 50 cents per dozen, or $2 00 per hundred, or one hundred plants of each of the above four varieties, including packing, for $5 00.

Flowers.—Among the novelties of more recent introduction are the *Pompone or Daisy Chrysanthemums*, which, from their beauty of form and great variety of colors, are becoming great favorites, blooming at a season when all the other flowers of the garden are past, "the last rose of summer being faded and gone," and there is little left to adorn the flower-border but this useful and highly ornamental plant. They are so hardy, and can be so easily transported at any season of the year, that we do not hesitate to recommend them. One dozen distinct varieties packed and forwarded for $3 00.

Now is the season to prepare for winter and early spring flowering plants. The seeds of such varieties as the Heart's-ease, or Pansy, Chinese Primrose, Cineraria, Calceolaria, Stock gilli, and other favorites, should be sown during the autumn. For particulars we refer to the article on the subject in last September's number of the Book, page 283, or to

Henry A. Dreer, *Seedsman and Florist*,
No. 327 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The man who can be kept awake six nights in a week with the toothache, and be "routed" by a squalling baby just after he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night—without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented—is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all the Spartans put together.

Embroidery Stamps.—We have frequently received orders from our patrons for embroidery stamps, but could not until recently procure an article that we could recommend. We have just received from the manufactory of Alfred Peirce, Massillon, Ohio, a set of his celebrated stamps, which, for durability, beauty, and *cheapness*, surpass anything we have seen. In our opinion, they richly deserve the popularity they enjoy. They are adapted to silk as well as French embroidery, and will stamp upon any material, with blue or white ink, with great accuracy. The inking apparatus and inks are very simple and easily made, and cost almost nothing. A pattern-book, beautiful show-bills, and full instructions accompany every order for stamps, without extra charge. The taste for embroidery is daily increasing, and, but for the difficulty experienced in many places of obtaining correct stamping, would be much more common. There should be a set of Peirce's stamps in every town and village in the country. Ladies engaged in any fancy business will find this a pleasant and profitable acquisition. Mr. P. will furnish stamps at $6 per dozen. Stamps made to order, from any pattern that may be sent. Be particular and address letters and orders to Alfred Peirce, Massillon, Ohio.

Bridis of New York, the pioneer of fashionists, again favors us with an elegant design. See page 196.

* A gentleman connected with Adams's Express Company, in this city, has picked this season, from a bed thirty by thirty-six feet, four hundred quarts.

A description of some of the dresses worn at Her Majesty of England's last drawing-room:—

Mrs. Dallas.—Train of Napoleon blue Terry velvet, lined with glace, and trimmed with blonde; skirt and tunic of white glace, trimmed with blonde and satin ribbon; headdress, feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Duchess of Beaufort.—Costume de cour, composed of train of white poult de soie de Chine with variegated fuchsias, lined with silk, trimmed with blonde and ribbon; corsage to correspond, with blonde and bouquet; stomacher of diamonds; skirt of white thulle over white glace, very elegantly trimmed with bouquets of variegated fuchsias; coiffure of ostrich feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Duchess of Marlborough.—A dress of white glace, beautifully trimmed with large bouillons of white thulle and quadrilles of turquoise blue, fastened with tassels of silver, terminated with silver grelots; shaded tunic of blue and white, veiled by a long skirt of silver-spotted thulle, looped with large nœuds of thulle de Lyon, ornamented with silver lace, also partly veiled by the skirt; the corsage with berthe of silver quadrille, Spanish trimming, and grelots to correspond; bouquet of shaded ostrich feathers, tied with silver cord; the train agraffe on the shoulders of the richest white crystallizé, lined blue, with border of blue, covered with the same Spanish trimming; headdress, magnificent tiara of diamonds and pearl drops, shaded feathers, flowers, and long veil of silver-spotted thulle; necklace, chain of diamonds, and diamond and pearl ornaments.

Duchess of Wellington.—A train of splendid velvet groseille des Alpes, attached to the shoulders with diamonds, and trimmed with plaiting of white glace ruban; the petticoat was a double skirt of moire blanc d'argent, trimmed with ornaments of velvet groseille des Alpes and silver braid; the corsage of moire blanc d'argent, trimmed with blonde and ornaments of velvet to correspond; headdress, coronet of diamonds with feathers and lace.

Marchioness of Londonderry.—Train of lilac poult de soie, lined with white, and trimmed with puffings of thulle, Brussels lace, and ruches of lilac glace; skirts of lilac glace, with flounces of Brussels lace over thulle, with ruches of lilac glace; headdress, feathers, lilac lappets, and diamond ornaments.

Countess of Derby.—Train of mauve moire antique, lined with glace, and trimmed with Brussels lace and bows of shaded velvet ribbon; white moire antique skirt, trimmed with thulle and flounces of Brussels lace, festooned with bows of mauve-shaded velvet ribbon; headdress, feathers, lace lappets, and diamond ornaments.

Countess of Shaftesbury.—Train of blue Gothic moire, lined with glace and trimmed with grebe; blue glace skirt, with full trimming of thulle and crape; tunic trimmed with point lace and feathers; headdress, plumes and lace lappets; ornaments, turquoise and diamonds.

Countess of Verulam.—Train of gray poult de soie, trimmed with Brussels lace and ruches of thulle, edged with gray glace; skirts of gray glace, trimmed with Brussels lace and thulle, and bouquets of gray and lilac hyacinths; headdress, feathers and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Countess of Yarborough.—A dress of violet silk, covered with thulle of the same color, trimmed with volants of thulle, bordered with blonde and black lace, violet ruches, and bouquets of magnificent white roses and mixed foliage; a train of violet moire antique, lined with white satin, and trimmed with blonde and black lace to correspond with the dress; the corsage ornamented with magnificent diamonds; headdress, feathers, lappets, and diamonds.

Countess Ducie.—Bodice and train of sky blue moire antique, lined with white silk, tastefully trimmed with Brussels point and nœuds of ribbon; skirt composed of two flounces of rich point lace, bouillons of crêpe under, and bouquets of pink and white flowers; headdress, point lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Countess of Effingham.—Train of a very rich Pompadour moire antique, lined with pale green glace, and trimmed round with Brussels lace; petticoat composed of green thulle, with two Brussels flounces over a slip of pale green glace; headdress, plumes, flowers, lappets, etc.; ornaments, diamonds and emeralds.

Countess of Suffolk.—Body and train of rich blue moire antique, lined with satin, and trimmed with grebe; sleeves and berthe ornamented with very fine point lace and ruches of satin ribbon; petticoat, double skirt, mounted with bouillons and ruches of satin ribbon, and surmounted by a tunic of lace of beautiful design; headdress, point lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Countess of Leven.—Train of black satin, lined with glace, and trimmed with Spanish lace; skirt of black Gothic moire, trimmed with Spanish lace and black satin ribbon; headdress, feathers and lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Viscountess Palmerston.—Costume de cour, composed of a train of rich mauve moire antique, lined with silk, trimmed with black lace and ribbon; corsage to correspond, with lace and stomacher of diamonds; skirts of white crape over white glace silk, very elegantly trimmed with lace flounces and mauve ribbon; coiffure of ostrich feathers, mauve violets, lace lappets, and a profusion of diamonds.

Spirit of the Country Press.—Our extensive exchange list, numbering now about twenty-one hundred papers, furnishes us with means which but few possess, of judging correctly of the tact, spirit, and ability of the American spirit. Many persons, we are aware, imagine that all the newspaper talent of the country is to be found in our large dailies, and is consequently confined and concentrated in our commercial emporiums. Such, however, is far from being the fact. We often find in the columns of papers printed in the interior elaborate articles on politics, science, and morals, and on the current events of the day, which would not only bear a comparison with, but which would command a preference to articles on similar subjects written for papers of much larger dimensions and much greater pretension in our cities. There is generally a free spirit breathing through the editorials of the country press, which is far more congenial with our free institutions than that which characterizes the labored and affected stateliness of the Sir Oracles of politics and news who jostle and rival each other every day in the midst of plodding and calculating commercial cities. The country air seems to infuse an independence of thought and fearlessness of expression which is but rarely found in the crowded, steamed, and noisy editorial precincts of our huge metropolises. There is also a playfulness in their *repartees* and a genial humor in their wit and sarcasm which are forbidden by the formalities of what is called editorial courtesy in more confined spheres, which renders the perusal of their passages at arms with their contemporaries not only amusing, but oftentimes highly interesting. Commend us, therefore, to the spirit of the country press, which, in all its commentaries and discussions, evinces so much of that true feeling of patriotism and independence which has been the defence and support of our American institutions, and without the presence of which those institutions will sooner or later fall into decay.

The following letter to the bachelor editor who advertised for a wife has been mislaid for some time. We publish it for its novelty.

Dear "Bachelor Editor:" Me and one of my old chums (oh! lor me, what a mistake I have made, she is only twenty-five) read your advertisement in the July number of "Godey;" and feelin' kinder sorry for you, we concluded to write to you, and tell you, that if you would except it, that we would help to give you a lift out of your troublesome sitevation. We, I know, would suit you, for we are remarkable smart creeters about doin' domestic and housework; we can make a puddin' and fry a slapjack as quick as the next one. We get purty good wages, too, and have laid up a right smart heap of the "rock." But now, I suppose you would like to be knowin' what we look like. Well, Hanner—that 's my chum s name—she 's neither little nor big, kinder purty, and the lovingishest gal livin'; and me, I 'm about mederum highth, and my hair and eyes aint neither one the color of Hanner's. I always feel a sort a delerkacy about tellin' my age; but I'm some younger than my mar, and not older nor Hanner is. My name is Jerusha Leyland; but lors, I have n't told Hanner's other name yet. Well, it 's Grayson—Hanner Grayson. But then we don't expect you to marry both of us; or can you do so there? See, we don't know much about furrein parts. If you could, I think we could get along right well; and then, you know, if one of us were to drop of, you needn't have to get spliced again; but if you can't do so, and like me best, do send Hanner a nice feller; the dear gall 'ill be unconsolerable, if I were to go and leave her. We have been talking about your residince—where you live. We don't care much for the onconveniences, but we are sorry that you have lost the music of the frogs, as we are of a very morantic turn. You say your future wife must not be very pious; well, I guess we'd do. I don't go to "mass" mor'ne twice a week, and Hanner not so often. We are rali sorry to think your horse is dead. Poor feller, he died by a surcuit of frogs; it must a been a orful disease. Are you fond of literally women? We have writ several pieces for the papers, and the editor pronounced them "fust rate." You say, if your wife wishes, that you will pull up stakes. Why, man, what on airth do you mean? For lor's sake, don't pull up the stakes; you would have everything on your premises distroyed. Do you think the women folks fools? I guess we like a nice yard as well as any one else.

Direct to Piqua, Miami County, Ohio. Hanner wants to know your name orful bad. She says, maybe you's "Inviable *Green*."

But we must close. Answer this soon. Good by.

Yours, in distress,

Hanner Grayson and Jerusha Leyland.

Our Needles.—There may, perhaps, be a very few families in the Union not yet supplied with these celebrated needles; if so, we advise them to apply soon. Twenty-five cents for one hundred, done up in a neat case. We give a few extracts from letters we have received concerning them.

A Nutshell of Truth.—Here is a brief paragraph into which a big heap of truth is squeezed. Did you ever scratch the end of a piece of timber slightly elevated with a pin? Though scarcely heard at one end it was distinctly heard at the other. Just so it is with any merit, excellence, or good work. It will sooner be heard of, and applauded, and rewarded on the other side of the globe than by your immediate acquaintances.

Patterns for Infants' Dresses, or Infants' Wardrobes.—Our fashion editor has supplied a great many wardrobes for infants lately, and in every case has given great satisfaction. She has facilities for furnishing these articles better and cheaper than any other person. The vast influence that her connection with the Lady's Book gives her induces importers and others to submit to her their earliest fashions. To those who cannot afford the articles, made-up paper patterns can be sent, which will be fac-similes of the originals. We cannot publish the prices, as the postage varies according to the size of the articles ordered, and that we have to pay in advance. For particulars, address Fashion Editor (not Mrs. Hale), care of L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. All other patterns furnished as usual.

"The Song-Bird Fancier."—Every lady who keeps birds should have this useful book. We can furnish it for twenty-five cents, and it is worth dollars to them.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

"Mrs. L. B. W."—Sent pattern for apron, &c. June 20th.

"J. G. N."—Sent patterns 20th.

"P. A. K."—Sent patterns 20th.

"Miss E. M. H."—Sent silk dress 20th.

"A. E. P."—Sent bonnet by Adams's express 20th.

"Mrs. R. C."—Sent wool 21st.

"W. H. D."—Sent two hair rings 21st.

"Mrs. M. J. H."—Sent two of Douglas & Sherwood's tournure corsets by Harnden's express 21st.

"Mrs. H. M. K."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Howard's express 22d.

"O. D."—Sent tournure corsets by Adams's express 23d.

"Miss G. C. J."—Sent two tournure corsets by Adams's express 23d.

"Mrs. A. P. S."—Sent hair necklace 24th.

"Mrs. A. E. S."—Sent hair fob-chain 24th.

"Miss M. H. L. J."—Sent card-case and cards 27th.

"Miss M. E. F."—Sent headdress by Harnden's express 27th.

"Mrs. R. R. A."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Adams's express 27th.

"Mrs. S. F."—Sent Honiton skirt and tournure corset by Howard's express 27th.

"Miss J. A. F."—Sent hair bracelet 29th.

"R. D."—Sent patterns 29th.

"Mrs. M. P."—Sent patterns 29th.

"Mrs. E. A. H."—Sent lace shawl 29th.

"Mrs. R. C."—Sent Shetland wool 30th.

"Miss H. B."—Sent package 30th.

"Amire."—We can furnish from January, 1855.

"L. E. C. J."—Sent patterns July 2d.

"Mrs. S. F. G."—Sent yokes and sleeves 3d.

"Miss M. C."—Sent hair ring 5th.

"Mrs. E. P. B."—Sent hair ring 5th.

"Miss A. B. W."—Sent hair necklace, bracelet, brooch, and ear-rings, 5th.

"Miss S. J. R."—Sent Jaconet collars 5th.

"Mrs. R. A. P."—Sent patterns and colored cottons 5th.

"Mrs. M. E. McK."—Sent patterns 5th.

"E. S. B."—Sent gloves, &c. 6th.

"Mrs. V. S."—Would have answered your letter, but cannot find any such post-office as Bush Hill in Virginia.

"Dr. C. H. S."—Sent box by Adams's express 6th.

"D. B. C."—Sent three hair rings 9th.

"Mrs. L. M."—Sent pattern and cotton 9th.

"Miss W."—A pair of corsets is one corset, as we say a pair of scissors, a pair of tongs, a pair of bellows.

"Mrs. E. G. McC."—Sent patterns 12th.

"Miss M. A. W."—Sent worked slippers 12th.

"Miss L. W. B."—Sent scissors and chenille 12th.

"M. G. E."—Sent bonnets by Adams's express 12th.

"C. J. E."—Sent morning wrapper 12th.

"Miss H. E. T."—Sent slipper pattern and worsteds 12th.

"Miss F. R. A."—Sent hair ring 16th.

"G. H. W."—Sent hair ring 16th.

"Mrs. J. L. R."—Sent hair ring 16th.

"Miss M. C. H."—Sent hair ring 16th.

"Miss C. H. J."—Sent hair charms, Faith, Hope, and Charity, 16th.

"Mrs. A. J. J."—Sent patterns 16th.

"Mrs. J. S. L."—Sent infant's patterns 16th.

"Mrs. L. T."—Sent patterns 16th.

"Mrs. J. H. H."—Sent infant's wardrobe by Wells & Fargo's express 18th.

"Miss D. B."—Sent netting needle 18th.

"Mrs. A. M. W."—Sent lace 18th.

"Miss H. T."—Sent hair necklace and pin, and coral pin 18th.

"Mrs. M. W. J."—Sent package by mail 18th.

"Mrs. B. P."—Sent tournure corset by Adams's express 19th.

"Mrs. J. M. J."—Sent two skirts 19th.

"Mrs. M. K. McI."—Sent drygoods by Adams's express 19th.

"Mrs. S. G."—Sent India rubber gloves 19th.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XIII.—(*Concluded.*)

277. We are now in a position to investigate easily, and without danger, some further properties of arsenic, or, rather, of that particular combination of the metal with oxygen which is termed *white arsenic*, or *arsenious acid*. Let us proceed, therefore, to perform some experiments on the solid deposition which has risen from the ignited gas.

278. This deposition we have assumed to have taken place in a bottle (270) and in a tube (270). Our treatment shall first have reference to the latter.

279. Take the tube, and, holding it very obliquely—say at an angle of 10°—apply the flame of a spirit-lamp to that part of the deposit which has assumed a black metallic lustre, and observe that the metallic crust evaporates. Observe, moreover, that in evaporating it becomes partially converted into a white crust, which deposits a little way further up towards the cold end of the tube. This white crust is arsenious acid, into which the metallic arsenic, under the influence of heat, has changed, by combination with oxygen; and this change, under the circumstances indicated, may be said to be peculiar to the metallic arsenic alone. If the metallic crust be caused to evaporate by heat so soon as deposited sufficiently often, the whole of it may be converted into arsenious acid. If the white deposition be examined by a magnifying-glass, it will be found to consist of octohedral crystals, this being another characteristic indication.

280. Take care, while performing the operation just mentioned, that the arsenious acid does not escape at the cold extremity, instead of being deposited in the middle portion of the tube, being carried along by the passing current of air. This evil result may be guarded against and prevented by occasionally stopping with the finger the cold extremity of the tube.

281. When the whole or the greater portion of metallic arsenic has been converted into arsenious acid, place the tube flat on the table, and allow it to cool. When quite cool, cork one end securely, and pour in one or two drops of solution of potash (liquor potassæ) and four or five teaspoonfuls of water. In water alone white arsenic is not very soluble, but it readily dissolves in alkaline solutions. By no means, however, employ more of the alkaline solution than we have indicated, otherwise the action of tests presently to be described would be embarrassed.

282. Closing the tube by the finger, agitate the liquid up and down, and from time to time heat the liquid contents of the tube by the flame of a spirit-lamp. Thus a solution of arsenious acid will be soon obtained. Previously, however, to the application of any tests to this solution, it will be necessary to neutralize even the slight amount of alkalinity which it possesses. For this purpose add cautiously, drop by drop, acetic acid, until a slip of litmus-paper, when brought into contact with the solution, turns red. The solution thus prepared is to be divided into portions—I. II. III.

283. Through portion I. transfer a current of hydrosulphuric acid gas, or, what is still more convenient, add a little aqueous solution of this gas (119), and remark the *yellow color* of the solution. If the arsenical solution be of a certain degree of strength, a yellow precipitate will fall at once. If it be weaker, however, the liquid will assume a yellow tint, and will only throw down a precipitate on the application of heat. On a former occasion (130) it was impressed upon you that the usual color of precipitates thrown down by hydrosulphuric acid from metallic solutions was black, and that all not black might be remembered as exceptions. In point of fact, *only three metals*, namely, *arsenic*, and *cadmium*, and *tin in the condition of peroxid* (191-2-3-4), furnish a yellow precipitate with hydrosulphuric acid. The importance of this fact is too evident for comment. Some authors include a fourth metal, viz., *antimony*, in this list. However, the precipitate in this case is not yellow, but orange red.

284. Add liquor ammoniæ in excess to the precipitate thus produced, and remark the complete solution which results.

285. To portion II. add a few drops of nitrate of silver solution; probably no precipitate will occur, but, very gradually and cautiously, add minute portions of liquor ammoniæ, and observe the characteristic precipitate. Add a little more ammonia, and observe that the precipitate totally dissolves; hence the necessity for adding ammonia cautiously.

286. To portion III. add a few drops of nitrate of copper solution; the chances are that no precipitate will appear, but add ammonia as in the last experiment, and a green powder will be thrown down. This precipitate is termed Scheele's green, and is employed as a pigment in the arts. Most, if not all, of the green ornamental paper which is so frequently pasted by way of placard on bottles is tinted by Scheele's green; and, if this paper be made into pulp and tested by the tobacco-pipe apparatus, arsenical stains will be readily discoverable. Indeed, a still more simple test is often sufficient to indicate the presence of arsenic, nothing more being required than to set fire to a slip of this paper, blow out the flame, and recognize the garlic odor of the smoke.

287. And now reflect on the analytical power which the

peculiar manifestation of arsenic, as already seen, supplies us with.

255. We have seen it to be a metal of much volatility; hence it might be separated from every metal hitherto spoken of—mercury excepted—by the sole application of heat. We have seen, moreover, that it has a peculiar tendency to unite with hydrogen gas, which quality furnishes us with a ready means of separating it from compounds to which the application of a strong heat would be ineligible; organic compounds, for instance, such as milk, tea, beer, etc., which, if submitted to an intense heat, would give off so much fuliginous matter that the specific indications of arsenic would be no longer recognizable. And now let it be well remembered that our experiments have not indicated one single substance that, being in itself innoxious, is capable of forming an insoluble precipitate with arsenious acid—have not, in other words, indicated one single substance that can serve as an antidote. Indeed, the student had better impress the fact in his memory, that no such substance exists; for, although an antidote be mentioned by writers on poisons, yet it is so equivocal in its nature and so difficult of application that a negative indication of its existence is all that it deserves.

Centre-Table Gossip.

JUVENILE LIBRARIES.—A GIFT FOR ALL TIMES AND SEASONS.

Noticing how much time, thought, and money are expended in the selection of toys for birthday and holiday presents to little people—toys that are broken or thrown aside oftentimes before the end of the month comes—it has occurred to us to suggest a favorite plan of our own for the pleasure and real enjoyment of children.

As soon as they are old enough, a neat little book-case will be gladly welcomed by them, in place of the deputed baby-house, with lock and key so much the better for them, for their importance as owners is increased. Commence their stock by a few good selections, and, as a taste for reading grows upon them—there can be no greater enjoyment for life inspired—they will of their own accord choose books for the coming birthday or New Year, in preference to toys. They should be neatly covered, numbered, and, each child owning a share, the case would be free to all, under certain restrictions of the father or mother, such as punishment, or, rather, deprivation of a loan to those who were careless or destructive, etc. etc. Thus hours of amusement are provided for at moderate cost, and this coming from time to time is not felt, as a single large outlay would be.

We are often asked to recommend children's books by those who do not notice the publications of the day, or have not the time or opportunity for looking them over. As we have both, we shall be glad to make lists from time to time, including story-books, travels, biography, general information, etc. etc., forming, when finished, a large choice from volumes that we can personally recommend.

To begin with the beginning:—

1. "Learning to Read without Tears" is not only admirably progressive as a lesson, but the little stories at the back of the book instruct and interest.

2. "The Peep of Day," by the same author.

3. The Abbot series of "Learning to Read," "Think," "Talk," and "About Right and Wrong." All these are published by the Harpers.

4. "The Susie Books," to which every mother who has read them to her babes will bear witness. Published by A. S. Randolph. Also "Watts' Divine Songs."

5. The Uncle John series and "Aunt Fannie's Stories," of the Appletons. "Night-Caps," by the same author; "Holiday Tales," same publishers.

6. Mrs. Follen's charming "Little Songs."

7. Cousin Effie's "Rhymes," for children.

8. The German illustrated story-books, "Slovenly Peter Lewis," bound strongly in one volume.

9. "Treasury of Pleasure Books," one large volume, including "Bo Peep," "Mother Hubbard," and all nursery classics, elegantly illustrated.

These will do for the youngsters under six or seven, twenty volumes or so, perfectly adapted to their comprehension, instruction, and amusement. Of course there are many others that *might* be included with justice, but these are the choicest, and will suffice.

HOUSE GARDENING—No. 9.

MOSS, ETC. AS PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

The Wardian or air-tight cases for ferns have been too often spoken of to need that more should be said on the subject; but a case on the same principle may be adapted to another description of vegetable production—a group of the different kinds of green mosses and different colored lichens, intermixed with some of the infinite variety of delicate and beautiful fungi which in the autumn may be found growing on every hill-side, in woods and plantations, and even on the gates and palings which surround them, if prettily arranged (on a plate of wet sand, heaped in the centre so as to entirely clothe it, and then covered by a propagating bell), will make a beautiful table-ornament. The moisture which rises from the wet sand condenses on the glass, and runs down its sides back to its original source, thus keeping the beautiful mosses in full verdure and expansion for weeks together; and the different hues which deck them and the other vegetables within, showing partially through the half *dew*-obscured glass, look very brilliant and pretty. We have seen these arrangements with different-colored crocus bulbs set in earth under the moss, and without the funguses. The crocuses then grow and blow beneath the glass; and thus the invalid who is confined to the house or the inhabitant of a close town street may have the pleasure of witnessing the growth and blossoming of the lovely spring flowers, of which he could otherwise only hear from those who had more free access to the scenes of Nature. The covering with a bell has the double advantage of keeping out soot and dust, which might injure the *flowers*, and of keeping *in* scents and exhalations which might have bad effects on the *invalid*.

The blossoms and bare roots of the *Colchicum officinalis* (or meadow saffron) are pretty things as an autumnal ornament, when well placed. These very remarkable flowers, if taken out of the ground in August, after the leaves have dried, will grow and blow without either earth or water. At first they are unsightly brown roots; but about October the skin of the bulbs begins to crack, and, if they are then placed in the light, in a glass that will support them when they have attained their full height, you may perceive a white oblong germ appear, then another, and another—sometimes three or four on one root. Watch these, and they will rise almost visibly, growing, so rapid is their progress, until their germs have shot up long stems, from five to nine or ten inches in height, of the purest white and the most delicate, almost

glassy texture, with blossoms of crocus shape and of the most tender and lovely lilac hue, which deepens, as they mature, from the lightest blush until, when perfect, it becomes of a full and clear, though always delicate, purple tint, the very pure white of the stems contrasting beautifully with the brown roots and lilac blossoms, and the whole presenting the very unusual spectacle of a complete plant in full bloom without any leaves, and without anything apparently but air and light to nourish it.

CAPRICES OF FASHION.

Flowers, lace, and ribbons are more used at the present day than at any time since it has been our province to notice the "caprices of fashion." To illustrate the use of the first in evening-dress, Madame Bernard, of Paris, has just made a ball-dress having four skirts of pink and white thulle over a moire slip, and looped up at intervals by bunches of red and white bindweed, connected by long festoons. The body, of pulled thulle mixed with narrow blonde, was surrounded by a cordon of bindweed, from which there hung down all around small, slender branches, those in the middle terminating in large tufts. The headdress was made to sit well round the bandeaux, and two long branches hanging down on the left-hand side completed the most graceful decoration that can possibly be imagined.

A trimming of the same kind, but of flame-color nasturtiums, made by Madame Camille Duchâteau, as was the one already described, was applied by Madame Bernard to a white dress of tarleton and silk. Madame Camille Duchâteau has also sent off several other charming trimmings: One of Japan glycine, to accompany a dress of white brocatelle; one of white laurel and heather foliage; one of poppies and fern.

All flowers are mixed with plenty of foliage.

Many headdresses have knots of flags placed rather irregularly on the forehead and behind; sometimes they add to round crowns, especially for young ladies, a small aigrette of foliage placed at the side, and producing the effect of a feather. Madame Camille Duchâteau has also forwarded to the fair and beautiful Mesdemoiselles de N—— headdresses in this style made of blue cineraria; the breast bouquets were also terminated by tufts of grass.

With bonnets for full dress half wreaths of velvet foliage are worn across the forehead, and with bonnets for ordinary wear loops or tresses of velvet or ribbon.

Berthes are trimmed with a combination of black and white lace or blonde. A berthe of white thulle, trimmed with black lace and white blonde in alternate rows, was adopted a few evenings ago with a dress of Pomona green. The dress was trimmed with three broad flounces, and in the hair there was a *câche peigne* of roses, intermingled with blades of grass.

Many novelties in *bijouterie*, in which hair forms a part, have recently appeared. Bracelets composed of hair are studded with jewels. Brooches are encircled in a framework of richly wrought gold, ornamented with pearls. Some very elegant ear-rings have been formed of hair and turquoise.

Oxidized silver is now to be found not only in waistbands and fancy buckles, but in all sorts of jewelry. This style, after being neglected for some years, is now in high vogue again. The same may be said of large stones, such as topazes, amethysts, garnets, and fretted jewelry in colored gold.

For walking-dress plain bracelets with enamel incrustations of several colors seem likely to replace the bracelets with devices. But the most important innovation recently made with respect to jewels consists in the new style of watch-chains which we have lately observed in the elegant show-rooms of Messrs. Baudin Brothers. These chains, tightened round the neck by means of slides set with precious stones or enamelled, separate into two parts, one of which ends in a swivel to receive the watch, the other in a tassel or seal.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

1. *"Ice Steam Carriages"—What are they, and what is their use?*—It is not generally remembered, in this more temperate climate, that more than ten thousand miles of the rivers and waters of the North and West are frozen during from four to five months of the year, completely isolating the inhabitants in some localities during the entire winter months. The richest copper and iron mines and the most valuable lumber regions, as those of Lake Superior, are cut off, not only from means of transportation for their products and articles of consumption, but even the means of communication are wanting, so that for months together the mails are transported by half-breed Indians moving on snow-shoes. Even along the course of the rivers where railroads are projected and already exist, the severity of the winters often interrupts travel. The introduction of the steam ice carriage, moving on runners in place of wheels, upon the frozen surface of the rivers and lakes, instead of the iron way, and thus using the natural ice-roads which are formed and kept in repair by the winter itself, will to a great extent obviate these difficulties, and afford even better facilities to the traveller in winter than in summer.

These ice carriages consist of an iron boat of sufficient capacity to sustain the whole apparatus in the water in safety. They are provided with a cabin, similar to that of a canal packet, and with similar conveniences and comforts. They are propelled by steam applied to a single driving-wheel, penetrating the ice with an elastic graduated pressure, and they are steered by a wheel, placed forward in a pilot-house, by means which give the pilot entire control of it. The whole structure rests upon two pairs of runners, so adjustable by screws that the whole may be raised or lowered to pass snow and other obstructions, whether in motion or at rest. The calculated rate of speed is about equal to that of a railroad mail-train. The success of this invention, it is claimed, will open up a vast field of winter navigation, not only on this continent, but also in the frozen regions of Europe and Asia.

If the invention, or, rather, application of already invented forces succeeds, a new "annihilation of time and space" will more fully bear out the promise of these latter days of science and civilization, that "many shall run to and fro on the earth, and knowledge shall be increased." It will overcome the great remaining obstacle to the settlement and enlightenment of vast tracts of country, the literal dark places of the earth. This is yet to be seen, however.

2. *Brazilian Pebble.*—We do not wonder at the query, "How can spectacles be made from pebbles?" The Brazilian pebble is a species of rock-crystal, from which the "glasses," or lenses, are cut; and it is claimed for them that they are both cooler and clearer than glass, though more expensive, we believe.

3. *Black Lead.*—The lead from which pencil-points are made comes from the principal plumbago mine in the world, at Borrowdale, Cumberland. It is situated in a hill; and, instead of being worked constantly like other mines, it is opened only once a year, when a sufficient quantity is taken to supply the world for a year to come,

and it is again closed with strong doors, bars, and locks, until the next annual supply is required.

4. *Bone or Ivory Handles of Knives* may be cleaned, when they have turned yellow, by rubbing them with very fine emery.

5. *Artificial Flowers.*—The making of artificial flowers was practised in some of the principal cities of Italy several centuries ago. The art afterwards passed into France, where it soon attained a high degree of perfection. A French florist named Seguin, who lived upwards of a hundred years ago, is said to have been so well skilled in the art that the flowers he made could only be distinguished from those of Nature by the touch. It is now a very large business, and makes a distinct and considerable branch of importation and commission, apart from the manufacture. They are used more and more in millinery, evening-dress, etc. etc. (See "Chitchat" of last month.)

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and manteiets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Evans & Co.'s; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from T. White & Co.'s; jewelry from Warden's or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR SEPTEMBER.

Fig. 1.—Street dress of rich brown taffeta (thick silk); the lower skirt is finished by a deep flounce, the upper one is in the style of a tunic. Round corsage, with sash open sleeves. White crape bonnet, bound with Sevres blue.

Fig. 2.—Dress of delicate French gray chaliais, double skirt; the outline of the upper one slightly waved. The trimming is a ruche contraire of the same shade of silk. Crinoline bonnet, with plaits and strings of Alpine Rose.

Fig. 3.—Walking-dress and mantle of black silk. White chip hat, with dark field flowers.

Fig. 4.—Dress suited for the earlier part of the month. Dress of rose-colored grenadine, with bars made by a black corded thread. Upper skirt and corsage trimmed by a ruche of ribbon, a shade deeper than the dress, bordered by Chantilly or Pusher lace. Barbe of black lace, with golden wheat-ears on the hat. Mantle of black net, with ribbon drawn through the hem.

MONTHLY REPORT FROM GENIN'S BAZAAR.

(*See engraving, page* 197.)

The infant's department at Genin's is perhaps better known already than either of the others. Our illustration for the present month will give an idea of the taste which presides over it. The elegant robe is of cambric and embroidery Anglaise. The cap is for street or carriage wear.

The Bassinet seeks more extended notice from us, as a novelty never before introduced on this side the water, though very popular abroad. It arises from the foreign custom of carrying a young infant on a pillow, until its figure ceases to be so fragile that papas take the new baby with fear and trembling; thus securing it from any distortion or strain. The Bassinet is a light, shallow basket, with or without a canopy, and lined with satin or silk, covered by lace or muslin as taste or means suggest. It is *entirely* distinct from the dressing or nursery basket, and when perfectly fitted up has a tiny mattress and pillow, sheets and pillow slip of cambric or fine linen, often delicately embroidered; blankets of crocheted zephyr wool, and a daintily tufted quilt, lined with wool, to be as light as possible, and covered by silk or satin. There could not be a more elegant present to a young mother. In the Bassinet the "sleeping beauty" may be laid without disturbance, and carried up or down stairs to be exhibited to admiring friends; or quietly occupy the front seat of the carriage while the new mamma takes her airing.

AUTUMN BONNETS.

(*See engravings, page* 198.)

We adopt the plan of illustrating our "Chat," as regards bonnets, etc.

Fig. 1.—Gray, fancy linen braid; cape of flame-colored silk, edged by black velvet ribbon; loops and bows of the same ribbon on the hat, with bouquets of wheat-ears and field-flowers, both much in request. (See Chitchat.)

Fig. 2.—Fine white Dunstable, with double cape of black silk, edged with two and three rows of scarlet. Black taffeta ribbon edged with scarlet; scarlet geraniums and leaves to the left, outside and inside the brim.

BEAD NET FOR THE HAIR.

(*See engraving, page* 204.)

The pretty fashion of inclosing the back hair in crocheted or square stitch nets is at its height, and every variety may be found. We give a new design: the cowl of close bead work, the border beads and long meshes of silk.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Autumn trimmings and bonnets begin to make their appearance upon Broadway and Chestnut Street, as almost every one returns from the country by the middle of the month, and of course with "Nothing to wear."

Straw bonnets—the heavier braids worn early in the Spring, the grays and the browns—are very prettily arranged for the short season before full dress hats are needed. The Empress Eugenie is said to have worn a Belgian straw, trimmed with a barbe of Chantilly lace, with a knot of crimson field-flowers to the right. This is a very popular style, and the combination with black, which we mentioned last month, is more frequent still. For instance, a

Dunstable straw, with a cape of thick black silk, bound by a bias of flame-color, the strings flame-color and black, the bandeau flame-color shaded by black lace. The same contrast is seen in currant-color, dark green, blue, and purple, the leading shades of the season.

Black silk mantillas, Stella and Cashmere shawls of every variety, are the outer garments suitable for this and the ensuing month. Velvet is scarcely due in this latitude before November, unless it is in the shape of a shallow scarf, lightened by a deep flounce of lace below the waist. We commence our report of Brodie's designs next month.

It is not generally known that the manufacture of Stella, or bordered shawls, is a large branch of female industry in New York and Philadelphia; there are many large establishments, employing from one to three hundred women, devoted to it. The centres, of cashmere, merino, or Thibet, are sewed into *broché* borders of shawl-pattern, both imported in the piece. At Evans's, Arnold's, Stewart's, and many other places, ladies may have the color of the centre changed (by paying for the extra cost, of course), if they fancy the border only; and some employee gains the rejected Thibet at cost price.

This is the season for plain, flounced, or Bayadere striped black silks. The *Moniteur* wisely says: "No wardrobe can be considered complete without one or more black silk." They are suitable for so many and such varied occasions, and are always becoming, by their absence of glaring contrast, consequently ladylike. They may be made up as richly or as plainly as taste suggests—knotted fringes, tassels, ribbons in *ruche contraire*, which has taken the place of the universal *ruche à la vielle*, the folds or plaits of the upper part being turned one way, and the lower portion the other. It is very tasteful, and does not catch dust. The favorite sleeve just now is the Francis 1st. It is long and wide, and is terminated with a round loose wristband, under which passes a graceful puffed sleeve. It is positively said that, in spite of the continued efforts of the dressmakers to prevent it, the tight sleeve will certainly reign supreme after the summer months are past; even now, all dresses of dark material, such as black or brown silk, satin, or moire antique, are made with the old-fashioned sleeve, quite tight to the arm, and buttoned round the wrist. The sleeve is in some cases terminated by a large linen cuff, which turns back, and in others by a small goffered ruffle, which falls on the gloved hand. Of course this sleeve will only be adopted for walking-dress, as the pagoda sleeve, with lace undersleeve, will always be the mode for dinners and small *soirées*. The French dressmakers object to this sleeve, because of the absence of all trimming; in buying this last they always have their profit, and will not make a dress for which the trimming is brought to them. The tight sleeve requires a cap or jockey at the top, which should be well trimmed to give an air of richness to the long sleeve, which has no trimming.

We quote a lively description of the new shape for bonnets the ensuing season. Speaking of a carriage toilet worn by Eugenie, a Paris correspondent says:—

"I observe that her majesty has now positively adopted the shape for bonnets that our best milliners tried so hard to introduce last winter. This bonnet, which is of course christened the *chapeau Impératrice*, is bent in at the sides so as almost to touch the cheeks; while at the top of the head it is made as wide as it possibly can in proportion to the size of the wearer's face. It is extremely becoming to the Empress, although, with her large coiffure, at a short distance it makes her head look too large for her shoulders. An inverted triangle is a perfect representation of the front view of this bonnet. On seeing this chapeau, one is forcibly reminded of those queer toys that we all have played with, which were made in the shape of a woman, who was no sooner set down on her feet than she immediately turned over on her head, which acrobatic feat was caused by some weight having been placed in that essential portion of her body to force her to make the somerset intended to amuse the juvenile and admiring purchasers. In fewer words, then, one almost expects the ladies wearing the new chapeau to turn quickly over on their heads, to the unqualified astonishment of all beholders."

With the tight sleeve, *chapeau Impératrice*, and the ruffled skirts (seventeen flounces), which are even now seen in evening-dress, the revolution will be complete.

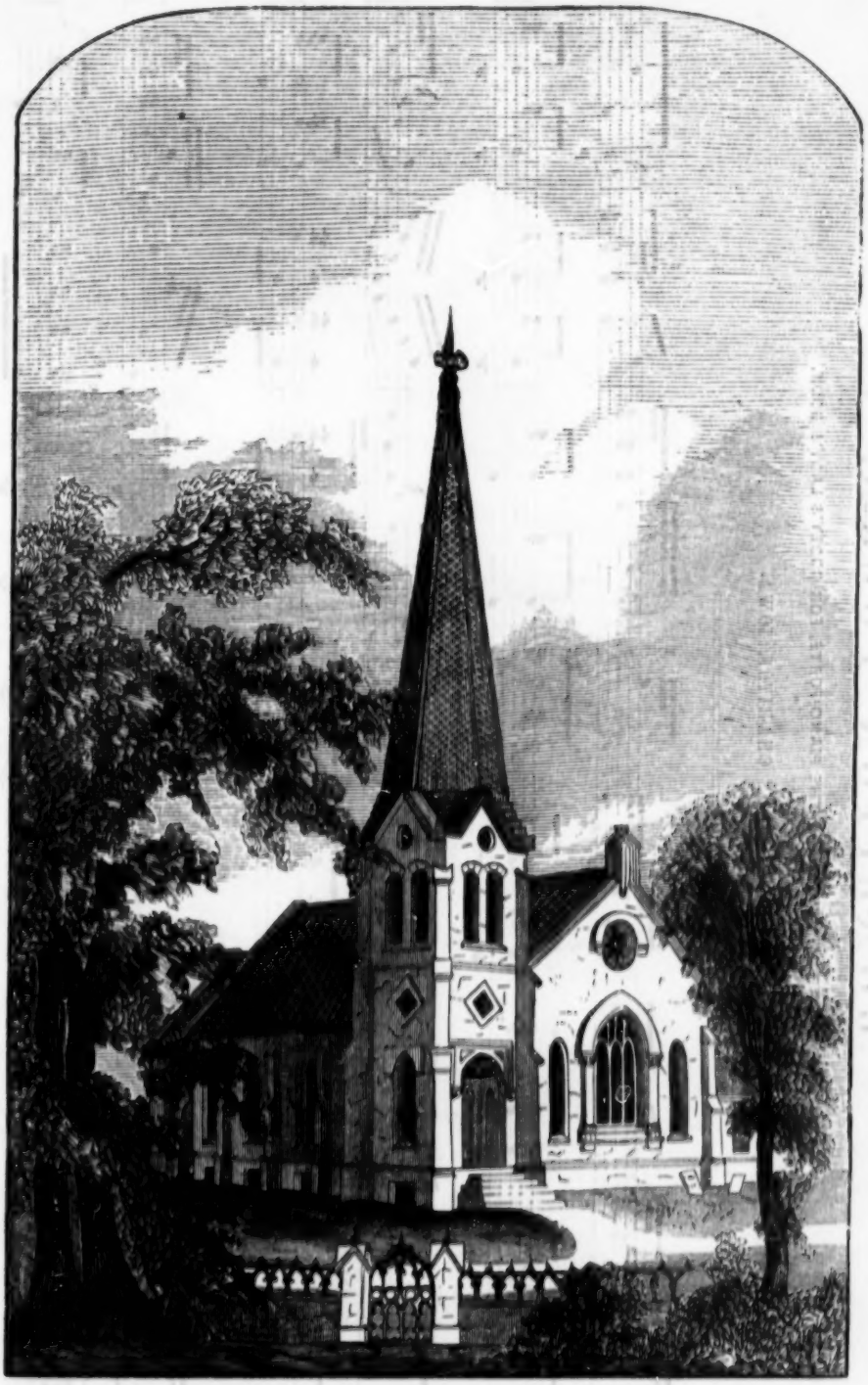
Some beautiful novelties in pocket-handkerchiefs have just made their appearance. Those suited to evening-dress are circular in form, and are bordered with a row of insertion running in an undulating line. At the extreme edge there is a row of Valenciennes, corresponding with the insertion. For morning and outdoor-dress, the *mauresque* handkerchiefs are extremely fashionable. They are made of very fine *batiste*, and are either round or square. They are edged with a border of lilac, blue, or pink, consisting of a running arabesque design. Another style of handkerchief, also suited to morning-dress, has a tartan border printed on the cambric, and on both sides the colors are equally vivid, so that there is no wrong side. These tartan borders are printed both on gentlemen's and ladies' handkerchiefs; but it must be observed that they are strictly confined to morning costume. Other handkerchiefs, confined to the plainest style of morning-dress, are of white lawn, with borders formed of small white, blue, or red spots.

For handkerchiefs, collars, and sleeves, embroidery, mixed with *point à l'aiguille*, is also in great favor. Other parures, or sets, have rich medallions embroidered on Valenciennes. For the wide, open sleeves of dresses for full toilet, puffed undersleeves, with deep lace trimming, are worn, bows of ribbon or velvet, or large ballons of muslin, decorated all round with ends of muslin or lace, and having openings through which narrow velvets or ribbons are run. Sometimes black lace trimmings are put to white sleeves. With closed sleeves, the undersleeves have cuffs finely worked in white or colors, with checkers of muslin and velvet, or with large points formed by rather wide velvet mixed with lace.

Undersleeves formed of puffs of white thulle are frequently ornamented with trimmings of colored velvet disposed all round the puff. These trimmings are of various forms, and they are almost all edged round with narrow black lace. A plain cuff of crimson or amaranth velvet has a very pretty effect with white undersleeves. Another style of sleeve much in favor has a very broad *mousquetaire* cuff composed of thulle or net, of whichever material the sleeve may consist. This cuff is crossed with rows of China blue velvet, edged with narrow white lace. The collar intended to be worn with these sleeves is pointed in front and behind, and trimmed with crossings of velvet in the manner just described. For ordinary outdoor-dress, collars and cuffs of nansouk are crossed with black velvet. (See Novelties for the month.)

Crossings of velvet are also extremely fashionable for fichus, pelerines, and bretelles, made of black thulle. The crossings are of narrow black velvet in a lozenge pattern, and the pelerines, etc. are edged round with full trimmings of black lace. These pelerines and bretelles have long ends, which may be crossed in front and linked one in the other at the back of the waist, or they may be left to flow over the front of the skirt. In either way their effect is very elegant. When made of white thulle, the crossings are of colored velvet.

FASHION.



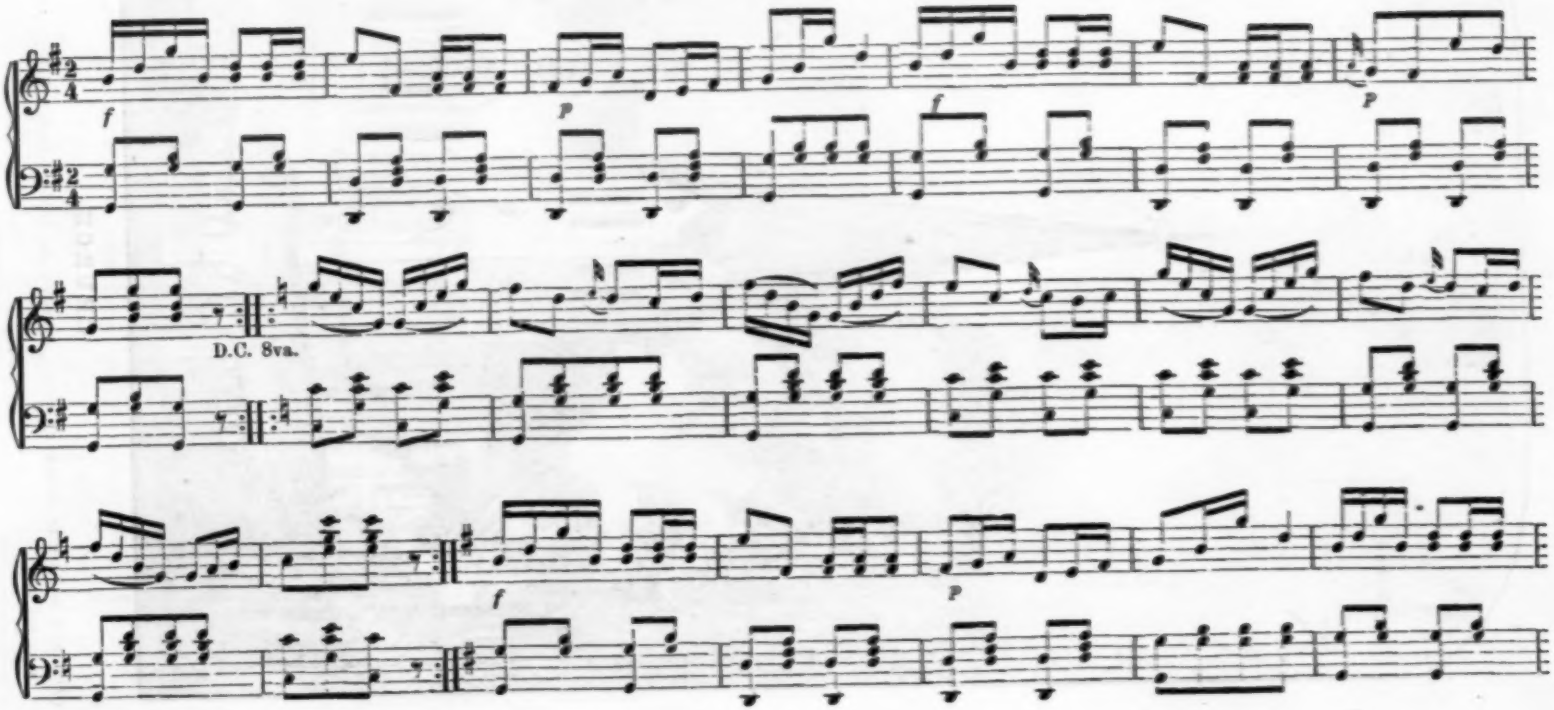
CHURCH.

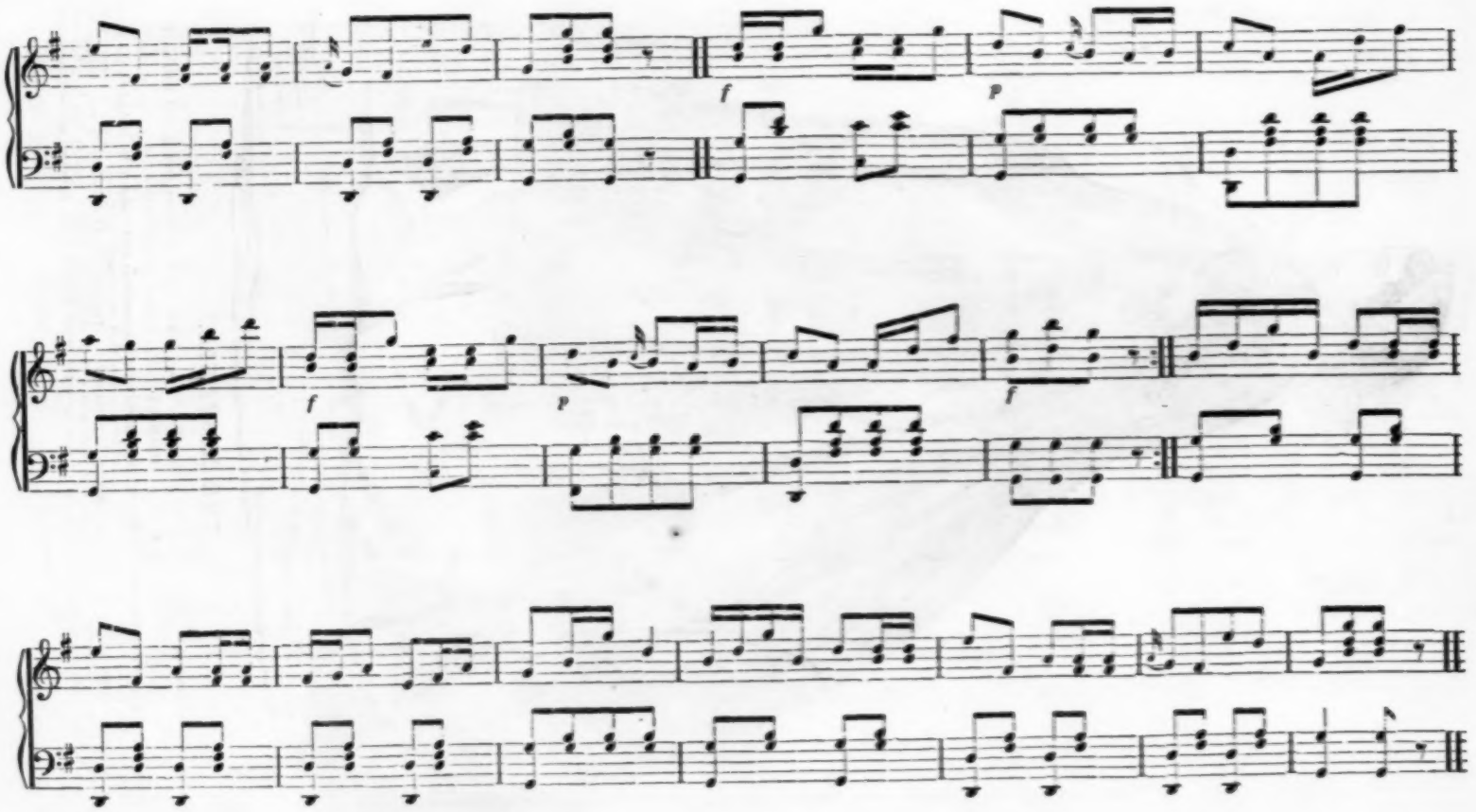
(*Designed by* SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.* *See Plan, page 364.*)

CHARITON POLKA.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY E. B., OF CHARITON, IOWA.

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THE HISPANIA.

[From the establishment of G. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]

This mantle, whilst partaking largely of the general characteristics of the garments of the season, is marked by the peculiar gracefulness of its flare or sleeve-like portions. It will be perceived they are formed by two separate falls of the cloak; their construction is so apparent that no words are required in explanation. The back is laid in three very wide, bold plaits. The trimming is formed of the cloth, fluted in the new mode now so fashionable, and headed by very rich drop buttons; there is, in addition, a bertha-shaped trimming of mazy fringe upon the upper portion of the garment, whilst tassels complete its beauty.

NEW FALL STYLE.

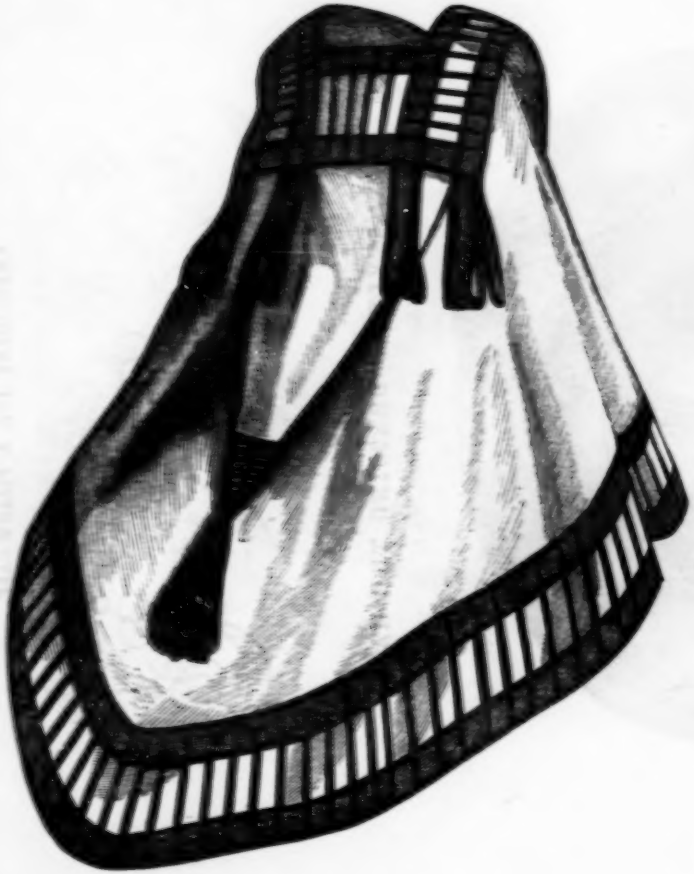
(*See description, page* 383.)

THE CORA MANTLE.

The Cora mantle may be made either loose or fitting to the figure, and the material may be of silk or poplin. It is made in imitation of the toga of the ancient Romans. It hangs in graceful drapery, calculated to show off a fine female figure to great advantage. In the plate the material represented is lilac check silk, trimmed with velvet, and ornamented with tassels of the same color, but for autumn wear the proper material for the toga is fine cloth.

FALL CLOAKS.

(*See description, page 383.*)



EMBROIDERY FOR A PILLOW-CASE.

NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

(*See description, page* 383.)

EMBROIDERY FOR CHEMISE YOKES AND SLEEVES.

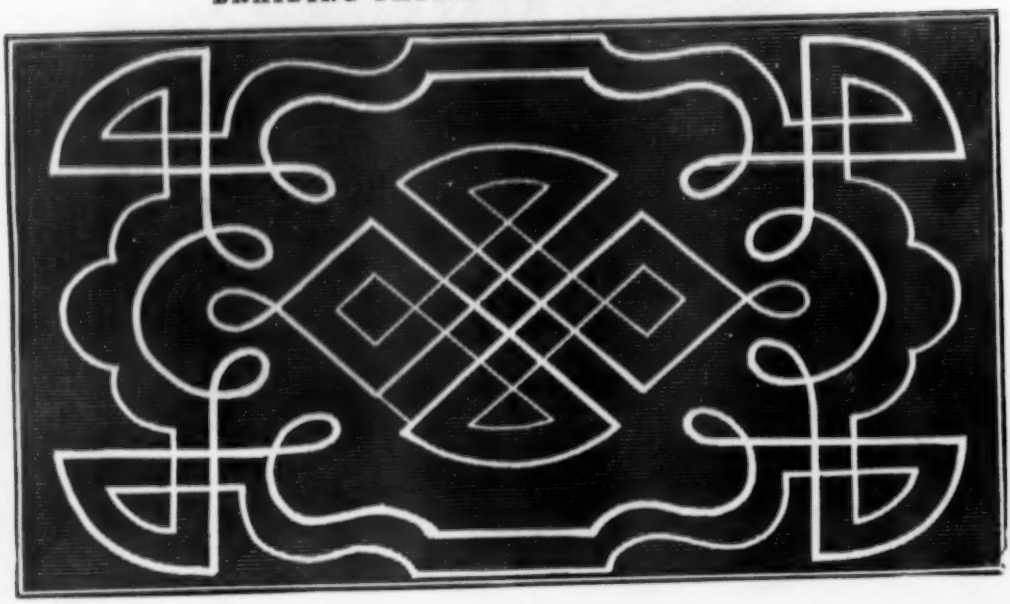
SILK OR SATIN HOOD FOR EVENING.

(*See description, page* 383.)

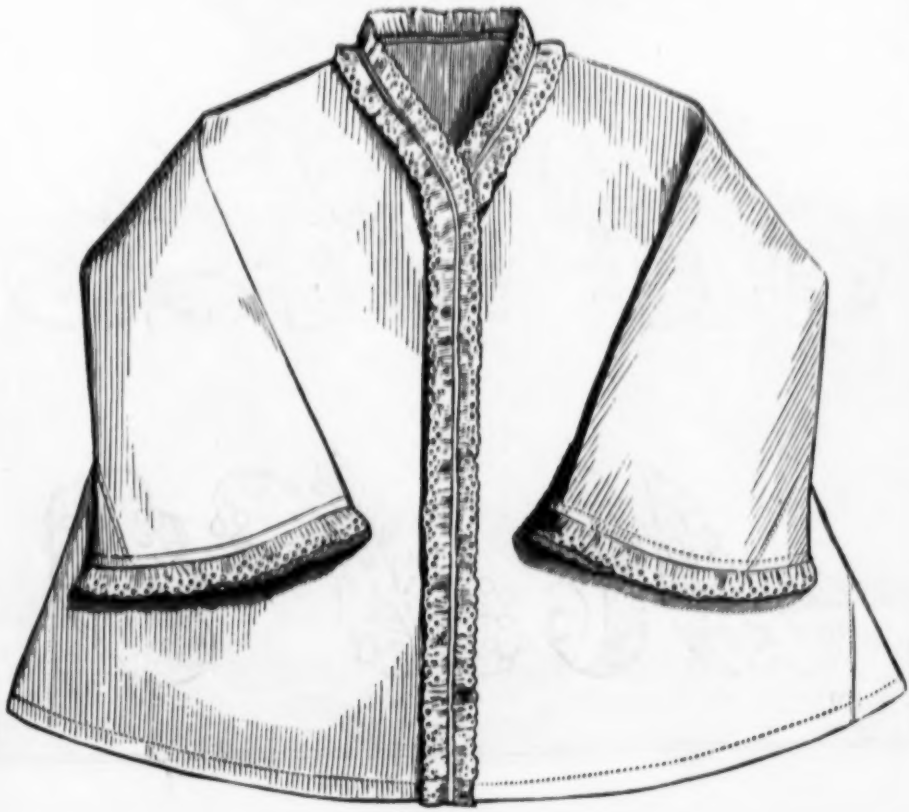
CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(*See description, page* 383.)

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A NOTE-CASE.



SHORT NIGHT-GOWNS.—(*See description, page 383.*)



VARIETY ALPHABET.

For marking Pillow-cases, etc. etc.